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THE PREFACE.

THE Author of the following HYMNS, *well known to the World by many excellent and useful Writings, was much solicited by his Friends to print them in his Life-time, from a Hope they might be serviceable to the Interest of Religion, by assisting the Devotion of Christians in their social and secret Worship; and, had GOD continued his Life till his* FAMILY EXPOSITOR on the Epistles *had been published, it is probable he would have complied with their Request: But this and many other pious and benevolent Purposes were broken off by his much-lamented Death. During the last Hour I spent*

with him, a few Weeks before that mournful Event, he honoured me with ſome particular Directions about tranſcribing and publiſhing them. I have at length, through the good Hand of my GOD upon me, finiſhed them, and preſent them to the World with a chearful Hope, that they will promote and diffuſe a Spirit of Devotion, and, together with other Aſſiſtances human and divine, prepare many to join with the devout Author in the nobler and everlaſting Anthems of Heaven.

Theſe Hymns being compoſed to be ſung, after the Author had been preaching on the Texts prefixed to them, it was his Deſign, that they ſhould bring over again the leading Thoughts in the Sermon, and naturally expreſs and warmly enforce thoſe devout Sentiments, which he hoped were then riſing in the Minds of his Hearers, and help to fix them on the Memory and Heart: Accordingly the attentive Reader will obſerve, that moſt of them illuſtrate ſuch Sentiments, as a ſkilful Preacher would principally inſiſt upon,

upon, when discoursing from the Texts on which they are founded. There is a great Variety in the Form of them: Some are devout Paraphrases on the Texts: Others expressive of lively Acts of Devotion, Faith, and Trust in GOD, *Love to* Christ, *Desire of divine Influences, and good Resolutions of cultivating the Temper and practising the Duties recommended: Others proclaim an humble Joy and Triumph in the gracious Promises and Encouragements of Scripture, particularly in the Discovery and Prospect of eternal Life. The Nature of the Subjects will easily account for the Difference of Composure, why some are more plain and artless, others more lively, sublime, and full of poetic Fire. If any of them should at first Reading appear flat or obscure, it may well be supposed they would affect the Mind in a stronger Manner, when used in a religious Assembly after Sermons upon the Texts, in which the Context hath been considered (if that were necessary) parallel Places compared,*

the Design of the inspired Writer judiciously opened, and the Beauty, Propriety, and Emphasis of the several Clauses of the Text illustrated: They therefore who use them in their devout Retirements, should first read and consider the Texts and Contexts; and if they would consult some Expositor *upon them, particularly the Author's on the Subjects taken from the New Testament, they will see a Spirit and Elegance in these Compositures, which may otherwise be overlooked, and be more likely to reap real and lasting Advantage by them.*

In this Collection there are many Hymns formed upon Passages in the Old Testament, *particularly in the Prophets, directly relating to the Case of the* Israelites, *or some particular good Man among them, which the Author hath accommodated to the Circumstances of Christians, where he thought there was a just and natural Resemblance; and he apprehended, that the Practice of the inspired Writers of the* New Testament *warranted such Accommodations.*

modations *. *He experienced this to be a very acceptable and useful Method of preaching on the* Old Testament, *and accordingly recommended it to his Pupils, as what would afford them an Opportunity of explaining the Design of the Prophecies, displaying the Wisdom, Faithfulness and Grace of GOD, and suggesting many striking and important Instructions: This Method would at the same Time occasion an agreeable Variety in their Discourses, prevent their confining themselves to general or common-place Subjects, or (in Order to avoid a frequent Repetition of well-known Arguments) running into dry and abstruse Speculations, which the Capacities of the Generality of their Hearers could not comprehend, nor their Hearts relish and feel: A Fashion in Preaching too prevalent, and, considering its apparent Unprofitableness, much to be lamented.*

* Compare *Hebrews* xiii. 5, 6. and *Family Expositor* in Loc. Note (*e*). There are also some good Remarks on this Subject in Dr. *Watts's Holiness of Times, Places,* &c. *Dis.* v. especially *Prop.* 15.

Those young Ministers, who are desirous of entering into the Spirit and Copiousness of Scripture, may find this Work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable Texts, and to some natural Thoughts, and useful Reflections to be insisted upon in discoursing from them.

There are several Hymns in this Collection suited to special and extraordinary Occasions, for which there was not before a sufficient Provision; such as, for opening a new Place of Worship, the Vacancy and Settlement of Churches, the Ordination of Ministers, their Removal from our World, &c. especially for Days of Fasting and Humiliation on Account of actual or apprehended Calamities; the Want of which, during the late Rebellion and War, was much regretted by many Ministers and private Christians.

In these Composures I hope few low or trivial Expressions will be found: Nothing appears unsuitable to the Gravity and Dignity of a worshipping Assembly: Nothing

Nothing likely to darken or damp the Devotion of the humble Christian, or excite Passions merely sensual. There is nothing that savours of a Party-Spirit, or carries an Appearance of designing to confine their Use to any of the Sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The Materials are divine, and the Author's Soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a Spirit of Piety and Candor in their just Connection.

I chose to place these Hymns in the Order in which the several Texts lie in the Bible, as that prevents the Necessity of another Index, and there appeared no particular Reason for disposing them in any different Order. In a few Places, where Words occur not sufficiently intelligible to common Readers, I have added some more plain and familiar ones in the Margin, that they may be read and sung with Understanding; preferring this Method to that of some Authors, who have collected and explained them in a particular Index.

As these Hymns were composed during a Series of many Years, amidst an uncommon Variety and daily Succession of most important Labours, by a Man who had no Ear for Music, and as they want his retouching Hand, the Reader will be candid to what Inaccuracies he may discover; particularly the Repetition of the same Thoughts and Phrases, which in a few Instances will be found: And indeed some of them could scarcely be avoided on Subjects so nearly resembling, without the Exclusion of the most suitable and affecting Sentiments or Aspirations, for which the Introduction of a new or more poetic Thought and Phrase would not have been an Equivalent. There may perhaps be some Improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the Author's Manuscript in particular Places, and being obliged, without a poetic Genius, to supply those Deficiencies, whereby the Beauty of the Stanza may be greatly defaced, though the Sense is preserved.

These Hymns being originally designed for the Use of a Congregation of plain unlearned Christians, it cannot be expected they should entertain those, who may peruse them merely for the Sake of the Poetry: Yet I think many of them will stand the Test of a critical Examination, and appear at least equal to other Compositions of the like Kind; and I am persuaded they will all be delightful and beneficial to those, who desire to have their Devotions enlivened, their Souls filled with divine Love, and who are ambitious to live up to the Rules of the Gospel; and that they will, through the Influences of the Holy Ghost, spread a Spirit of fervent Piety in such Congregations where they may be introduced.

I have nothing to add but my earnest Wishes and Prayers, that they may be subservient to the Glory of GOD, the more delightful Celebration of Divine Ordinances, and the Edification of my Fellow-Christians. Amen.

SALOP,
Jan. 1, 1755.

JOB ORTON.

A TABLE

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HYMNS

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

OLD TESTAMENT.

I. Enoch's *Piety and Tranſlation.* Geneſis v. 24: Hebrews xi. 5.

1 ETERNAL GOD, our wond'ring Souls
Admire thy matchleſs Grace;
That Thou wilt walk, that Thou wilt dwell,
With *Adam*'s worthleſs Race.

2 O lead me to that happy Path,
Where I my God may meet;
Tho' Hoſts of Foes begird it round,
Tho' Briars wound my Feet.

3 Chear'd with thy Converſe, I can trace
The Deſart with Delight:
Thro' all the Gloom one Smile of thine
Can diſſipate the Night.

4 Nor ſhall I thro' eternal Days
A reſtleſs Pilgrim roam;

Thy Hand, that now directs my Courſe,
Shall ſoon convey me home.

5 I aſk not *Enoch*'s rapt'rous Flight
To Realms of heav'nly Day;
Nor ſeek *Elijah*'s fiery Steeds
To bear this Fleſh away.

6 Joyful my Spirit will conſent
To drop its mortal Load;
And hail * the ſharpeſt Pangs of Death,
That break its Way to GOD.

* Salute or welcome.

II. *GOD's gracious Approbation of a religious Care of our Families.* Geneſis xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of Men, thy Care we bleſs,
Which crowns our Families with Peace:
From Thee they ſprung, and by thy Hand
Their Root and Branches are ſuſtain'd.

2 To GOD, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic Altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of Heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With Saints in their obſcureſt Cell.

3 To Thee may each united Houſe,
Morning and Night, preſent its Vows:
Our Servants there, and riſing Race
Be taught thy Precepts, and thy Grace.

4 O may each future Age proclaim
The Honours of thy glorious Name;
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
To join the Family above.

III. Abraham's *Intercession for* Sodom. Genesis xviii. 32.

For a Fast-Day.

1 GREAT God! did pious *Abram* pray
For *Sodom*'s vile abandon'd Race?
And shall not all our Souls be rous'd
For *Britain* to implore thy Grace?

2 Base as we are, does not thine Eye
Its chosen Thousands here survey;
Whose Souls, deep humbled, mourn the Crouds,
Who walk in Sin's destructive Way?

3 O Judge supreme, let not thy Sword
The Righteous with the Wicked smite:
Nor bury in promiscuous Heaps
Rebels, and Saints thy chief Delight.

4 For these thy Children spare the Land;
Avert the Thunders big with Death;
Nor let the Seeds of latent * Fire
Be kindled by thy flaming Breath.

5 O! be not angry, Mighty God,
While Dust and Ashes seek thy Face;
But gently bending from thy Throne,
Renew, and still increase the Grace.

6 *Jesus* the Intercessor hear,
And for his Sake thy Grace impart,
Which, while it stops the fiery Stream,
Dissolves the most obdurate Heart.

7 *Sodom* shall change to *Zion* then,
And heav'nly Dews be scatter'd round,

* Hidden, secret.

That Plants of Paradiſe may ſpring,
Where baleful * Poiſons curs'd the Ground.

* Deſtructive.

IV. Jacob's *Vow*. Geneſis xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of *Jacob*, by whoſe Hand
Thine *Iſrael* ſtill is fed,
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage
Haſt all our Fathers led.

2 To Thee our humble Vows we raiſe,
To Thee addreſs our Pray'r,
And in thy kind and faithful Breaſt
Depoſite all our Care.

3 If Thou, thro' each perplexing Path,
Wilt be our conſtant Guide;
If Thou wilt daily Bread ſupply,
And Raiment wilt provide;

4 If Thou wilt ſpread thy Shield around,
Till theſe our Wand'rings ceaſe,
And at our Father's lov'd Abode,
Our Souls arrive in Peace:

5 To Thee, as to our Cov'nant-God,
We'll our whole ſelves reſign;
And count, that not our *Tenth* alone,
But all we have is Thine.

V. *The Hand of the LORD upon the Cattle.* Exodus ix. 3.

1 THE Creatures, LORD, confeſs thy Hand,
Thro' Earth and Sky, thro' Sea and Land;
And all their meaneſt Orders ſhare
Their Maker's Pity, and his Care.

2 O look from thine exalted Throne,
And hear our panting Cattle moan;
Prone * o'er th' untaſted Food they lie,
Groan out their Agonies, and die.

3 What have theſe harmleſs Creatures done
To draw this ſore Chaſtiſement down?
'Tis human Guilt for Vengeance calls,
And heavy on the Herds it falls.

4 From them to us the Stroke might paſs,
And mow down Thouſands of our Race;
Till Deſolation reign'd around,
Our Cities void, untill'd our Ground.

5 Prevent the Ruin by thy Grace,
And melt our Hearts to ſeek thy Face:
Bleſt Fruit of thy correcting Rod
To loſe our Beaſts, and find our GOD.

* Stretched out on the Ground.

VI. Iſrael *and* Amalek. Exodus xvii. 11.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 OUR Banner is th' Eternal GOD,
Nor will we yield to Fear;
Amidſt ten thouſand fierce Aſſaults,
His mighty Aid is near.

2 To him the Hands of Faith we ſtretch,
And plead experienc'd Grace;
To him the Voice of Pray'r we raiſe,
Nor will he hide his Face.

3 No more, proud *Amalek*, thy Boaſt,
"GOD's Arm is feeble grown:"

His Sword ſhall lop off ev'ry Hand,
That dares inſult his Throne.

4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
Our Nation's Cauſe to plead;
Nor let thine *Iſrael*'s Foes, and thine,
By Wickedneſs ſucceed.

5 Our fainting Hands, how ſoon they droop!
But Thou the Weak canſt raiſe;
And in the Mount of Pray'r canſt leave
An Altar to thy Praiſe.

VII. *Againſt following a Multitude to do Evil.* Exodus xxiii. 2.

1 LORD, when Iniquities abound,
And growing Crimes appear;
We view the Deluge riſing round
With Sorrow, and with Fear.

2 Yet when its Waves moſt fiercely beat,
And ſpread Deſtruction wide,
Thy Spirit can a Standard raiſe
To ſtem * the roaring Tide.

3 May thy triumphant Arm awake
Thy ſacred Cauſe to plead;
And let the Multitude confeſs,
That Thou art GOD indeed.

4 Their Hearts ſhall in a Moment turn,
Like Water, by thy Hand;
One Word ſhall bow their ſtubborn Necks
To own thy high Command.

* Reſtrain.

5 Our

5 Our feeble Souls at leaſt ſupport,
And there thy Pow'r diſplay;
Then Multitudes ſhall ſtrive in vain
To draw us from thy Way.

VIII. CHRIST's *Interceſſion typified by* Aaron's *Breaſt-plate.* Exodus xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our chearful Eyes ſurvey
Our great High-Prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant Care,
And ſympathetic Love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior Throne,
Where Angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining Train
With matchleſs Honours crown'd;

3 The Names of all his Saints he bears
Deep graven on his Heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt Chriſtian ſay,
That he hath loſt his Part.

4 Thoſe Characters ſhall fair abide,
Our everlaſting Truſt,
When Gems, and Monuments, and Crowns
Are moulder'd down to Duſt.

5 So, Gracious Saviour, on my Breaſt
May thy dear Name be worn,
A ſacred Ornament and Guard,
To endleſs Ages borne.

IX. *Who is on the* LORD's *Side?* Exod. xxxiii. 26.

1 WHAT Boſom mov'd with pious Zeal
Doth for its GOD's Diſhonour feel?

What Heart with gen'rous Ardor glows
To plead his Cauſe againſt his Foes?

2 Great GOD, what Boſom can be cold?
What Coward muſt not here grow bold?
While Honour, Int'reſt, Truth, and Love
Concur our inmoſt Souls to move?

3 Around thy Standard, LORD, we preſs,
Thine injur'd Honour to redreſs,
And with determin'd Voice demand
The Signal of thy conqu'ring Hand.

4 Thou ſhalt theſe ſacred Weapons bleſs,
And lead thro' War to endleſs Peace;
Not Death itſelf our Souls ſhall dread,
For thy own Arm ſhall raiſe the Dead.

X. *GOD's Preſence deſireable.* Exodus xxxiii. 15.

1 IMMENSE, Eternal GOD!
How marvellous thy Name!
Thy Preſence all abroad
Pervades * all Nature's Frame;
Heav'n, Earth, and Air,
And the dark Cell,
Where Devils dwell
In long Deſpair.

2 Yet thou haſt choſen Ways
To make thy Preſence known,
To Fav'rites of thy Grace,
To upright Souls alone:

* Penetrates thro' or fills.

This

This Glory, LORD,
My Soul would see,
This Grace to me,
My GOD, afford.

3 If Thou thy Lustre veil,
The Charms of Nature fade;
All wither'd, weak, and pale,
They bow their languid Head:
My Father, shine;
For Thou canst give
The Dead to live
By Beams divine.

4 Ev'n *Eden*'s blissful Lands
Would in thine Absence mourn:
But Thou wild *Afric*'s * Sands
To Paradise canst turn.
If GOD be there
The Gloom is bright:
But Noon is Night,
Till Thou appear.

5 Come, for my Spirit glows
With infinite Desire!
Strong Love impatient grows,
And sets my Heart on Fire.
My Father, come;
That Presence give,
On which I live;
Or call me home.

* *Africa*, a Part of the Earth, remarkable for sandy barren Deserts.

XI. Moſes's *View of the divine Glory.* Exodus xxxiii. 18.

1 WITH humble Pleaſure, LORD, we trace
The ancient Records of thy Grace;
And our own Conſolation draw,
From what thy Servant *Moſes* ſaw.

2 May we behold thy Glory ſhine
With gentle Beams of Love divine;
And hear thy ſecret Voice proclaim
The various Wonders of thy Name.

3 If feeble Nature faint t' endure
A Voice ſo ſweet, a Ray ſo pure;
Its Diſſolution would delight,
While Death would wear a Form ſo bright.

4 Death ſhall unveil that World above,
Where the dear Children of thy Love,
Attemper'd * all to heav'nly Day,
Bear, and reflect th' immediate Ray.

* Fitted and enabled to bear.

XII. *The Proclamation of GOD's Name to* Moſes; or, *divine Mercy and Juſtice.* Exodus xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my Soul, the Voice divine,
And mark what beaming Glories ſhine
Around thy condeſcending God!
To us, to us, he ſtill proclaims
His awful, his endearing Names:
Attend, and ſound them all abroad.

2 "JE-

2 " JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign LORD,
" The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,
" Down to the Earth my Footsteps bend:
" My Heart the tend'rest Pity knows,
" Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,
" And Grace and Truth shall never end.

3 " My Patience long can Crimes endure:
" My pard'ning Love is ever sure,
" When penitential Sorrow mourns;
" To Millions, thro' unnumber'd Years,
" New Hope and new Delight it bears;
" Yet Wrath against the Sinner burns."

4 Make haste, my Soul, the Vision meet,
All-prostrate at thy Sov'reign's Feet,
And drink the tuneful Accents in;
Speak on, my LORD, repeat the Voice;
Diffuse these Heart-expanding Joys,
Till Heav'n compleat the rapt'rous Scene.

XIII. *The GOD of Spirits sought to supply Vacancies in the Congregations of his People.* Numbers xxvii. 15—17.

1 FATHER of Spirits, from thy Hand,
Our Souls immortal came;
And still thine Energy *divine
Supports th' ethereal † Flame.

2 By Thee our Spirits all are known;
And each remotest Thought
Lies wide expanded to his Eye,
By whom their Pow'rs were wrought.

* Power. † Heavenly.

3 To Thee, when mortal Comforts fail,
Thy Flock deserted flies;
And, on th' eternal Shepherd's Care,
Our chearful Hope relies.

4 When o'er thy faithful Servants Dust
Thy dear Assemblies mourn,
In speedy Tokens of thy Grace,
O *Israel*'s GOD, return.

5 The Pow'rs of Nature all are Thine,
And Thine the Aids of Grace;
Thine Arm has borne thy Churches up
Thro' ev'ry rising Race.

6 Exert thy sacred Influence here,
And here thy Suppliants bless,
And change, to Strains of chearful Praise,
Their Accents of Distress.

7 With faithful Heart, with skilful Hand,
May this thy Flock be fed;
And with a steady growing Pace,
To *Zion*'s Mountain led.

XIV. *The* LORD's *People his Portion.* Deuteron. xxxii. 9.

1 SOV'REIGN of Nature, all is Thine,
The Air, the Earth, the Sea:
By Thee the Orbs celestial * shine,
And *Cherubs* live by Thee.

2 Rich in thy own Essential Store,
Thou call'st forth Worlds at Will:

* The heavenly Bodies.

Ten

Ten thouſand, and ten thouſand more
Would hear thy Summons ſtill.

3 What Treaſure wilt Thou then confeſs?
And thy own Portion call?
What by peculiar Right poſſeſs,
Imperial LORD of all?

4 Thine *Iſrael* Thou wilt ſtoop to claim,
Wilt mark them out for Thine:
Ten thouſand Praiſes to thy Name
For Goodneſs ſo divine!

5 That I am Thine, my Soul would boaſt,
And boaſt its Claim to Thee;
Nor ſhall GOD's Property be loſt,
Nor GOD be torn from me.

XV. *The Eternal GOD his Peoples Refuge, and Support.* Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD the great Eternal GOD,
Spreads everlaſting Arms abroad,
And calls our Souls to ſhelter there.
Wonders of mingled Pow'r and Grace
To all his *Iſrael* he diſplays,
Guarded from Danger, and from Fear.

2 Thither my feeble Soul ſhall fly,
When Terrors preſs, and Death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:

On that high Tow'r I rear my Head
Serene, nor knows my Heart to dread,
Amidſt ſurrounding Hoſts of Hell.

3 The Shadow of th' Almighty's Wings
Compoſure unmoleſted brings,
While threat'ning Horrors round me croud;
In vain the Storms of rattling Hail
The Walls of this Retreat aſſail,
And the wild Tempeſt roars aloud.

4 In louder Strains my fearleſs Tongue
Shall warble its victorious Song,
My Father's Graces to proclaim;
He bears his Infant Offspring on
To Glory radiant as his Throne,
And Joys eternal as his Name.

XVI. *The Happineſs of* GOD's Iſrael. Deut. xxxiii. 29.

1 O *Iſrael*, bleſt beyond compare!
Unrival'd all thy Glories are:
JEHOVAH deigns * to fill thy Throne,
And calls thine Intereſt all his own.

2 He is thy Saviour; He thy Lord;
His Shield is thine; and thine his Sword:
Review in Extacy of Thought
The grand Redemption he has wrought.

3 From *Satan*'s Yoke he ſets thee free,
Opens thy Paſſage thro' the Sea;
He thro' the Deſart is thy Guide,
And Heav'n for *Canaan* will provide.

* Condeſcends.

4 Not

4 Not *Jacob*'s Sons of old could boaſt
Such Favours to their choſen Hoſt;
Their Glories, which thro' Ages ſhine,
Are but dim Shades, and Types of thine.

5 Celeſtial Spirit, teach our Tongue
Sublimer Strains than *Moſes* ſung,
Proportion'd to the ſweeter Name
Of GOD the Saviour, and the Lamb.

XVII. *Support in the gracious Preſence of GOD under the Loſs of Miniſters, and other uſeful Friends.* Joſhua i. 2, 4, 5.

1 NOW let our mourning Hearts revive,
And all our Tears be dry.
Why ſhould thoſe Eyes be drown'd in Grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the Arm of conqu'ring Death
Does GOD's own Houſe invade?
What tho' the Prophet, and the Prieſt
Be number'd with the Dead?

3 Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Duſt,
The Aged, and the Young,
The watchful Eye in Darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive Tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New Comfort to impart;
His Eye ſtill guides us, and his Voice
Still animates our Heart.

5 "Lo

5 " Lo, I am with you," ſaith the LORD,
" My Church ſhall ſafe abide;
" For I will ne'er forſake my own,
" Whoſe Souls in me confide."

6 Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life and Death,
This Promiſe is our Truſt;
And this ſhall be our Children's Song,
When we are cold in Duſt.

XVIII. *GOD inſenſibly withdrawn.* Judges xvi. 20.

1 A Preſent GOD is all our Strength,
And all our Joy and Hope;
When he withdraws, our Comforts die,
And ev'ry Grace muſt droop.

2 But flatt'ring Trifles charm our Hearts
To court their falſe Embrace,
Till juſtly this neglected Friend
Averts his angry Face.

3 He leaves us, and we miſs him not;
But go preſumptuous on,
Till baffled, wounded, and enſlav'd,
We learn, that GOD is gone.

4 And what, my Soul, can then remain
One Ray of Light to give?
Sever'd from him, their better Life,
How can his Children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted Forms of Joy,
And leave my Heart to mourn:

I would

I would devote these Eyes to Tears,
Till chear'd by his Return.

6 Look back, my LORD, and own the Place,
Where once thy Temple stood;
For lo, its Ruins bear the Mark
Of rich atoning Blood.

XIX. EBENEZER; or, *GOD's helping Hand reviewed and acknowledged.* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For New-Year's Day.

1 MY Helper GOD! I bless his Name:
The same his Pow'r, his Grace the same,
The Tokens of his friendly Care
Open, and crown, and close the Year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand Dangers stand,
Supported by his Guardian Hand;
And see, when I survey my Ways,
Ten thousand Monuments of Praise.

3 Thus far his Arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his Mercy known;
And, while I tread this desart Land,
New Mercies shall new Songs demand.

4 My grateful Soul, on *Jordan*'s Shore,
Shall raise one sacred Pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright Courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal Love.

XX. *The Saint encouraging himself in the* LORD *his GOD.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious Name,
Still pregnant with Delight;

It

It ſcatters round a chearful Beam,
To gild the darkeſt Night.

2 What tho' our mortal Comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring Flowers?
Nor Time nor Death can break that Band,
Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

3 My Cares, I give you to the Wind,
And ſhake you off like Duſt;
Well may I truſt my All with him,
With whom my Soul I truſt.

XXI. *Support in GOD's Covenant under domeſtic Troubles.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY GOD, the Cov'nant of thy Love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs Grace I feel
My Happineſs ſecure.

2 What tho' my Houſe be not with Thee,
As Nature could deſire?
To nobler Joys, than Nature gives,
Thy Servants all aſpire.

3 Since Thou, the everlaſting GOD,
My Father art become;
Jeſus my Guardian, and my Friend,
And Heav'n my final Home;

4 I welcome all thy ſov'reign Will;
For all that Will is Love:

And,

And, when I know not what Thou doſt,
I wait the Light above.

5 Thy Cov'nant in the darkeſt Gloom
Shall heav'nly Rays impart,
Which, when my Eye-lids cloſe in Death,
Shall warm my chilling Heart.

XXII. *Support in GOD's Covenant in the near Views of Death.* 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. *and* 5. *compared.*

1 'TIS Mine, the Cov'nant of his Grace,
And ev'ry Promiſe mine!
All ſprung from everlaſting Love,
And ſeal'd by Blood divine.

2 On my unworthy favour'd Head
Its Bleſſings all unite;
Bleſſings more num'rous than the Stars,
More laſting, and more bright.

3 Death, thou mayſt tear this Rag of Fleſh,
And ſink my fainting Head,
And lay my Ruins in the Grave,
Among my Kindred Dead:

4 But Death and Hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
To break that ſacred Reſt,
Which GOD's expiring Children feel,
While leaning on his Breaſt.

5 Th' enlarged Soul thou canſt not reach,
Nor rend from *Chriſt* away;
Tho' o'er my mould'ring Duſt thou boaſt
The Triumphs of a Day.

6 The

6 The Night is paſt, my Morning dawns;
My Cov'nant-GOD deſcends,
And wakes that Duſt to join my Soul
In Bliſs that never ends.

7 That Cov'nant the laſt Accent claims
Of this poor falt'ring Tongue;
And that ſhall the firſt Notes employ
Of my celeſtial Song.

XXIII. *Rejoicing in our Covenant-Engagements to GOD.* 2 Chron. xv. 15.

1 O Happy Day, that fix'd my Choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my GOD!
Well may this glowing Heart rejoice,
And tell its Raptures all abroad.

2 O happy Bond, that ſeals my Vows
To him, who merits all my Love!
Let chearful Anthems * fill his Houſe,
While to that ſacred Shrine † I move.

3 'Tis done; the great Tranſaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confeſs the Voice divine.

4 Now reſt my long-divided Heart,
Fix'd on this bliſsful Center reſt;
With Aſhes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on Angels Bread to feaſt?

5 High Heav'n, that heard the ſolemn Vow,
That Vow renew'd ſhall daily hear;

* Hymns of Praiſe. † Altar or Place of Worſhip.

Till

Till in Life's lateſt Hour I bow,
And bleſs in Death a Bond ſo dear.

XXIV. *GOD ſtirring up the Spirit of* Cyrus *to redeem* Iſrael. Ezra i. 1. *compared with* Iſaiah xliv. 1—4.

1 TH' Eternal GOD! his Name how great!
How deep his Counſels! how compleat!
The Hearts of Kings his Pow'r can ſway;
His Word unconſcious * they obey.

2 Summon'd of old in diſtant Days
To ſerve his Schemes, and ſhew his Praiſe,
Cyrus, illuſtrious Prince, appears,
His People frees, his Temple rears.

3 Thro' Legions arm'd he breaks his Way,
And tramples Gen'rals down like Clay;
The Bars of Steel he cuts in twain,
And brazen Gates oppoſe in vain.

4 But to JEHOVAH's Accents mild
The Hero pliant as a Child,
Lays the new Cares of Empire by,
Till *Zion* riſe, and ſhines on high.

5 Thus, mighty GOD, ſhall ev'ry Heart,
(If Thou thine Influence there exert)
Throw its own fondeſt Schemes aſide,
And follow where thy Hand ſhall guide.

6 The foremoſt Sons of Fame ſhall boaſt
To raiſe thy Temples from their Duſt;
Princes ſhall ſhout thy Name aloud,
And new-born Prieſts thine Altars croud.

* Without intending it. *Iſa.* x. 7.

XXV.

XXV. *A Glance from GOD bringing us down to the Solitude of the Grave.* Job vii. 8.

1 SOV'REIGN of Life, before thine Eye,
Lo, mortal Men by Thouſands die!
One Glance from Thee at once brings down
The proudeſt Brow, that wears a Crown.

2 Baniſh'd at once from human Sight
To the dark Grave's unchanging Night,
Impriſon'd in that duſty Bed,
We hide our ſolitary Head.

3 The friendly Band * no more ſhall greet,
Accents familiar once, and ſweet:
No more the well-known Features trace,
No more renew the fond Embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful Hand
Conduct me thro' this gloomy Land,
My Soul with Pleaſure ſhall obey,
And follow, where he leads the Way.

5 He nobler Friends, than here I leave,
In brighter ſurer Worlds can give;
Or by the Beamings of his Eye
A loſt Creation well ſupply.

* Company.

XXVI. *The Impoſſibility of proſpering while Men harden themſelves againſt GOD.* Job ix. 4.

1 THE Great JEHOVAH! who ſhall dare
With him to tempt unequal War?
What Heart of Steel ſhall dare t' oppoſe,
And league among his harden'd Foes?

2 At

2 At his Command the Lightnings dart,
And swift transfix * the Rebel-Heart:
Earth trembles at his Look, and cleaves,
And Legions sink in living Graves.

3 Where are the haughty Monarchs now,
Who scorn'd his Word with lowring Brow?
Where are the Trophies of their Reigns?
Or where their Ruin's last Remains?

4 See *Pharoah* sinking in the Tide!
See *Babel*'s Tyrant, mad with Pride,
Graze with the Beasts! Hear *Herod* roar,
While Worms his Deity devour!

5 See from the Turrets of the Skies,
Tall *Cherubs* sink, no more to rise;
And trace their Rank on Thrones of Light
By heavier Chains, and darker Night!

6 Great GOD! and shall this Soul of mine
Presume to challenge Wrath divine?
Trembling I seek thy Mercy-Seat,
And lay my Weapons at thy Feet.

* Pierce thro'

XXVII. *The great Journey.* Job xvi. 22.

1 BEHOLD the Path that Mortals tread
Down to the Regions of the Dead!
Nor will the fleeting Moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our Way.

2 Our Kindred and our Friends are gone;
Know, O my Soul, this Doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal Frame,
The same my Way, my House the same.

3 From

3 From vital Air, from chearful Light,
To the cold Grave's perpetual Night,
From Scenes of Duty, Means of Grace,
Muſt I to GOD's Tribunal paſs!

4 Important Journey! Awful View!
How great the Change! the Scenes how new!
The golden Gates of Heav'n diſplay'd,
Or Hell's fierce Flames, and gloomy Shade!

5 Awake, my Soul; thy Way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal Care;
With ſteady Feet that Path be trod,
Which thro' the Grave conducts to GOD.

6 *Jeſus*, to Thee my All I truſt,
And, if Thou call me down to Duſt,
I know thy Voice, I bleſs thy Hand,
And die in Smiles at thy Command.

7 What was my Terror, is my Joy;
Theſe Views my brighteſt Hopes employ,
To go, ere many Years are o'er,
Secure I ſhall return no more.

XXVIII. *The Penitent brought back from the Pit.*
Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

1 THE LORD, from his exalted Throne,
In Majeſty array'd,
Looks with a melting Pity down
On all that ſeek his Aid.

2 When, touch'd with penitent Remorſe,
Our Follies paſt we mourn,
With what a Tenderneſs of Love
He meets our firſt Return!

3 From

3 From Heav'n he ſent his only Son
To ranſom us with Blood,
To ſnatch us from the burning Pit,
When on its Brink we ſtood.

4 From Death and Hell He leads us up
By a delightful Way;
And the bright Beams of endleſs Life
Doth round our Path diſplay.

5 Great GOD, we wonder, and adore;
And, to exalt ſuch Grace,
We long to learn the Songs of Heav'n
Ere yet we reach the Place.

XXIX. *Communing with our Hearts.* Pſalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving Heart, return,
And chaſe theſe ſhadowy Forms no more;
Seek out ſome Solitude to mourn,
And thy forſaken GOD implore.

2 Wiſdom and Pleaſure dwell at home;
Retir'd and ſilent ſeek them there:
True Conqueſt is ourſelves t' o'ercome.
True Strength to break the Tempter's Snare.

3 And Thou, my GOD, whoſe piercing Eye
Diſtinct ſurveys each deep Receſs,
In theſe abſtracted Hours draw nigh,
And with thy Preſence fill the Place.

4 Thro' all the Mazes * of my Heart
My Search let heav'nly Wiſdom guide,

* Windings, Perplexities.

And ſtill its radiant Beams impart,
Till all be ſearch'd, and purified.

5 Then, with the Viſits of thy Love,
Vouchſafe my inmoſt Soul to chear;
Till ev'ry Grace ſhall join to prove,
That GOD hath fix'd his Dwelling there.

XXX. *GOD's Name, the Encouragement of our Faith.* Pſalm ix. 10.

1 SING to the LORD, who loud proclaims
His various, and his ſaving Names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure Experience known!

2 Let great JEHOVAH be ador'd,
Th' Eternal, All-ſufficient LORD!
He thro' the World moſt high confeſs'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is poſſeſs'd.

3 Awake our nobleſt Pow'rs to bleſs
The GOD of *Abram*, GOD of Peace;
Now by a dearer Title known,
Father and GOD of *Chriſt* his Son.

4 Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear
Is open to his Servants Pray'r;
Nor can one humble Soul complain,
That it hath ſought its God in vain.

5 What unbelieving Heart ſhall dare
In Whiſpers to ſuggeſt a Fear,
While ſtill He owns his ancient Name?
The ſame his Pow'r, his Love the ſame!

6 To Thee our Souls in Faith arise,
To Thee we lift expecting Eyes;
And boldly thro' the Desart tread,
For GOD will guard, where GOD shall lead.

XXXI. *Triumph in GOD's Protection.* Psalm xviii. 2.

1 LEGIONS of Foes beset me round,
While marching o'er this dang'rous Ground;
Yet in JEHOVAH's Aid I trust,
And in his Pow'r superior boast.

2 My Buckler He; His Shield is spread
To cover this defenceless Head:
Now let the fiercest Foes assail,
Their Darts I count as rattling Hail.

3 He is my Rock, and He my Tow'r;
The Base * how firm! the Walls how sure!
The Battlements how high they rise!
And hide their Summits † in the Skies.

4 Deliv'rances to GOD belong;
He is my Strength, and He my Song;
The Horn of my Salvation He,
And all my Foes dispers'd shall flee.

5 Thro' the long March my Lips shall sing
My great Protector, and my King,
Till *Zion*'s Mount my Feet ascend,
And all my painful Warfare end.

6 Rais'd on the shining Turrets there,
Thro' all the Prospect wide and fair,

* Foundation. † Top.

A Land of Peace his Hosts survey,
And bless the Grace, that led the Way.

XXXII. *Support in Death.* Psalm xxiii. 4.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy Vale,
Which thou, my Soul, must tread,
Beset with Terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the Dead.

2 Ye pleasing Scenes, Adieu *,
Which I so long have known:
My Friends, a long Farewel to you,
For I must pass alone.

3 And thou, beloved Clay,
Long Partner of my Cares,
In this rough Path art torn away
With Agony and Tears.

4 But see a Ray of Light,
With Splendors all divine,
Breaks thro' these doleful Realms of Night,
And makes its Horrors shine.

5 Where Death and Darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my Stay:
His Rod my trembling Feet sustains,
His Staff defends my Way.

6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on;
My Soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,
Now Life's great Lord is near.

* Farewel.

XXXIII. *The Good Man's Proſpect for Time and Eternity.* Pſalm xxiii. 6.

1 MY Soul, triumphant in the LORD,
Shall tell its Joys abroad;
And march with holy Vigour on,
Supported by its GOD.

2 Thro' all the winding * Maze of Life,
His Hand hath been my Guide,
And in that long-experienc'd Care,
My Heart ſhall ſtill confide.

3 His Grace thro' all the Deſart flows,
An unexhauſted Stream:
That Grace on *Zion*'s ſacred Mount
Shall be my endleſs Theme †.

4 Beyond the choiceſt Joys of Earth
Theſe diſtant Courts I love;
But O! I burn with ſtrong Deſire
To view thy Houſe above.

5 Mingled with all the ſhining Band,
My Soul would there adore;
A Pillar in thy Temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

* Wilderneſs. † Subject.

XXXIV. *The Goodneſs which GOD has wrought, and laid up for his People.* Pſalm xxxi. 19.

1 OUR Souls with pleaſing Wonder view
The Bounties of thy Grace;
How much beſtow'd; How much reſerv'd
For them that ſeek thy Face!

2 Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Bliſs
Oft makes their Cup run o'er;
And in the Cov'nant of thy Love
They find diviner Store.

3 Here Mercy hides their num'rous Sins;
Here Grace their Souls renews;
Here thy own reconciled Face
Doth heav'nly Beams diffuſe.

4 But O! what Treaſures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in Worlds to come!
If theſe th' Enjoyments of the Way,
How happy is their Home?

5 And what ſhall mortal Worms reply?
Or how ſuch Goodneſs own?
But 'tis our Joy that, LORD, to Thee,
Thy Servants Hearts are known.

6 Thine Eyes ſhall read thoſe grateful Thoughts
No Language can expreſs:
Yet, when our livelieſt Thanks we pay,
Our Debts do moſt increaſe.

7 Since Time's too ſhort, All-gracious GOD,
To utter half thy Praiſe,
Loud to the Honour of thy Name
Eternal Hymns we'll raiſe.

XXXV. *Reliſhing the divine Goodneſs.* Pſalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRiumphant, LORD, thy Goodneſs reigns
Thro' all the wide celeſtial Plains;
And its full Streams redundant flow
Down to th' Abodes of Men below.

2 Thro'

2 Thro' Nature's Works its Glories ſhine:
The Cares of Providence are Thine:
And Grace erects our ruin'd Frame
A fairer Temple to thy Name.

3 O give to ev'ry human Heart
To taſte, and feel how good Thou art:
With grateful Love, and rev'rend Fear,
To know, how bleſt thy Children are.

4 Let Nature burſt into a Song:
Ye echoing Hills, the Notes prolong:
Earth, Seas, and Stars your Anthems raiſe,
All vocal * with your Maker's Praiſe.

5 Ye Saints, with Joy the Theme purſue;
Its ſweeteſt Notes belong to you;
Choſe by this condeſcending King
For ever round his Throne to ſing.

* Sounding, as if endowed with Speech.

XXXVI. *GOD ſaying to the Soul, that he is its Salvation.* Pſalm xxxv. 3.

1 SALVATION! O melodious Sound
To wretched dying Men!
Salvation, that from GOD proceeds,
And leads to GOD again!

2 Reſcu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,
From Fiends ‖, and Fires, and Chains:
Rais'd to a Paradiſe of Bliſs,
Where Love and Glory reigns!

‖ Evil Spirits.

3 But O! may a degen'rate Soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Preſume to raiſe a trembling Eye
To Bleſſings ſo divine?

4 The Luſtre of ſo bright a Bliſs
My feeble Heart o'erbears;
And Unbelief almoſt perverts
The Promiſe into Tears.

5 My Saviour-GOD, no Voice but Thine
Theſe dying Hopes can raiſe:
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,
And turn its Tears to Praiſe.

6 *My Saviour-GOD*, this broken Voice
Tranſported ſhall proclaim,
And call on all th' Angelic Harps
To ſound ſo ſweet a Name.

XXXVII. *GOD's Complacency in the Proſperity of his Servants.* Pſalm xxxv. 27.

1 THE LORD with Pleaſure views his Saints,
And calls them all his own;
And low He bows to their Complaints,
And pities ev'ry Groan.

2 In all the Joys they here poſſeſs,
He takes a tender Part;
And, when they riſe to heav'nly Bliſs,
Complacence fills his Heart.

3 My GOD, are all my Pleaſures Thine,
My Comforts thy Delight?
O be thy Happineſs divine
Moſt precious in my Sight.

4 They

4 They moſt in all thy Bliſs ſhall ſhare,
Whoſe Hearts can love Thee moſt;
O could I vie * in Ardor here
With all th' Angelic Hoſt.

* Endeavour to equal.

XXXVIII. *The Days of the Upright known to GOD, and their everlaſting Inheritance.* Pſalm xxxvii. 18.

1 TO Thee, my GOD, my Days are known;
My Soul enjoys the Thought;
My Actions all before thy Face,
Nor are my Faults forgot.

2 Each ſecret Breath Devotion vents
Is vocal to thine Ear;
And all my Walks of daily Life
Before thine Eye appear.

3 The vacant Hour, the active Scene,
Thy Mercy ſhall approve;
And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,
And ev'ry Care of Love.

4 Each golden Hour of beaming Light
Is guided by thy Rays;
And dark Affliction's Midnight Gloom
A preſent GOD ſurveys.

5 Full in thy View thro' Life I paſs,
And in thy View I die;
And, when each mortal Bond is broke,
Shall find my GOD is nigh.

6 Strip'd of its little earthly All,
My Soul in Smiles ſhall go;

And in an heav'nly Heritage
Its Father's Bounty know.

XXXIX. *Our Deſire and Groaning before GOD, when proceeding from the greateſt Diſtreſs.* Pſal. xxxviii. 9, 10.

1 MY Soul, the awful Hour will come,
Apace it paſſeth on,
To bear this Body to the Tomb,
And thee to Scenes unknown.

2 My Heart, long lab'ring with its Woes,
Shall pant and ſink away;
And you, my Eye-lids, ſoon ſhall cloſe
On the laſt glim'ring Ray.

3 Whence in that Hour ſhall I receive
A Cordial for my Pain,
When, if Earth's Monarchs were my Friends,
Thoſe Friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of Nature, and of Grace,
To Thee my Spirit flies,
And opens all its deep Diſtreſs
Before thy pitying Eyes.

5 All its Deſires to Thee are known,
And ev'ry ſecret Fear,
The Meaning of each broken Groan
Well-notic'd by thine Ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty Pow'r,
Which to ſuch Love belongs,
Where Darkneſs veils the Eyes no more,
And Groans are chang'd to Songs.

XL. *GOD magnified by those that love his Salvation.* Psalm xl. 16.

1 GOD of Salvation, we adore
Thy saving Love, thy saving Pow'r;
And to our utmost Stretch of Thought
Hail the Redemption Thou hast wrought.

2 We love the Stroke, that breaks our Chain,
The Sword, by which our Sins are slain:
And, while abas'd in Dust we bow,
We sing the Grace, that lays us low.

3 Perish each Thought of human Pride:
Let GOD alone be magnified:
His Glory let the Heav'ns resound,
Shouted from Earth's remotest Bound.

4 Saints, who his full Salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join ev'ry Angel's Voice to raise
Continu'd, never-ending Praise.

XLI. *The Triumph of* CHRIST *in the Cause of Truth, Meekness, and Righteousness.* Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

1 LOUD to the Prince of Heav'n
Your chearful Voices raise;
To Him your Vows be giv'n,
And fill his Courts with Praise.
With conscious Worth
All clad in Arms,
All bright in Charms,
He sallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring Sword,
Aſcend thy ſhining Car *,
And march, Almighty LORD,
To wage thy holy War.
Before his Wheels,
In glad Surprize,
Ye Vallies riſe,
And ſink, ye Hills.

3 Fair Truth, and ſmiling Love,
And injur'd Righteouſneſs
In thy Retinue move,
And ſeek from thee Redreſs:
Thou in their Cauſe
Shalt proſp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Diſpenſe thy Laws.

4 Before thine awful Face
Millions of Foes ſhall fall,
The Captives of thy Grace,
That Grace, which conquers all.
The World ſhall know,
Great King of Kings,
What wond'rous Things
Thine Arm can do.

5 Here to my willing Soul
Bend thy triumphant Way;
Here ev'ry Foe controul,
And all thy Pow'r diſplay.
My Heart, thy Throne,
Bleſt *Jeſus*, ſee
Bows low to Thee,
To Thee alone.

* Chariot.

XLII. *Quietneſs under Affliction, a proper Acknowledgment of GOD.* Pſalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the LORD JEHOVAH's Hand,
That blaſts our Joys in Death;
Changes the Viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back our Breath.

2 'Tis He, the Potentate ſupreme
Of all the Worlds above,
Whoſe ſteady Counſels wiſely rule,
Nor from their Purpoſe move.

3 'Tis He, whoſe Juſtice might demand
Our Souls a Sacrifice;
Yet ſcatters with unwearied Hand
A thouſand rich Supplies.

4 Our Cov'nant-GOD and Father He
In *Chriſt* our bleeding Lord;
Whoſe Grace can heal the burſting Heart
With one reviving Word.

5 Fair Garlands of immortal Bliſs
He weaves for ev'ry Brow;
And ſhall tumultuous Paſſions riſe,
If He correct us now?

6 Silent I own JEHOVAH's Name;
I kiſs thy ſcourging Hand;
And yield my Comforts, and my Life
To thy ſupreme Command.

XLIII. *The*

XLIII. *The Year crowned with the divine Goodneſs.* Pſalm lxv. 11.

For New-Year's Day.

1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!
Well may thy Praiſe our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Whoſe Goodneſs crowns the circling Year.

2 While as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand ſupports the ſteady Pole:
The Sun is taught by Thee to riſe,
And Darkneſs when to veil the Skies.

3 The flow'ry Spring at thy Command
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land;
The Summer Rays with Vigour ſhine
To raiſe the Corn, and chear the Vine.

4 Thy Hand in Autumn richly pours
Thro' all our Coaſts redundant Stores;
And Winters, ſoften'd by thy Care,
No more a Face of Horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days
Demand ſucceſſive Songs of Praiſe;
Still be the chearful Homage paid
With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade.

6 Here in thy Houſe ſhall Incenſe riſe,
As circling Sabbaths bleſs our Eyes;
Still will we make thy Mercies known,
Around thy Board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious Tongues
In Worlds unknown purſue the Songs;
And in thoſe brighter Courts adore,
Where Days and Years revolve no more.

XLIV. *Rebels againſt the ſupreme Sovereign admoniſhed.* Pſalm lxvi. 7.

1 THE Lord of Glory reigns ſupremely great,
And o'er Heav'n's Arches builds his royal Seat.
Thro' Worlds unknown his Sov'reign Sway extends,
Nor Space nor Time his boundleſs Empire ends.
His Eye beholds th' Affairs of ev'ry Nation,
And reads each Thought through his immenſe Creation.

2 Lightnings and Storms his mighty Word obey,
And Planets roll, where he has mark'd their Way:
Unnumber'd *Cherubs* veil'd before Him ſtand,
At his firſt Signal all their Wings expand;
His Praiſe gives Harmony to all their Voices,
And ev'ry Heart thro' the full Choir * rejoices.

3 Rebellious Mortals, ceaſe your Tumults vain,
Nor longer ſuch unequal War maintain:
Let Clay with Fellow-Clay in Combat ſtrive,
But dread to brave the Pow'r, by which you live:
With contrite Hearts fall proſtrate & adore him,
For, if he frowns, ye periſh all before him.

* Company of Singers.

XLV. *GOD*

XLV. *GOD the Happineſs of his People, and their Support in the extremeſt Diſtreſs.* Pſalm lxxiii. 25, 26.

1 MY GOD, whoſe all-pervading * Eye
Views Earth beneath, and Heav'n above,
Witneſs, if here, or there Thou ſeeſt
An Object of mine equal Love.

2 Not the gay Scenes, where mortal Men
Purſue their Bliſs, and find their Woe,
Detain my riſing Heart, which ſprings
The nobler Joys of Heav'n to view.

3 Not all the faireſt Sons of Light,
That lead the Army round thy Throne,
Can bound its Flight; it preſſeth on,
And ſeeks its Reſt in GOD alone.

4 Fix'd near th' immortal Source of Bliſs,
Dauntleſs and joyous it ſurveys
Each Form of Horror and Diſtreſs,
That Earth, combin'd with Hell, can raiſe.

5 This feeble Fleſh ſhall faint, and die;
This Heart renew its Pulſe no more;
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,
When Life's laſt Movements all are o'er.

6 But come, thou vanquiſh'd King of Dread,
With thy own Hand thy Pow'r deſtroy;
'Tis thine to bear my Soul to GOD,
My Portion, and eternal Joy.

* All-ſeeing.

XLVI. *The*

XLVI. *The Rage of Enemies reſtrained, and overruled to the divine Glory.* Pſalm lxxvi. 10.

Thankſgiving for the Suppreſſion of the Rebellion. 1746.

1 ACCEPT, Great GOD, thy *Britain*'s Songs,
While grateful Joy unites our Tongues
To own the Work, thy Hand hath done:
Thy Hand hath cruſh'd our cruel Foes,
When in rebellious Troops they roſe,
And ſwore to tread our Glory down.

2 With Hell confed'rate on their Side,
People and Prince their Rage defy'd,
And in proud Hope devour'd us all:
Thy Hand its Banner hath diſplay'd,
Beckon'd its *Hero* to our Aid,
And in one Day their Legions fall.

3 Thus ſhalt Thou ſtill maintain thy Throne,
And prove, that Thou art GOD alone.
Tho' Earth and Hell new Efforts try,
'Midſt all the Tumult they can raiſe,
Envenom'd Wrath exalts thy Praiſe,
Till huſh'd at thy Rebuke it die.

4 So ſwell the Surges * of the Sea,
And roar in their impetuous Way,
As they would deluge Earth again:
So ſtrike they on th' unſhaken Rock,
Daſh'd by the Fierceneſs of their Shock,
And foam to feel their Fury vain.

* Great Waves.

XLVII. *GOD*

XLVII. *GOD furniſhing a Table in the Wilderneſs.* Pſalm lxxviii. 19, 20.

1 PARENT of univerſal Good,
We own thy bounteous Hand,
Which does ſo rich a Table ſpread
Ev'n in this deſart Land.

2 Struck by thy Pow'r, the flinty Rocks
In guſhing Torrents flow;
The feather'd Wand'rers of the Air
Thy guiding Inſtinct know.

3 The pregnant Clouds, at thy Command,
Rain down delicious Bread;
And by light Drops of pearly Dew
Are num'rous Armies fed.

4 Supported thus, thine *Iſrael* march'd
The promis'd Land to gain:
And ſhall thy Children now begin
To ſeek their GOD in vain?

5 Are all thy Stores exhauſted now?
Or does thy Mercy fail?
That Faith ſhould languiſh in our Breaſts,
And anxious Cares prevail?

6 Ye baſe unworthy Fears, be gone,
And wide diſperſe in Air;
Then may I feel my Father's Rod,
When I ſuſpect his Care.

XLVIII. *GOD speaking Peace to his People.* Pſalm lxxxv. 8.

1 UNITE, my roving Thoughts, unite
In Silence ſoft and ſweet:
And thou, my Soul, ſit gently down
At thy great Sov'reign's Feet.

2 JEHOVAH's awful Voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlaſting GOD
Proclaims himſelf my Friend.

3 Harmonious Accents to my Soul
The Sounds of Peace convey;
The Tempeſt at his Word ſubſides,
And Winds and Seas obey.

4 By all its Joys, I charge my Heart,
To grieve his Love no more;
But, charm'd by Melody divine,
To give its Follies o'er.

XLIX. *The Church, the Birth-Place of the Saints, and GOD's Care of it.* Pſalm lxxxvii. 5.

On opening a new Place of Worſhip.

1 AND will the great Eternal GOD
On Earth eſtabliſh his Abode?
And will He from his radiant Throne
Avow our Temples for his own?

2 We bring the Tribute of our Praiſe,
And ſing that condeſcending Grace,

Which

Which to our Notes will lend an Ear,
And call us ſinful Mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful Care we bleſs,
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,
That no tumultuous Foes invade,
To fill our Worſhippers with Dread.

4 Theſe Walls we to thy Honour raiſe;
Long may they echo with thy Praiſe;
And Thou deſcending fill the Place
With choiceſt Tokens of thy Grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the Graces of his Train;
While Pow'r divine his Word attends
To conquer Foes, and chear his Friends.

6 And in the great deciſive Day,
When GOD the Nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the World appear,
That Crouds were born to Glory here.

L. *The Goſpel Jubilee.* Pſalm lxxxix. 15. *compared with* Levit. xxv. *and* Iſaiah lxi. 2.

1 LOUD let the tuneful Trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful Tidings round;
Let ev'ry Soul with Tranſport hear,
And hail the LORD's accepted Year.

2 Ye Debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand Talents owe,
When humbled at his Feet ye fall,
Your gracious LORD forgives them all.

3 Slaves

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy Chain
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic Reign,
To Liberty aſſert your Claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's Name.

4 The rich Inheritance you loſt,
Reſtor'd, improv'd, you now may boaſt;
Fair *Salem* your Arrival waits,
To golden Streets, and pearly Gates.

5 Her bleſt Inhabitants no more
Bondage and Poverty deplore:
No Debt, but Love immenſely great,
Whoſe Joy ſtill riſes with the Debt.

6 O happy Souls that know the Sound!
GOD's Light ſhall all their Steps ſurround;
And ſhew that *Jubilee* begun,
Which thro' eternal Years ſhall run.

LI. *GOD the Dwelling-Place of his People thro' all Generations.* Pſalm xc. 1.

1 THOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing Scene
Haſt to thy Saints a Refuge been:
Thro' ev'ry Age, Eternal GOD,
Their pleaſing Home, their ſafe Abode.

2 In Thee our Fathers ſought their Reſt;
In Thee our Fathers ſtill are bleſt;
And, while the Tomb confines their Duſt,
In Thee their Souls abide, and truſt.

3 Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble Race,
Awhile to fill our Fathers Place;
Our helpleſs State with Pity view,
And let us ſhare their Refuge too.

4 Thro'

4 Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace
In this uncertain Wilderneſs,
When Friends deſert, and Foes invade,
Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

5 So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell in Fleſh no more,
To Thee our ſep'rate Souls ſhall come,
And find in Thee a ſurer Home.

6 To Thee our Infant Race we leave;
Them may their Fathers GOD receive;
That Voices yet unform'd may raiſe
Succeeding Hymns of humble Praiſe.

LII. *Reflections on our Waſte of Years.* Pſal. xc. 9.

For New-Year's Day.

1 REMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds
Of the revolving Year!
How ſwift the Weeks compleat their Rounds!
How ſhort the Months appear!

2 So faſt Eternity comes on,
And that important Day,
When all, that mortal Life has done,
GOD's Judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle Tale we paſs
The ſwift advancing Year;
And ſtudy artful Ways t' increaſe
The Speed of its Career.

4 Waken, O GOD, my trifling Heart
Its great Concern to ſee;
That I may act the Chriſtian Part,
And give the Year to Thee.

5 So

5 So ſhall their Courſe more grateful roll,
If future Years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling Soul
To Joy, that never dies.

LIII. *Joy and Proſperity from the Preſence and Bleſſing of GOD.* Pſalm xc. 17.

1 SHINE on our Souls, Eternal God,
With Rays of Beauty ſhine:
O let thy Favour crown our Days,
And all their Round be thine.

2 Did we not raiſe our Hands to Thee,
Our Hands might toil in vain;
Small Joy Succeſs itſelf could give,
If Thou thy Love reſtrain.

3 With Thee let ev'ry Week begin,
With Thee each Day be ſpent,
For Thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus chear us thro' this deſart Road,
Till all our Labours ceaſe;
And Heav'n refreſh our weary Souls
With everlaſting Peace.

LIV. *The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability of GOD.* Pſal. cii. 25—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various Frame,
Our Souls adore thine awful Name;
And bow and tremble, while they praiſe
The Ancient of eternal Days.

2 Thou,

2 Thou, LORD, with unſurpris'd Survey,
Saw'ſt Nature riſing Yeſterday;
And, as To-morrow, ſhall thine Eye
See Earth and Stars in Ruin lie.

3 Beyond an Angel's Viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent Light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd Ray,
While Suns and Worlds in Smoke decay.

4 Our Days a tranſient Period run,
And change with ev'ry circling Sun;
And in the firmeſt State we boaſt,
A Moth can cruſh us into Duſt.

5 But let the Creatures fall around:
Let Death conſign us to the Ground:
Let the laſt gen'ral Flame ariſe,
And melt the Arches of the Skies:

6 Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we
Can all the Wreck * of Nature ſee,
While Grace ſecures us an Abode,
Unſhaken as the Throne of GOD.

* Deſtruction.

LV. *The Frailty of human Nature, and GOD's gracious Regard to it.* Pſalm ciii. 14.

1 LORD, we adore thy wond'rous Name,
And make that Name our Truſt,
Which rais'd at firſt this curious Frame,
From mean and lifeleſs Duſt.

2 By Duſt ſupported, ſtill it ſtands,
Wrought up to various Forms,
Prepar'd by thy creating Hands
To nouriſh mortal Worms.

3 Awhile these frail Machines endure,
The Fabric of a Day;
Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to Clay.

4 Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This Thought is our Repose,
That He, by whom this Frame was rear'd,
Its various Weakness knows.

5 Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye,
While struggling with our Load;
In Pains and Dangers Thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our GOD.

6 Gently supported by thy Love,
We tend to Realms of Peace;
Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry Frailty cease.

LVI. *GOD adored for his Goodness, and his wonderful Works to the Children of Men.* Psalm cvii. 31.

1 YE Sons of Men, with Joy record
The various Wonders of the LORD;
And let his Pow'r and Goodness sound
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

2 Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light;
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

3 Sing Earth in verdant Robes array'd,
Its Herbs and Flow'rs, its Fruit and Shade;

Peopled with Life of various Forms,
Fiſhes and Fowl, and Beaſts and Worms.

4 View the broad Sea's majeſtic Plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That Band remoteſt Nations joins,
And on each Wave his Goodneſs ſhines.

5 But O! that brighter World above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son in Fleſh array'd,
For Man a bleeding Victim * made.

6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture ſoar;
There in the Land of Praiſe adore;
This Theme demands an Angel's Lay †,
Demands an undeclining Day.

* Sacrifice. † Song.

LVII. *The holy Soul returning to its Reſt in a grateful Senſe of divine Bounties.* Pſalm cxvi. 7.

1 RETURN, my Soul, and ſeek thy Reſt
Upon thy heav'nly Father's Breaſt:
Indulge me, Lord, in that Repoſe,
The Soul which loves Thee only knows.

2 Lodg'd in thine Arms, I fear no more
The Tempeſt's Howl, the Billows roar:
Thoſe Storms muſt ſhake the Almighty's Seat,
Which violate the Saints Retreat.

3 Thy Bounties, Lord, to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Language to recount;
From Morning Dawn, the ſetting Sun
Sees but my Work of Praiſe begun.

4 The Mercies, all my Moments bring,
Ask an Eternity to sing;
What Thanks those Mercies can suffice,
Which thro' Eternity shall rise?

5 Rich in ten thousand Gifts possess'd,
In future Hopes more richly bless'd,
I'll sit and sing, till Death shall raise
A Note of more proportion'd Praise.

LVIII. *Deliverance celebrated.* Psalm cxvi. 8.

1 LOOK back, my Soul, with grateful Love,
On what thy GOD has done;
Praise him for his unnumber'd Gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent Hand
My flowing Eye-lids dried,
And rescu'd from impending Death,
When I in Danger cried!

3 When on the Bed of Death I lay,
With Sickness sore oppress'd,
How oft hath He asswag'd my Grief,
And lull'd my Eyes to Rest!

4 Back from Destruction's yawning Pit
At his Command I came;
He fed th' expiring Lamp anew,
And rais'd its feeble Flame.

5 My broken Spirit He hath chear'd,
When torn with inward Grief;
And, when Temptations press'd me sore,
Hath brought me swift Relief.

6 My Soul from everlasting Death
Is by his Mercy brought,
To tell in *Zion*'s sacred Gates
The Wonders He hath wrought.

7 Still will I walk before his Face,
While He this Life prolongs;
Till Grace shall all its Work compleat,
And teach me heav'nly Songs.

LIX. *Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.* Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of Life, our Souls confess
The various Riches of thy Grace;
Crown'd with thy Mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

2 By Thee Heav'n's shining Arch was spread;
By Thee were Earth's Foundations laid,
And all the Charms of Men's Abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious GOD.

3 Thy tender Hand restores our Breath,
When trembling on the Verge of Death;
Gently it wipes away our Tears,
And lengthens Life to future Years.

4 These Lives are sacred to the LORD;
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;
And, while our Hours renew their Race,
Still would we walk before his Face.

5 So when by him our Souls are led
Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead,

With Joy triumphant ſhall they move
To Seats of nobler Life above.

LX. *Praiſe for Recovery from Sickneſs.* Pſalm cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOV'REIGN of Life, I own thy Hand
In ev'ry chaſt'ning Stroke;
And, while I ſmart beneath thy Rod,
Thy Preſence I invoke.

2 To Thee in my Diſtreſs I cried,
And Thou haſt bow'd thine Ear;
Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd,
And brought Salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye Gates of Righteouſneſs,
That, with the pious Throng,
I may record my ſolemn Vows,
And tune my grateful Song.

4 Praiſe to the LORD, whoſe gentle Hand
Renews our lab'ring Breath:
Praiſe to the LORD, who makes his Saints
Triumphant ev'n in Death.

5 My GOD, in thine appointed Hour
Thoſe heav'nly Gates diſplay,
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the Nations of the Bleſs'd
With Raptures bow around,
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace
In ſweeter Strains ſhall ſound.

LXI. *Regard to Scripture preſſed upon young Perſons, that they may cleanſe their Way.* Pſalm cxix. 9.

1 INDULGENT GOD, with pitying Eye
The Sons of Men ſurvey,
And ſee how youthful Sinners ſport
In a deſtructive Way.

2 Ten thouſand Dangers lurk around
To bear them to the Tomb;
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,
Where Hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O LORD, their wand'ring Minds,
Amus'd with airy Dreams,
That heav'nly Wiſdom may diſpel,
Their viſionary Schemes.

4 With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
Till each, the Deſart ſafely paſs'd,
On *Zion*'s Hill abide.

LXII. *Deſires of being quickened by the Word of GOD.* Pſalm cxix. 25.

1 WITH Pity, LORD, thy Servant view,
As in the Duſt I lie,
Nor, while I raiſe my plaintive * Voice,
Diſdain the broken Cry.

2 Fain would I mount on Eagles Wings,
And view thy lovely Face;

* Mournful.

But

But cumb'rous Burdens drag me down
From thine ador'd Embrace.

3 Thy quick'ning Energy diffuſe
O'er all my inmoſt Frame;
And animate theſe languid Lips
To celebrate thy Name.

4 Thy living Word has Wonders wrought;
Thoſe Wonders here renew;
And pour freſh Vigour thro' my Soul,
While I its Glories view.

5 From Thee, Great ever-flowing Spring,
Let vital Streams deſcend;
And chear me to begin thoſe Songs,
Which Death ſhall never end.

LXIII. *Human Perfection no where to be found.* Pſalm cxix. 96.

1 PERFECTION! 'Tis an empty Name,
Nor can repay our Cares;
And he, that ſeeks it here below,
Muſt end the Search with Tears.

2 Great *David* on his royal Throne,
The beauteous, and the ſtrong,
Rich in the Spoils of conquer'd Foes,
Amidſt the applauding Throng,

3 With all his Mind's capacious Pow'rs,
Purſu'd the Shade in vain;
Nor heard it his melodious Voice,
Or Harp's Angelic Strain.

4 From public to domeſtic Scenes
Th' impatient Monarch turns;
The Friend, the Huſband, and the Sire *
In ſad Succeſſion mourns.

5 At length thy Law, Eternal GOD,
He thro' his Tears deſcries †,
And, wrapt amidſt thoſe ſacred Folds,
He finds the heav'nly Prize.

6 There will I ſeek Perfection too,
Where *David*'s GOD is known?
Nor envy, with this Volume bleſt,
His Treaſures and his Throne.

* Father. † Diſcerns.

LXIV. *Beholding Tranſgreſſors with Grief.* Pſalm cxix. 136, 158.

1 ARISE, my tend'reſt Thoughts, ariſe;
To Torrents melt my ſtreaming Eyes;
And thou, my Heart, with Anguiſh feel
Thoſe Evils, which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human Nature ſunk in Shame;
See Scandals pour'd on *Jeſus*' Name;
The Father wounded thro' the Son;
The World abus'd; the Soul undone.

3 See the ſhort Courſe of vain Delight
Cloſing in everlaſting Night;
In Flames, that no Abatement know,
Tho' briny Tears for ever flow.

4 My GOD, I feel the mournful Scene;
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men;

And

And fain my Pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the Fire-brands from the Flame.

5 But feeble my Compaſſion proves,
And can but weep, where moſt it loves:
Thy own all-ſaving Arm employ,
And turn theſe Drops of Grief to Joy.

LXV. *The wandering Sheep recovered.* Pſalm cxix. 176.

1 LORD, we have wander'd from the Way;
Like fooliſh Sheep, we have gone aſtray;
Our pleaſant Paſtures we have left,
And of their Guard our Souls bereſt *.

2 Expos'd to Want, expos'd to Harm;
Far from our gentle Shepherd's Arm;
Nor will theſe fatal Wand'rings ceaſe,
Till Thou reveal the Paths of Peace.

3 O ſeek thy thoughtleſs Servants, LORD,
Nor let us quite forget thy Word;
Our erring Souls do Thou reſtore,
And keep us, that we ſtray no more.

* Deprived.

LXVI. *The weeping Seed-time, and joyful Harveſt.* Pſalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 THE darken'd Sky, how thick it lours!
Troubled with Storms, and big with Show'rs;
No chearful Gleam of Light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her Tears.

2 Yet let the Sons of Grace revive;
GOD bids the Soul, that ſeeks him, live,
And from the gloomieſt Shade of Night
Calls forth a Morning of Delight.

3 The Seeds of Extacy unknown
Are in theſe water'd Furrows ſown;
See the green Blades, how thick they riſe,
And with freſh Verdure bleſs our Eyes.

4 In ſecret Foldings they contain
Unnumber'd Ears of golden Grain;
And Heav'n ſhall pour its Beams around,
Till the ripe Harveſt load the Ground.

5 Then ſhall the trembling Mourner come,
And find his Sheaves, and bear them home:
The Voice long broke with Sighs ſhall ſing,
Till Heav'n with *Hallelujahs* ring.

LXVII. *Thanks to GOD for his ever-enduring Goodneſs.* Pſalm cxxxvi. 1.

For New Year's-Day.

1 HOUSE of our GOD, with chearful Anthems ring,
While all our Lips and Hearts his Graces ſing:
The op'ning Year his Graces ſhall proclaim,
And all its Days be vocal with his Name.
The LORD is good, his Mercy never-ending;
His Bleſſings in perpetual Show'rs deſcending.

2 The Heav'n of Heav'ns he with his Bounty fills:
Ye *Seraphs* bright on ever-blooming Hills,

His

His Honours ſound; you to whom Good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.
Thro' your immortal Life, with Love increaſing,
Proclaim your Maker's Goodneſs never-ceaſing.

3 Thou Earth, enlightened by his Rays divine,
Pregnant with Graſs, & Corn, & Oil, & Wine,
Crown'd with his Goodneſs, let thy Nations meet,
And lay their Crowns at his paternal Feet:
With grateful Love that lib'ral Hand confeſſing,
Which thro' each Heart diffuſeth ev'ry Bleſſing.

4 *Zion* enrich'd with his diſtinguiſh'd Grace,
Bleſt with the Rays of thine *Emanuel*'s Face,
Zion, JEHOVAH's Portion, and Delight,
Grav'n on his Hands, and hourly in his Sight,
In ſacred Strains exalt that Grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble Hill his choſen Dwelling.

5 His Mercy never ends; the Dawn, the Shade
Still ſee new Bounties thro' new Scenes diſplay'd:
Succeeding Ages bleſs this ſure Abode,
And Children lean upon their Fathers GOD.
The deathleſs Soul, thro' its immenſe Duration,
Drinks from this Source immortal Conſolation.

6 Burſt into Praiſe, my Soul; all Nature join;
Angels and Men in Harmony combine:
While human Years are meaſur'd by the Sun,
And while Eternity its Courſe ſhall run,
His Goodneſs, in perpetual Show'rs deſcending,
Exalt in Songs, and Raptures never-ending.

LXVIII. *GOD ſtrengthening the Souls of his praying People.* Pſalm cxxxviii. 3.

1 MY Soul, review the trembling Days,
In which my GOD I ſought;
I cry'd aloud for Aid divine,
And Aid divine He brought.

2 Thro' all my weak and fainting Heart
His ſecret Strength He ſpread,
And claſp'd me in his Arms of Love,
And rais'd my drooping Head.

3 He call'd himſelf my Cov'nant-GOD,
His Promiſes he ſhew'd;
And wide diſplay'd their ſolemn Seal
In the great Surety's Blood.

4 I heard his People ſhout around,
And join'd their chearful Song;
And ſaw from far the ſhining Seats,
Which to his Saints belong.

5 My GOD, what inward Strength Thou giv'ſt
I to thy Service vow;
And in thy Strength would upward march,
Till at thy Throne I bow.

LXIX. *Singing in the Ways of GOD.* Pſalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 NOW let our Voices join,
To form one pleaſant Song:
Ye Pilgrims in JEHOVAH's Ways,
With Muſic paſs along.

2 How

2 How ſtraight the Path appears!
How open, and how fair!
No lurking Gins t' entrap our Feet;
No fierce Deſtroyer there.

3 But Flow'rs of Paradiſe
In rich Profuſion ſpring;
The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,
And dear Companions ſing.

4 See *Salem*'s golden Spires
In beauteous Proſpect riſe;
And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,
Which ſparkle thro' the Skies.

5 All Honour to his Name,
Who drew the ſhining Trace;
To Him, who leads the Wand'rers on,
And chears them with his Grace.

6 Reduce the Nations, LORD,
Teach all their Kings thy Ways,
That Earth's full Choir the Notes may ſwell,
And Heav'n reſound the Praiſe.

LXX. *The innumerable Mercies of GOD thankfully acknowledged.* Pſalm cxxxix. 17, 18.

1 IN glad Amazement, LORD, I ſtand,
Amidſt the Bounties of thy Hand;
How numberleſs thoſe Bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor Returns I make!
What lifeleſs Thanks I pay Thee back!

LORD,

LORD, I confeſs with humble Shame,
My Off'rings ſcarce deſerve the Name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring Heart deviſe
To bring ſome nobler Sacrifice:
It ſinks beneath the mighty Load:
What ſhall I render to my GOD?

4 To him I conſecrate my Praiſe,
And vow the Remnant of my Days;
Yet what at beſt can I pretend
Worthy ſuch Gifts from ſuch a Friend?

5 In deep Abaſement, LORD, I ſee
My Emptineſs and Poverty:
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,
And make it worthier to be Thine.

6 Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,
That Heav'n may echo with my Song;
The Theme, too great for Time, ſhall be
The Joy of long Eternity.

LXXI. *Praiſing GOD through the whole of our Exiſtence.* Pſalm cxlvi. 2.

1 GOD of my Life, thro' all its Days
My grateful Pow'rs ſhall ſound thy Praiſe;
The Song ſhall wake with op'ning Light,
And warble to the ſilent Night.

2 When anxious Cares would break my Reſt,
And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breaſt,
Thy tuneful Praiſes rais'd on high
Shall check the Murmur and the Sigh.

3 When

3 When Death o'er Nature ſhall prevail,
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,
Joy thro' my ſwimming Eyes ſhall break,
And mean the Thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But O! when that laſt Conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to Fleſh no more,
With what glad Accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the Muſic of the Skies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted Strains,
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;
And emulate, with Joy unknown,
The glowing *Seraphs* round thy Throne.

6 The chearful Tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs Soul can live;
A Work ſo ſweet, a Theme ſo high,
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

LXXII. *The Meek beautified with Salvation.* Pſalm cxlix. -4.

1 YE humble Souls rejoice,
And chearful Triumphs ſing;
Wake all your Harmony of Voice,
For *Jeſus* is your King.

2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your Souls have known,
Pledges the Honour of his Word
T' avow you for his own.

3 He brings Salvation near,
For which his Blood was paid:
How beauteous ſhall your Souls appear
Thus ſumptuouſly array'd!

4 Sing,

4 Sing, for the Day is nigh,
When near your Leader s Seat
The talleſt Sons of Pride ſhall lie,
The Footſtool of your Feet.

5 Salvation, LORD, is Thine;
And all thy Saints confeſs,
The royal Robes, in which they ſhine,
Were wrought by ſov'reign Grace.

LXXIII. *The Reproofs of Wiſdom mingled with Promiſes, and Threatnings to reclaim wandering Sinners.* Proverbs i. 23.

1 HARK! for 'tis Wiſdom's Voice,
That breaks in gentle Sound:
Liſten, ye Sons of Earth and Sin,
And gather all around.

2 What tho' ſhe ſpeaks Rebukes,
That pierce the Soul with Smart;
True Love thro' all her Chaſt'nings runs,
By Pain to mend the Heart.

3 "Ye that have wander'd long
"In Sin's deſtructive Ways,
"Turn, turn," the heav'nly Charmer cries,
"And ſeize the offer'd Grace.

4 "I know your Souls are weak,
"And mortal Efforts vain
"To grapple with the Prince of Hell,
"And break his curſed Chain.

5 "But I'll my Spirit pour
"In Torrents from above,

"To

" To arm you with ſuperior Strength,
" And melt your Hearts in Love.

6 " Come, while theſe Offers laſt,
" Ye Sinners, and be wiſe:
" He lives, who hears this friendly Call,
" But he that ſlights it, dies."

LXXIV. *The Voice of* CHRIST *addreſſed to the Children of Men.* Proverbs viii. 4.

1 NOW let the liſt'ning World around
In ſilent Rev'rence hear;
While from on high the Saviour's Voice
Thus ſtrikes th' attentive Ear.

2 " To you, O Sons of Men, I call,
" And from my lofty Throne
" Reclin'd, in gentle Pity bow
" To bring Salvation down.

3 " Ye thoughtleſs Sinners, hear my Voice,
" Attend my Words and live;
" My Words conduct to ſolid Joys,
" And endleſs Bleſſings give.

4 " Each faithful Miniſter is ſent
" This Meſſage to proclaim;
" In ev'ry various Providence
" The Language is the ſame.

5 " And could the pale forgotten Dead,
" Tho' deep in Duſt they lie,
" Ariſe in viſionary Crouds,
" They'd join the ſolemn Cry.

6 " For-

6 " Forgetful Mortals, yet be wise,
" While o'er the Grave ye stand;
" Lest long-neglected Love provoke
" The Vengeance of my Hand.

" In glad Submission bow ye down,
" Nor steel that stubborn Heart;
" Till mine inexorable Voice
" Pronounce the Word, *Depart.*"

8 Blest *Jesus*, may thy Spirit breathe
On Souls, which else must die;
For, till thy Grace reflect the Sound,
Thy Word in vain will cry.

LXXV. *The Encouragement young Persons have to seek, and love* CHRIST. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE Hearts with youthful Vigour warm,
In smiling Crouds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal Charm,
A Saviour's Voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the Worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant Glories by,
Your Friendship to pursue.

3 " The Soul, that longs to see my Face,
" Is sure my Love to gain;
" And those, that early seek my Grace,
" Shall never seek in vain."

4 What Object, LORD, my Soul should move,
If once compar'd with Thee?

What

What Beauty ſhould command my Love,
Like what in *Chriſt* I ſee?

5 Away, ye falſe deluſive Toys,
Vain Tempters of the Mind!
'Tis here I fix my laſting Choice,
And here true Bliſs I find.

LXXVI. *The Houſe and Feaſt of Wiſdom.* Prov. ix. 1—6.

1 SEE the fair Structure Wiſdom rears,
Her Meſſengers attend;
And, charm'd by her perſuaſive Voice,
To her your Footſteps bend.

2 "Hear me, ye ſimple ones (ſhe cries)
"That lur'd * by Folly ſtray,
"And languiſh to eternal Death
"In her deteſted Way.

3 "Enter my hoſpitable Gate,
"And all my Banquet ſhare;
"For heav'nly Wine ſurrounds my Board,
"And Angels Food is there.

4 "Freely of every Dainty taſte;
"Taſte, and for ever live;
"And mingle with your Joys the Hopes
"Of all a GOD can give.

5 "But if ſeduc'd by Folly's Arts,
"Ye ſeek her pois'nous Food;
"Know, that the dreadful Moment haſtes,
"Which pays the Feaſt with Blood."

* Seduced.

LXXVII. *The*

LXXVII. *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Temper.* Prov. xii. 26-. *Part* 1ſt.

1 HOW glorious, LORD, art Thou!
How bright thy Splendors ſhine!
Whoſe Rays reflected gild thy Saints
With Ornaments divine.

2 With Lowlineſs and Love,
Wiſdom and Courage meet;
The grateful Heart, the chearful Eye,
How rev'rend and how ſweet!

3 In Beauties ſuch as theſe,
Thy Children now are dreſt;
But brighter Habits ſhall they wear
In Regions of the Bleſt.

4 In Nature's barren Soil,
Who could ſuch Glories raiſe?
We own, O GOD, the Work is Thine,
And Thine be all the Praiſe.

LXXVIII. *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Relations, Employments, Pleaſures, and Hopes.* Prov. xii. 26-. *Part* 2d.

1 O *Iſrael*, thou art bleſt;
Who may with thee compare!
Thine Excellencies ſtand confeſs'd;
How bright thy Glories are!

2 O GOD of *Iſrael*, hear,
And make this Bliſs our own;

Make

Make us the Children of thy Care,
The Members of thy Son.

3 Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,
By these great Motives fir'd,
Be Paradise on Earth enjoy'd,
And brighter Hopes inspir'd.

4 Thy People, LORD, we love;
Their GOD our Souls embrace;
So may we find in Worlds above
Among thy Saints a Place.

LXXIX. *Walking with GOD*; or *being in his Fear all the Day long.* Proverbs xxiii. -17.

1 THRICE happy Souls, who born from Heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their Days with GOD begin,
And spend them in his Fear!

2 So may our Eyes with holy Zeal
Prevent the dawning Day;
And turn the sacred Pages * o'er,
And praise thy Name and pray.

3 'Midst hourly Cares may Love present
Its Incense to thy Throne;
And, while the World our Hands employs,
Our Hearts be Thine alone.

4 As sanctified to noblest Ends
Be each Refreshment sought;

* The holy Scriptures.

And

And by each various Providence
Some wise Instruction brought.

5 When to laborious Duties call'd,
Or by Temptations try'd,
We'll seek the Shelter of thy Wings,
And in thy Strength confide.

6 As diff'rent Scenes of Life arise,
Our grateful Hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social Band,
In Solitude with Thee.

7 At Night we lean our weary Heads
On thy paternal Breast;
And, safely folded in thine Arms,
Resign our Pow'rs to rest.

8 In solid pure Delights, like these,
Let all my Days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

LXXX. *The obstinate Sinner alarmed.* Proverbs XXIX. 1.

1 NOW let the Sons of *Belial* * hear
The Thunders of the LORD;
Unfold their long rebellious Ear,
And tremble at his Word.

2 Now let the Iron Sinew bow,
And take his easy Yoke;
Lest sudden Vengeance lay it low
By one resistless Stroke.

* Disobedient rebellious Persons.

3 Tho'

3 Tho' yet the great Phyſician wait,
And healing Balm be found,
One Hour may ſeal their endleſs Fate,
And fix a deadly Wound.

4 Swift may thy Mercy, LORD, ariſe,
Ere Juſtice ſtop their Breath;
And lighten thoſe deluded Eyes,
That ſleep the Sleep of Death.

LXXXI. *GOD's reaſonable Expectations from his Vineyard.* Iſaiah v. 1—7.

1 THE Vineyard of the LORD, how fair!
Planted by his peculiar Care:
Behold its Branches ſpread, and fill
The Borders of his ſacred Hill.

2 His Eye hath mark'd the choſen Ground;
His mighty Hand hath fenc'd it round;
His Servants by his Order wait,
To watch and aid its tender State.

3 But when the Vintage he demands
For all the Labour of their Hands,
What Cluſters doth his Vine produce?
The Grapes are wild, and ſour the Juice.

4 Well might he tear its Fence away,
And leave it to the Beaſts of Prey,
Might give it to the Wild again,
And charge his Clouds to ceaſe their Rain.

5 But ſpare our Land, our Churches ſpare,
Thy Vengeance long-provok'd forbear;

Let

Let the true Vine its Influence give,
And bid our with'ring Branches live.

LXXXII. Isaiah's *Obedience to the heavenly Vision.* Isaiah vi. 8.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty Throne,
Array'd in Majesty unknown;
His Lustre all the Temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal * Hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the *Seraphim* ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his Seat,
They veil their Faces, and their Feet.

3 And can a sinful Worm endure
The Presence of a God so pure?
Or these polluted Lips proclaim
The Honours of so grand a Name?

4 O for thine Altar's glowing Coal
To touch my Lips, to fire my Soul,
To purge the sordid Dross away,
And into Crystal turn my Clay!

5 Then, if a Messenger Thou ask,
A Lab'rer for the hardest Task,
Thro' all my Weakness and my Fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy Servant's here."

6 Nor should my willing Soul complain,
Tho' all its Efforts seem'd in vain;
It ample Recompence shall be,
But to have wrought, my God, for Thee.

* Heavenly.

LXXXIII. *The*

LXXXIII. *The Stupidity of* Iſrael, *and of* Britain *lamented.* Iſaiah vi. 9—12.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 LORD, when thine *Iſrael* we ſurvey,
We in their Crimes diſcern our own;
And, if Thou turn our Pray'r away,
Our Mis'ry muſt, like theirs, be known.

2 To us thy Prophets have been ſent
With Words of Terror and of Love;
But not the Vengeance, nor the Grace
Ten thouſand ſtubborn Hearts will move.

3 Our Eyes are blind, and deaf our Ears;
Our Hearts are harden'd into Stone;
As we would bar thy Mercy out,
And leave a Way for Wrath alone.

4 Juſtly our GOD might give us up
To Plague and Famine and the Sword;
Till Towns and Cities rich and fair
Lay deſolate without a Lord.

5 O'er bleeding Wounds of ſlaughter'd Friends
Rivers of helpleſs Grief might flow,
Till the fierce Conqu'rors haughty Rage
Drag'd us to Chains and Slaughter too.

6 But ſpare a Nation long thy own,
And ſhew new Miracles of Grace;
'Tis Thine to heal the Deaf and Blind,
And wake the Dead to Life and Praiſe.

LXXXIV. *Confederate Nations defied by those who sanctify GOD.* Isaiah viii. 9—14.

For a Fast-Day.

1 GREAT God of Hosts, attend our Pray'r,
And make the *British* Isles thy Care:
To Thee we raise our suppliant Cries,
When angry Nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our Glory down,
And in the Dust defile our Crown,
Deluge our Houses with our Blood,
And burn the Temples of our God.

3 But, 'midst the Thunder of their Rage,
We thy Protection would engage:
O raise thy saving Arm on high,
And bring renew'd Deliv'rance nigh.

4 May *Britain*, as one Man, be led
To make the Lord her Fear and Dread;
Our Souls no other Fear shall know,
Tho' Earth were leagu'd with Hell below.

5 Give Ear, ye Countries from afar:
Ye proud associate Nations, hear;
While fix'd on him, who rules the Sky,
Our Hearts your threatened War defy.

6 Ye People, gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd Force unite again;
Again shall all that Force be broke,
When God with us shall deal the Stroke.

7 Now He records our humble Tears,
With ardent Vows for future Years,

And destines for approaching Days
Victorious Shouts, and Songs of Praise.

3 *Emanuel*'s Land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle Reign;
Till ev'ry hostile Rumour cease
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

LXXXV. CHRIST *the Steward of GOD's Family.* Isaiah xxii. 22—24. *compared with* Revel. iii. 7.

1 WITH what Delight I raise my Eyes,
And view the Courts, where *Jesus* dwells!
Jesus, who reigns beyond the Skies,
And here below his Grace reveals.

2 Of *David*'s royal House the Key
Is borne by that majestic Hand;
Mansions and Treasures there I see,
Subjected all to his Command.

3 He shuts, and Worlds might strive in vain
The mighty Obstacle to move;
He looses all their Bars again,
And who shall shut the Gates of Love?

4 Fix'd in Omnipotence he bears
The Glories of his Father's Name,
Sustains his People's weighty Cares,
Thro' ev'ry changing Age the same.

5 My little All I there suspend
Where the whole Weight of Heav'n is hung:
Secure I rest on such a Friend,
And into Raptures wake my Tongue.

LXXXVI. *The rich Provision and happy Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah xxv. 6—9.

1 BEHOLD our GOD, He owns his Name;
JEHOVAH all our Songs proclaim
With Shouts of Wonder and of Joy:
Long have we waited for his Grace,
No longer now his Love delays
For *Zion* his own Arm t' employ.

2 We charge our Souls the Joy to feel:
We charge our Tongues his Praise to tell:
Th' Almighty Saviour! This is he!
He pours his Streams of Grace abroad,
Till all the Earth confess the GOD,
And Lands remote his Glory see.

3 Dainties how rich his Stores afford!
How pure the Wine, that crowns his Board,
While welcome Nations flock around!
He takes the Veil of Grief away;
Thro' thickest Shades He darts the Day,
And not one weeping Eye is found.

4 All-conqu'ring Death, no longer boast
O'er Millions humbled in the Dust;
Our GOD with Scorn thy Triumph sees:
Soon as He aims one Shaft * at thee,
Swallow'd and lost in Victory,
Thine Empire and thy Name shall cease.

* Arrow.

LXXXVII. *The peaceful State of the Soul, that truſteth in GOD.* Iſaiah xxvi. 3.

1 WEARY and weak and faint,
I caſt mine Eyes around;
My Joints all tremble, and my Feet
Sink deep in miry Ground.

2 Deſpairing Help below,
To Heav'n I raiſe my Cries;
GOD hears, and his almighty Arm
Out-ſtretches from the Skies.

3 I on that Arm repoſe,
And all my Fears are o'er;
New Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul
Atteſts its vital Pow'r.

4 My Mind in perfect Peace
Thy Guardian Care ſhall keep:
I'll yield to gentle Slumbers now,
For Thou canſt never ſleep.

5 Happy the Souls alone
On Thee ſecurely ſtay'd!
Nor ſhall they be in Life alarm'd,
Nor be in Death diſmay'd.

LXXXVIII. Iſrael's *Obſtinacy under GOD's lifted Hand.* Iſaiah xxvi. 11.

1 LORD, when thy Hand is lifted up,
The Wicked will not ſee;
But they ſhall ſee with glowing Shame,
Tho' they obdurate be.

2 How few the weighty Stroke regard,
And ſeek their Maker's Face!
In vain may Providence correct,
If not inforc'd by Grace.

3 Exert thy mighty Influence, LORD,
And melt the ſtony Breaſt;
Then ſhall thy Juſtice be ador'd,
Thy Mercy ſtand confeſs'd.

4 The Scorner then ſhall mourn in Duſt,
And put his Sins away,
No more reſiſt his Maker's Hands,
But lift his own to pray.

LXXXIX. *GOD quickening the Dead.* Iſaiah xxvi. 19.

1 THE Ever-living GOD
Th' expiring Church ſhall raiſe;
Our Hearts his Promiſes receive,
And wake a Shout of Praiſe.

2 Death ſhall not always reign,
Where Grace hath fix'd its Throne;
His ſoft Compaſſion views the Duſt,
He once hath call'd his own.

3 "Yes," ſaith the GOD of Truth,
"My Dead ſhall live again;
"The Foe ſhall ſee their Leader's Breath
"Reanimate the Slain.

4 "The Dew of Heaven ſhall fall
"In rich Abundance round,

"And

" And a redundant Harveſt riſe
" To cloath the teeming Ground.

5 " Now from your Duſt awake,
" And burſt into a Song;
" Then ſpurn the Earth, and mount the Skies
" In a triumphant Throng."

6 Thy *Zion*, LORD, believes
A Promiſe ſo divine,
And looks thro' all her flowing Tears
To ſee the Glory ſhine.

XC. *The Godly Man's Ark.* Iſaiah xxvi. 20.

1 IT is my Father's Voice;
And O! how ſweet the Sound!
It makes my inmoſt Pow'rs rejoice,
My trembling Heart rebound.

2 " Mark, the black Tempeſt lours,
" And gathers round the Sky;
" Retire and ſhun the ſweeping Show'rs
" Of Indignation nigh.

3 " Come, my dear Children, come,
" And ſeek your Father's Arms;
" There is your Shelter, there your Home;
" 'Midſt all theſe dire Alarms.

4 " Enter at his Command;
" Cloſe in your Ark remain;
" And wait the Signal of his Hand
" To call you forth again.

5 " The Moments to beguile,
" A chearful Song begin;

" Nor let the roaring Thunders ſpoil
" The Harmony within.

6 " Ere long the Sky ſhall clear,
" The Clouds be chas'd away,
" And Grace ſhall ſhine in Radiance fair
" Thro' an eternal Day."

XCI. *Laying hold on GOD's Strength, that we may be at Peace with him.* Iſaiah xxvii. 5.

1 THUS ſaith JEHOVAH from his Seat,
" Who ſhall preſume my Wrath to meet?
" What Rebel Men or Angels dare
" To wage with me unequal War?

2 " Cloſe let the Thorns and Briars ſtand,
" In thick Array on either Hand;
" Forth ſhall my flaming Terrors fly;
" At once they kindle, blaze, and die.

3 " Preſumptuous Sinners, yet be wiſe
" Ere this o'erwhelming Ruin riſe;
" Your vain tumultuous Efforts ceaſe,
" And ſeek in ſuppliant Crouds for Peace."

4 Great GOD, we bleſs the gentle Sound,
And bow ſubmiſſive to the Ground;
Thy proſtrate Foes let Pity raiſe,
And form a People to thy Praiſe.

5 His thund'ring Storms are ſilent now;
Calm are the Terrors of his Brow,
Since *Jeſus* makes the Father known,
Our Guardian Shield, our chearing Sun.

XCII. *The*

XCII. *The divine Goodneſs in moderating Afflictions.* Iſaiah xxvii. 8.

1 GREAT Ruler of all Nature's Frame,
We own thy Power divine:
We hear thy Breath in ev'ry Storm,
For all the Winds are Thine.

2 Wide as they ſweep their ſounding Way,
They work thy ſov'reign Will;
And aw'd by thy majeſtic Voice
Confuſion ſhall be ſtill.

3 Thy Mercy tempers * ev'ry Blaſt
To them that ſeek thy Face;
And mingles with the Tempeſt's Roar
The Whiſpers of thy Grace.

4 Thoſe gentle Whiſpers let me hear,
Till all the Tumult ceaſe;
And Gales of Paradiſe ſhall lull
My weary Soul to Peace.

* Moderates.

XCIII. *GOD waiting to be gracious.* Iſaiah xxx. 18.

1 WAIT on the LORD, ye Heirs of Hope,
And let his Word ſupport your Souls:
Well can He bear your Courage up,
And all your Foes and Fears controul.

2 He waits his own well-choſen Hour
Th' intended Mercy to diſplay;

And his paternal Bowels move,
While Wiſdom dictates the Delay.

3 With mingled Majeſty and Love
At length He riſes from his Throne;
And, while Salvation He commands,
He makes his People's Joy his own.

4 Bleſt are the humble Souls, that wait
With ſweet Submiſſion to his Will;
Harmonious all their Paſſions move,
And in the Midſt of Storms are ſtill.

5 Still, till their Father's well-known Voice
Wakens their Silence into Songs;
Then Earth grows vocal with his Praiſe,
And Heav'n the grateful Shout prolongs.

XCIV. *The different Views of good and bad Men in Times of public Danger.* Iſaiah xxxiii. 14—17.

1 SEE, the Deſtruction is begun,
And Heaps of Ruin ſpread the Ground;
With haſty Strides it marches on,
And ſcatters Conſternation round.

2 Sinners in *Zion* take th' Alarm,
The Hypocrites aſtoniſh'd cry,
Who with devouring Flames can dwell?
Who in eternal Burnings lie?

3 GOD's gracious Voice the Saint revives;
How ſweet the heav'nly Accents ſound!
"Dwell thou on high, my Child, (he ſays)
"Where Rocks ſhall guard thee all around.

4 "There

4 " There ſhall my Hand thy Wants ſupply,
" Thy Water and thy Bread are ſure;
" There ſhall my Viſits make thee glad,
" While theſe alarming Scenes endure.

5 " Then, led in joyous Triumph forth,
" Thine Eyes the diſtant Land ſhall view,
" Shall ſee thy King in Beauty dreſt,
" And ſhare his royal Honours too."

6 My Soul the Oracle receives,
And feels its Energy to chear;
A promis'd Heav'n, a preſent GOD
Forbids my Grief, forbids my Fear.

XCV. *GOD the Defence of his People from invading Enemies.* Iſaiah xxxiii. 21—23.

1 THE glorious LORD! his *Iſrael*'s Hope!
How well He bears their Courage up!
How wide his ſaving Pow'r extends!
His princely Titles will we ſing,
Our Judge, our Law-giver, our King,
He guards his Subjects as his Friends.

2 Around the Mountain where they dwell,
Lo, at his Word new Waters ſwell
To deluge the invading Foe!
Open'd by him that rules the Skies,
Mark the broad Rivers how they riſe,
And with what rapid Strength they flow!

3 To gain the well-defended Shores
In vain the Galley ſpreads its Oars,
And the proud Ship her Sails diſplays:

The Sails are rent, the Maſts are broke,
The ſhatter'd Oars all drop their Stroke,
And Lightnings thro' the Tacklings blaze.

4 Shout your *Hoſannas* to the LORD:
Thus ſhall He ſtill his *Zion* guard,
Till the laſt Foe be trampled down:
High as the Heav'ns exalt his Praiſe;
High as the Heav'ns his Hand ſhall raiſe
The Soul, that here his Grace hath known.

XCVI. *The High-Way to* Zion. Iſaiah xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 SING, ye Redeemed of the LORD,
Your great Deliv'rer ſing:
Pilgrims for *Zion*'s City bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair Way his Hand hath rais'd;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt Trav'lers err,
Nor aſk the Track in vain.

3 No rav'ning Lion ſhall deſtroy,
Nor lurking Serpent wound;
Pleaſure and Safety, Peace and Praiſe,
Thro' all the Path are found.

4 A Hand divine ſhall lead you on
Thro' all the bliſsful Road;
Till to the ſacred Mount you riſe,
And ſee your ſmiling GOD.

5 There Garlands of immortal Joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry Head;

While

While Sorrow, Sighing, and Diſtreſs,
Like Shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's Strength;
Purſue his Footſteps ſtill;
And let the Proſpect chear your Eye,
While lab'ring up the Hill.

XCVII. *The Greatneſs and Majeſty of GOD, and the Meanneſs of the Creatures.* Iſaiah xl. 15, 16, 17.

1 YE weak Inhabitants of Clay,
Ye trifling Inſects of a Day,
Low in your native Duſt bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful Throne.

2 With trembling Heart, with ſolemn Eye,
Behold JEHOVAH ſeated high;
And ſearch, what worthy Sacrifice
Your Hands can give, your Thoughts deviſe.

3 Let *Lebanon* her Cedars bring,
To blaze before the ſov'reign King;
And all the Beaſts, that on it feed,
As Victims at his Altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thouſand Trumpets ſound,
And call remoteſt Nations round,
Aſſembled on the crouded Plains,
Princes and People, Kings and Swains.

5 Join'd with the Living, let the Dead
Riſing the Face of Earth o'erſpread;
And, while his Praiſe unites their Tongues,
Let Angels echo back the Songs.

6 The

6 The Drop, that from the Bucket falls,
The Duſt, that hangs upon the Scales,
Is more to Sky, and Earth, and Sea,
Than all this Pomp, O GOD, to Thee.

XCVIII. *The timorous Saint encouraged by the Aſſurance of the divine Preſence and Help.* Iſaiah xli. 10.

1 AND art Thou with us, Gracious LORD,
To diſſipate our Fear?
Doſt Thou proclaim thyſelf our GOD,
Our GOD for ever near?

2 Doth thy Right-hand, which form'd the Earth,
And bears up all the Skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly Aid,
When Dangers round us riſe?

3 Doſt Thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints?
And in ſuch tender Accents ſpeak
To ſoothe their ſad Complaints?

4 On this Support my Soul ſhall lean,
And baniſh ev'ry Care;
The gloomy Vale of Death muſt ſmile,
If GOD be with me there.

5 While I his gracious Succour prove
'Midſt all my various Ways,
The darkeſt Shades, thro' which I paſs,
Shall echo with his Praiſe.

XCIX. *The*

XCIX. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of GOD's* Iſrael. Iſaiah xli. 14, 15.

1 AMAZING Grace of GOD on high!
And will the LORD look down
On Sinners, while in Duſt they lie,
And dread his awful Frown?

2 Weaker than Worms, O LORD, are we,
And viler far then they;
Yet in theſe Reptiles * weak and vile
Doſt Thou thy Pow'r diſplay.

3 JEHOVAH's ſov'reign Voice is heard,
The Worm lifts up its Head,
And Mountains, that would cruſh it down,
Before the Worm are fled.

4 Thou holy One, thine *Iſrael*'s King,
Thou our Redeemer art;
Nor ſhall the Bleſſings of thy Hand
From thy Redeem'd depart.

5 Thy Love ſhall its own Work fulfil,
And Grace ſhall riſe on Grace,
Till Worms of Earth around thy Throne
With Angels find a Place.

* Creeping Things.

C. *The Wilderneſs transformed*, or *the happy Effects of the Goſpel.* Iſaiah xli. 18, 19. *compared with* xxxv. 1, 2. xi. 6—9. lv. 13, *&c.*

1 AMAZING beauteous Change!
A World created new!

My

My Thoughts with Tranſport range
The lovely Scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The Work is Thine,
Be Thine the Praiſe.

2 See Cryſtal Fountains play
Amidſt the burning Sands;
The River's winding Way
Shines thro' the thirſty Lands:
New Graſs is ſeen,
And o'er the Meads
Its Carpet ſpreads
Of living Green.

3 Where pointed Brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid Thorn,
Gay Flow'rs for ever new
The painted Fields adorn;
The bluſhing Roſe,
And Lily there,
In Union fair
Their Sweets diſcloſe.

4 Where the bleak Mountain ſtood,
All bare and diſarray'd,
See the wide-branching Wood
Diffuſe its grateful Shade;
Tall Cedars nod,
And Oaks and Pines,
And Elms and Vines,
Confeſs the GOD.

5 The Tyrants of the Plain
Their ſavage Chaſe give o'er:

No more they rend the Slain,
And thirſt for Blood no more;
But Infant Hands
Fierce Tigers ſtroak,
And Lions yoke
In flow'ry Bands.

6 O when, Almighty LORD,
Shall theſe glad Scenes ariſe;
To verify thy Word,
And bleſs our wond'ring Eyes!
That Earth may raiſe,
With all its Tongues,
United Songs
Of ardent Praiſe.

CI. *The Blind and Weak led and ſupported in GOD's Ways.* Iſaiah xlii. 16.

1 PRAISE to the radiant Source of Bliſs,
Who gives the Blind their Sight,
And ſcatters round their wond'ring Eyes
A Flood of ſacred Light.

2 In Paths unknown He leads them on
To his divine Abode,
And ſhews new Miracles of Grace
Thro' all the heavenly Road.

3 The Ways all rugged and perplex'd
He renders ſmooth and ſtraight,
And ſtrengthens ev'ry feeble Knee
To march to *Zion*'s Gate.

4 Thro' all the Path I'll ſing his Name,
Till I the Mount aſcend,

Where

Where Toils and Storms are known no more,
And Anthems never end.

CII. *GOD calling his* Israel *by Name, and leading them through Water and Fire.* Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

1 LET *Jacob* to his Maker sing,
And praise his great redeeming King;
Call'd by a new, a gracious Name,
Let *Israel* loud his GOD proclaim.

2 He knows our Souls in all their Fears,
And gently wipes our falling Tears,
Forms trembling Voices to a Song,
And bids the feeble Heart be strong.

3 Then let the Rivers swell around,
And rising Floods o'erflow the Ground;
Rivers and Floods and Seas divide,
And Homage pay to *Israel*'s Guide.

4 Then let the Fires their Rage display,
And flaming Terrors bar the Way;
Unburnt, unsing'd, He leads them thro',
And makes the Flames refreshing too.

5 The Fires but on their Bonds shall prey *,
The Floods but wash their Stains away,
And Grace divine new Trophies † raise
Amidst the Deluge, and the Blaze.

* Allusion to the Story in *Dan.* iii. 19, *&c.* † Monuments of Victory.

CIII. *The*

CIII. *The Riches of pardoning Grace celebrated.* Isaiah xliv. 22, 23.

1 LET Heav'n burst forth into a Song;
Let Earth reflect the joyful Sound;
Ye Mountains, with the Echo ring,
And shout, ye Forests all around.

2 The LORD his *Israel* hath redeem'd,
Hath made his mourning People glad,
And the rich Glories of his Name
In their Salvation hath display'd.

3 Unnumber'd Sins, like sable Clouds,
Veil'd ev'ry chearful Ray of Joy,
And Thunders murmur'd thro' the Gloom,
While Lightnings pointed to destroy.

4 He spoke, and all the Clouds dispers'd,
And Heaven unveil'd its shining Face;
The whole Creation smil'd anew,
Deck'd in the golden Beams of Grace.

5 *Israel*, return with humble Love,
Return to thy Redeemer's Breast,
And charm'd by his melodious Voice,
Compose thy weary Pow'rs to rest.

CIV. *The little Success which attended the personal Ministry of* CHRIST. *Isaiah* xlix. 4.

1 AND doth the Son of GOD complain,
"Lo, I have spent my Strength in vain,
"And stretch'd my Hands whole Days and Years
"To those, who slight my Words and Tears?"

2 O ſtubborn Hearts, that could withſtand
Such Efforts from a Saviour's Hand!
O gracious Saviour, who wouldſt bleed,
When Words and Tears could not ſucceed!

3 Fall down, my Soul, in humble Woe,
That thou haſt wrong'd his Goodneſs ſo:
Now let his Grace reſiſtleſs move
To melt the ſtubborn Flint to Love.

4 All-glorious LORD, march forth and reign,
And reap the Fruit of all thy Pain;
And, till a nobler Scene appear,
Begin the happy Conqueſt here.

CV. *GOD's Captives releaſed; applied to ſpiritual Deliverances.* Iſaiah li. 14, 15.

1 CAPTIVES of *Iſrael*, hear,
Who now as Exiles * mourn;
See your Almighty GOD appear
To haſten your Return.

2 JEHOVAH is his Name,
Lord of celeſtial Hoſts:
Let Heav'n that ſaving Pow'r proclaim
In which his *Iſrael* truſts.

3 Tho' helpleſs now ye lie,
As in a Dungeon thrown,
When parch'd with painful Thirſt ye cry,
And when your Bread is gone,

4 Deliv'rance comes apace;
Ye ſhall not there expire;

* Baniſhed Perſons.

Prepare

Prepare to ſing redeeming Grace
With his triumphant Choir.

5 He ſmote the raging Sea
'Midſt its tumultuous Roar,
And pav'd his choſen Troops a Way
Safe to its diſtant Shore.

6 In Him let *Iſrael* hope,
At whoſe ſupreme Command
Graves yield their breathleſs Captives up,
And Seas become dry Land.

CVI. *The Cup of Fury exchanged for the Cup of Bleſſings.* Iſaiah li. 22.

1 THE LORD, our LORD, how rich his Grace!
What Stores of ſov'reign Love
For humble Souls, that ſeek his Face,
And to his Footſtool move!

2 He pleads the Cauſe of all his Saints,
When Foes againſt them riſe;
He liſtens to their ſad Complaints,
And wipes their ſtreaming Eyes.

3 He takes away that dreadful Cup
Of Fury and of Plagues,
Which Juſtice ſentenc'd them to drink,
And wring the bitter Dregs.

4 He gave it to their Saviour's Hand,
And fill'd it to the Brim;
Their Saviour drank the liquid Death,
That they might live by him.

5 "Now

5 " Now take the Cup of Life, (he cries)
" Where heav'nly Bleſſings flow:
" Drink deep, nor fear to drain the Spring,
" To which the Draught ye owe."

6 We drink, and feel our Life renew'd,
And all our Woes forget:
We drink, till that tranſporting Hour,
When we our Lord ſhall meet.

CVII. *The holy City purified and guarded.* Iſaiah lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT *Zion*, lift thy Head
From Duſt, and Darkneſs, and the Dead;
Tho' humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's Strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous Garments on,
And let thy various Charms be known;
The World thy Glories ſhall confeſs,
Deck'd in the Robes of Righteouſneſs.

3 No more ſhall Foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd Walls with Dread;
No more ſhall Hell's inſulting Hoſt
Their Vict'ry, and thy Sorrows boaſt.

4 GOD from on high thy Groans will hear;
His Hand thy Ruins ſhall repair;
Rear'd and adorn'd by Love divine,
Thy Tow'rs and Battlements ſhall ſhine.

5 Grace ſhall diſpoſe my Heart and Voice
To ſhare, and echo back her Joys;
Nor will her watchful Monarch ceaſe
To guard her in eternal Peace.

CVIII. *GOD's*

CVIII. *GOD's Government, Zion's Joy.* Isaiah lii. -7.

1 YE Subjects of the LORD, proclaim
The royal Honours of his Name;
JEHOVAH *reigns*, be all your Song.
'Tis He, thy GOD, O *Zion*, reigns,
Prepare thy most harmonious Strains
Glad *Hallelujahs* to prolong.

2 Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring Trifles down
In lowly Honour at his Feet;
A Span your narrow Empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created Rounds,
In self-sufficient Glory great.

3 Tremble, ye Pageants of a Day,
Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,
Down to the Dust your Scepters bend:
To everlasting Years He reigns,
And undiminish'd Pomp maintains,
When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall end.

4 So shall his favour'd *Zion* live;
In vain confed'rate Nations strive
Her sacred Turrets to destroy;
Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless Pow'r, and endless Love
Ensure her Safety, and her Joy.

CIX. *Divine Mercies and Judgments compared.* Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

1 IN thy Rebukes, All-gracious GOD,
What soft Compassion reigns!

What

What gentle Accents of thy Voice
Aſſuage thy Children's Pains!

2 "When I correct my choſen Sons,
"A Father's Bowels move:
"One tranſient Moment bounds my Wrath,
"But endleſs is my Love."

3 Our Faith ſhall look thro' ev'ry Tear,
And view thy ſmiling Face,
And Hope amidſt our Sighs ſhall tune
An Anthem to thy Grace.

4 Gather at length my weary Soul
To join thy Saints above;
For I would learn a Song of Praiſe
Eternal as thy Love.

CX. *Divine Teachings, and their happy Conſequences.* Iſaiah liv. 13.

1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual Rays,
Father of Spirits, and of Grace,
O dart with Energy unknown
Celeſtial Beamings from thy Throne.

2 Thy ſacred Book we would ſurvey,
Enlighten'd with that heav'nly Day,
And aſk thy Spirit, with the Word,
To teach our Souls to know the LORD.

3 So ſhall our Children learn the Road,
That leads them to their Fathers GOD;
And, form'd by Leſſons ſo divine,
Shall Infant Minds with Knowledge ſhine.

4 So ſhall the haughtieſt Soul ſubmit,
With Children plac'd at *Jeſus'* Feet:
The noiſy Swell of Pride ſhall ceaſe,
And thy ſweet Voice be heard in Peace.

CXI. *Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the ſalutary Effects of the Goſpel.* Iſaiah lv. 10, 11, 12.

1 MARK the ſoft-falling Snow,
And the diffuſive Rain;
To Heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters Earth
Thro' ev'ry Pore,
And calls forth all
Its ſecret Store.

2 Array'd in beauteous Green
The Hills and Vallies ſhine,
And Man and Beaſt is fed
By Providence divine;
The Harveſts bows
Its golden Ears,
The copious Seed
Of future Years.

3 "So," ſaith the GOD of Grace,
"My Goſpel ſhall deſcend,
"Almighty to effect
"The Purpoſe I intend;
"Millions of Souls
"Shall feel its Pow'r,
"And bear it down
"To Millions more.

4 " Joy ſhall begin your March,
" And Peace protect your Ways,
" While all the Mountains round
" Echo melodious Praiſe;
" The vocal Groves
" Shall ſing the GOD,
" And ev'ry Tree
" Conſenting nod."

CXII. *Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children.* Iſaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 YE mourning Saints, whoſe ſtreaming Tears
Flow o'er your Children dead,
Say not in Tranſports of Deſpair,
That all your Hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling Duſt,
In fond Diſtreſs ye lie,
Riſe, and with Joy and Rev'rence view
A heav'nly Parent nigh.

3 Tho', your young Branches torn away,
Like wither'd Trunks ye ſtand,
With fairer Verdure ſhall ye bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.

4 " I'll give the Mourner," ſaith the LORD,
" In my own Houſe a Place;
" No Names of Daughters and of Sons
" Could yield ſo high a Grace.

5 " Tranſient and vain is ev'ry Hope
" A riſing Race can give;
" In endleſs Honour and Delight
" My Children all ſhall live."

6 We welcome, LORD, thoſe riſing Tears,
Thro' which thy Face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe Wounds, which thro' our Hearts
Prepare a Way for Thee.

CXIII. *The Stranger entertained in GOD's Houſe of Prayer.* Iſaiah lvi. 6, 7. *compared with* Matt. xxi. 13. *and* Eph. ii. 19.

1 GREAT Father of Mankind,
We bleſs that wond'rous Grace,
Which could for *Gentiles* find
Within thy Courts a Place.
How kind the Care
Our GOD diſplays,
For us to raiſe
A Houſe of Pray'r!

2 Tho' once eſtranged far,
We now approach the Throne;
For *Jeſus* brings us near,
And makes our Cauſe his own:
Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our Home,
And reſt ſecure.

3 To Thee our Souls we join,
And love thy ſacred Name;

No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in thy Claim;
Our Father-King,
Thy Cov'nant-Grace
Our Souls embrace,
Thy Titles ſing.

4 Here in thy Houſe we feaſt
On Dainties all divine;
And, while ſuch Sweets we taſte,
With Joy our Faces ſhine.
Incenſe ſhall riſe
From Flames of Love,
And GOD approve
The Sacrifice.

5 May all the Nations throng
To worſhip in thy Houſe;
And Thou attend the Song,
And ſmile upon their Vows;
Indulgent ſtill,
Till Earth conſpire
To join the Choir
On *Zion*'s Hill.

CXIV. *Peace proclaimed, and the Fruit of the Lips created by a gracious GOD.* Iſaiah lvii. 19.

1 HARK! for the great Creator ſpeaks;
In Silence let the Earth attend;
And, when his Words of Grace are heard,
In grateful Adoration bend.

"'Tis

2 " 'Tis I create the Fruit of Praiſe,
" And give the broken Heart to ſing;
" Peace, heav'nly Peace, my Lips proclaim,
" Pleas'd with the happy News they bring."

3 Receive the Tidings with Delight,
Ye *Gentile* Nations from afar;
And you, the Children of his Love,
Whom Grace hath brought already near.

4 To theſe, to thoſe, his ſov'reign Hand
Its healing Energy imparts:
Peace, Peace, be echo'd from your Tongues,
And echo'd from conſenting Hearts.

5 Enjoy the Health, which GOD hath wrought;
Nor let the daily Tribute ceaſe,
Till chang'd for more exalted Songs
In Regions of eternal Peace.

CXV. *The Duty of remonſtrating againſt Sin, when Judgments are threatned.* Iſaiah lviii. 1.

1 THY Judgments cry aloud,
O Ever-righteous GOD,
And in the Sight of all our Land
Thou liftest up thy Rod.

2 Aloud thy Servants cry,
Commiſſion'd from thy Throne,
And like a Trumpet raiſe their Voice
To make thy Judgments known.

3 But who that Cry attends,
And makes his Safety ſure?

Rock'd by the Tempeſt they ſhould flee,
They ſleep the more ſecure.

4 Another Trumpet, LORD,
The ſtupid Slumb'rers need;
Nor will they hear a feebler Voice
Than that, which wakes the Dead.

CXVI. *Unſucceſsful Faſts accounted for.* Iſaiah lviii. 3. *compared with* 4—8.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 O! Where is ſov'reign Mercy gone?
Whither is *Britain*'s GOD withdrawn?
That thro' long Years ſhe ſhould complain,
She faſts, and mourns, and cries in vain?

2 Haſt Thou not ſeen her ſuppliant Bands
Thro' all her Coaſts extend their Hands?
Or has their oft-repeated Pray'r
Eſcap'd thy ever-liſt'ning Ear?

3 Thine Ear hath heard, thine Eye hath ſeen;
But Guilt hath ſpread a Cloud between;
And, riſing ſtill before thy Face,
Averts thy long-intreated Grace.

4 Diſpel that Cloud by Rays divine,
And cauſe thy chearing Face to ſhine;
Our Iſle ſhall ſhout from Shore to Shore,
And dread encroaching Foes no more.

5 Our Light ſhall like the Morning ſpring;
Healing and Joy our GOD ſhall bring;
Juſtice ſhall in our Front appear,
And Glory gather up our Rear.

CXVII. *The*

CXVII. *The Standard of the Spirit lifted up.*
Isaiah lix. -19.

1 GOD of the Ocean, at whose Voice
The threatning Floods are heard no more,
Behold their Madness and their Noise,
And silence the tumultuous Roar.

2 Here Streams of pois'nous Error swell;
There rages Vice in ev'ry Form;
They join their Tide, led on by Hell,
And *Zion* trembles at the Storm.

3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine Arm,
And lift the Saviour's Standard high;
Thy People's Hearts with Vigour warm,
And call thy chosen Legions nigh.

4 Wak'd by thy well-known Voice they come,
And round the sacred Banner throng:
Zion, prepare the Conqu'ror Room,
While Triumph bursts into a Song.

5 "The LORD on high, when Billows roar,
"Superior Majesty displays,
"And, by one Breath of sov'reign Pow'r,
"Hushes the Noise of foaming Seas."

CXVIII. *The Glory of the Church in the latter Day.*
Isaiah lx. 1.

1 O *Zion*, tune thy Voice,
And raise thy Hands on high;
Tell all the Earth thy Joys,
And boast Salvation nigh.

Chearful in GOD,
Arise and shine,
While Rays divine
Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning Face
With Beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent Grace
He pours around thy Head;
The Nations round
Thy Form shall view,
With Lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

3 In Honour to his Name
Reflect that sacred Light;
And loud that Grace proclaim,
Which makes thy Darkness bright:
Pursue his Praise,
Till sov'reign Love
In Worlds above
The Glory raise.

4 There on his holy Hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his Radiance fill
Those fairer purer Skies;
While round his Throne
Ten thousand Stars
In nobler Spheres *
His Influence own.

* Orbs or Paths in which the Stars move.

CXIX. *GOD the everlasting Light of the Saints above.* Isaiah lx. 20.

1 YE golden Lamps of Heav'n *, farewel,
With all your feeble Light:
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale Empress of the Night.

2 And thou, refulgent Orb of Day †,
In brighter Flames array'd,
My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,
No more demands thine Aid.

3 Ye Stars are but the shining Dust
Of my divine Abode,
The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,
Where I shall reign with GOD.

4 The Father of eternal Light
Shall there his Beams display;
Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix
With that unvaried Day.

5 No more the Drops of piercing Grief
Shall swell into mine Eyes;
Nor the Meridian ‡ Sun decline
Amidst those brighter Skies.

6 There all the Millions of his Saints
Shall in one Song unite,
And each the Bliss of all shall view
With infinite Delight.

* The Stars. † The Sun. ‡ Noon-Day.

CXX. *GOD intreated for* Zion. Isaiah lxii. 1-6, 7.

For a Fast-Day; or *A Day of Prayer for the Revival of Religion.*

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies,
And wilt Thou bow thy gracious Ear?
While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,
Wilt Thou, the great JEHOVAH, hear?

2 How shall thy Servants give thee Rest,
Till *Zion*'s mould'ring Walls Thou raise?
Till thy own Pow'r shall stand confess'd,
And make *Jerusalem* a Praise?

3 For this, a lowly suppliant Croud
Here in thy sacred Temple wait:
For this, we lift our Voices loud,
And call, and knock at Mercy's Gate.

4 Look down, O GOD, with pitying Eye,
And view the Desolation round;
See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,
And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

5 Loud let the Gospel-Trumpet blow,
And call the Nations from afar;
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

6 Let *Babylon*'s proud Altars shake,
And Light invade her darkest Gloom;
The Yoke of Iron Bondage break,
The Yoke of *Satan*, and of *Rome*.

7 With

7 With gentle Beams on *Britain* ſhine,
And bleſs her Princes, and her Prieſts;
And, by thine Energy divine,
Let ſacred Love o'erflow their Breaſts.

8 Triumphant here let *Jeſus* reign,
And on his Vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the Virtues of his Train
Adorn our Church, adorn our Iſle.

9 On all our Souls let Grace deſcend,
Like heav'nly Dew in copious Show'rs,
That we may call our GOD our Friend,
That we may hail Salvation ours.

10 Then ſhall each Age and Rank agree
United Shouts of Joy to raiſe;
And *Zion*, made a Praiſe by Thee,
To Thee ſhall render back the Praiſe.

CXXI. *A Nation born in a Day*; or *The rapid Progreſs of the Goſpel deſired.* Iſaiah lxvi. 8.

1 BEHOLD with pleaſing Extacy
The Goſpel Standard lifted high,
That all the Nations from afar
May in the great Salvation ſhare.

2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
Do wretched Souls in Millions die?
While wide th' infernal Tyrant reigns
O'er ſpacious Realms in pond'rous * Chains.

* Heavy.

3 And ſhall he ſtill go on to boaſt,
Thy Croſs its Energy hath loſt?
And ſhall thy Servants ſtill complain,
Their Labours, and their Tears are vain?

4 Awake, All-conqu'ring Arm, awake,
And Hell's extenſive Empire ſhake;
Aſſert the Honours of thy Throne,
And call this ruin'd World thy own.

5 Thine all-ſucceſsful Pow'r diſplay;
Produce a Nation in a Day;
For at thy Word this barren Earth
Shall travail with a gen'ral Birth.

6 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
On theſe Abodes of Sin and Death;
That Breath ſhall bow ten thouſand Minds,
Like waving Corn before the Winds.

7 Scarce can our glowing Hearts endure
A World, where Thou art known no more;
Transform it, LORD, by conqu'ring Love,
Or bear us to the Realms above.

CXXII. *Backſliding* Iſrael *invited to return to* GOD. Jerem. iii. 12, 13.

1 BACKSLIDING *Iſrael*, hear the Voice
Of thy forgiving GOD,
Nor force ſuch Goodneſs to exert
The Terrors of the Rod.

2 Thus ſaith the LORD, "My Mercy flows
"An unexhauſted Stream,

"And,

" And, after all its Millions sav'd,
" Its Sway is still supreme.

3 " One Moment's Wrath with weighty Crush
" Might sink you quick to Hell;
" Yet Mercy points the happy Path,
" Where Life and Glory dwell.

4 " Own but the Follies thou hast done,
" And mourn thy Sins in Dust,
" And soon thy trembling Heart shall learn
" To hope and love and trust."

5 All-gracious GOD, thy Voice we own;
And, prostrate at thy Feet,
Our Souls in humble Silence wait
A Pardon there to meet.

CXXIII. *The Goodness of GOD acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own Heart.* Jerem. iii. 15.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 SHEPHERD of *Israel*, Thou dost keep
With constant Care thy humble Sheep;
By Thee inferior Pastors rise
To feed our Souls, and bless our Eyes.

2 To all thy Churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart;
Whose Courage, Watchfulness, and Love
Men may attest, and GOD approve.

3 Fed by their active tender Care,
Healthful may all thy Sheep appear,

And,

And, by their fair Example led,
The Way to *Zion*'s Paſtures tread.

4 Here haſt thou liſten'd to our Vows,
And ſcatter'd Bleſſings on thy Houſe;
Thy Saints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As Sheep without a Guide deplore.

5 Compleatly heal each former Stroke,
And bleſs the Shepherd and the Flock;
Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raiſe,
And own this Tribute of our Praiſe.

CXXIV. *GOD's gracious Methods of adopting Love.* Jerem. iii. 19.

1 AMAZING Plan of ſov'reign Love!
And doth our GOD look down
On Rebels, whom his Wrath might doom
To periſh at his Frown?

3 Doth He project a wond'rous Scheme
In ſuch a Way to ſave,
That Juſtice, Majeſty, and Grace,
May one joint Triumph have?

3 One Look the ſtubborn Hearts ſubdues,
And at his Feet they fall;
They own their Father with Delight,
And He receives them all.

4 Number'd amongſt his deareſt Sons,
The pleaſant Land they ſhare;
On Earth ſecur'd by Pow'r divine,
Till crown'd with Glory there.

5. Father,

5 Father, in thine Embraces lodg'd,
Our Heav'n begun we feel,
And wait the Hour, which Thou ſhalt mark
Thy Counſels to fulfil.

CXXV. *Creatures vain, and GOD the Salvation of his People.* Jerem. iii. 23.

1 HOW long ſhall Dreams of Creature-Bliſs
Our flatt'ring Hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded Eyes
With * viſionary Joy?

2 Why from the Mountains and the Hills
Is our Salvation ſought,
While our eternal Rock's forſook,
And *Iſrael*'s GOD forgot.

3 The living Spring neglected flows
Full in our daily View,
Yet we with anxious fruitleſs Toil
Our broken Ciſterns hew.

4 Theſe fatal Errors, Gracious GOD,
With gentle Pity ſee:
To Thee our roving Eyes direct,
And fix our Souls on Thee.

* The Appearance of Joy.

CXXVI. *Invitation to return to the LORD, and put away Abominations.* Jerem. iv. 1, 2.

1 IT is the LORD of Glory calls,
O let his *Iſrael* hear;

" Stop,

" Stop, ye Revolters, in your Courſe,
And hearken, and come near.

2 " What tho' in Sin's deluſive Paths
" Ye from your Youth have ſtray'd;
" What tho' my Meſſages of Love
" Have been with Scorn repay'd;

3 " At laſt return, and Grace divine
" Your Wand'rings ſhall forget;
" If loyal Zeal and Love dethrone
" Each Idol from its Seat.

4 " Return, and dwell ſecure on Earth,
" As in your LORD's Embrace,
" Till in the Land of perfect Joy
" Ye find a nobler Place."

5 Father of Mercies, lo, we come,
Subdu'd by ſuch a Call:
O let the Hand of Grace divine
Reduce, and bleſs us all.

6 So will we teach the World that Love,
Which we are made to ſee,
And Wand'rers ſhall with us return,
And bleſs themſelves in Thee.

CXXVII. *Miſimproved Privileges, and diſappointed Hopes.* Jerem. viii. 20.

1 ALAS, how faſt our Moments fly!
How ſhort our Months appear!
How ſwift thro' various Seaſons haſtes
The ſtill-revolving Year!

2 Seaſons

2 Seasons of Grace, and Days of Hope,
While *Jesus* waiting stands,
And spreads the Blessings of his Love
With wide-extended Hands.

3 But O! how slow our stupid Souls
These Blessings to secure!
Blessings, which thro' eternal Years
Unwith'ring shall endure.

4 Beneath the Word of Life we die;
We starve amidst our Store;
And what Salvation should impart
Heightens our Ruin more.

5 Pity this Madness, GOD of Love,
And make us truly wise:
So from the pregnant Seeds of Grace
Shall glorious Harvests rise.

CXXVIII. *Glorying in GOD alone.* Jerem. ix. 23, 24.

1 THE righteous LORD, supremely great,
Maintains his universal State;
O'er all the Earth his Pow'r extends;
All Heav'n before his Footstool bends.

2 Yet Justice still with Pow'r presides,
And Mercy all his Empire guides;
Such Works are pleasing in his Sight,
And such the Men of his Delight.

3 No more, ye Wise, your Wisdom boast:
No more, ye Strong, your Valour trust:

Nor

Nor let the Rich ſurvey his Store,
Elate * with Heaps of ſhining Ore.

4 Glory, my Soul, in this alone,
That GOD, thy GOD, to thee is known,
That thou haſt own'd his ſov'reign Sway,
That thou haſt felt his chearing Ray.

5 My Wiſdom, Wealth, and Pow'r I find
In one JEHOVAH all combin'd;
On Him I fix my roving Eyes,
Till all my Soul in Rapture riſe.

6 All elſe, which I my Treaſure call,
May in one fatal Moment fall;
But what his Happineſs can move,
Whom GOD the Bleſſed deigns † to love?

* Lifted up. † Condeſcends.

CXXXIX. Jeremiah's *Tears over the captive Flock.* Jerem. xiii. 15—17.

1 FLOW on, my Tears, in riſing Streams,
Ye briny Fountains, flow;
While haughty Sinners ſteel their Hearts,
Nor will JEHOVAH know.

2 The Flock of GOD is captive led
In *Satan*'s heavy Chains;
Led to the Borders of the Pit,
Where endleſs Horror reigns.

3 Look back, ye Captives, and invoke
JEHOVAH's ſaving Aid;

Give

Give him the Glory of his Name,
Whose Hand your Nature made.

4 O turn, ere yet your erring Feet
On Death's dark Mountain fall;
Cry, and your gentle Shepherd's Ear
Will hearken to your Call.

5 Then shall those Hearts with Pleasure spring,
Which now in Sorrow melt;
And deep Repentance yield a Joy
Proud Guilt hath never felt.

6 Almighty Grace, exert thy Pow'r,
And turn these Slaves of Sin;
And, when they bring thy Tribute due,
Shall their own Bliss begin.

CXXX. *Giving Glory to GOD, before Darkness comes upon us.* Jerem. xiii. 16.

1 THE swift-declining Day,
How fast its Moments fly!
While Ev'ning's broad and gloomy Shade
Gains on the western Sky.

2 Ye Mortals, mark its Pace,
And use the Hours of Light;
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous * Night.

3 His Word blots out the Sun
In its Meridian Blaze;

* Sudden.

And

And cuts from ſmiling vig'rous Youth
The Remnant of its Days.

4 On the dark Mountain's Brow
Your Feet ſhall quickly ſlide;
And from its airy Summit daſh
Your momentary Pride.

5 Give Glory to the LORD,
Who rules the whirling Sphere *;
Submiſſive at his Footſtool bow,
And ſeek Salvation there.

6 Then ſhall new Luſtre break
Thro' Horror's darkeſt Gloom,
And lead you to unchanging Light
In a celeſtial Home.

* The Revolution of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

CXXXI. *The fatal Conſequences of forſaking the Hope of* Iſrael. *Jerem.* xvii. 13, 14.

1 GREAT Objects of thine *Iſrael*'s Hope,
Its Saviour, and its Praiſe,
Attend, while we to Thee devote
The Remnant of our Days.

2 How wretched they that leave the LORD,
And from his Word withdraw,
That loſe his Goſpel from their Sight,
And wander from his Law!

3 O thou eternal Spring of Good,
Whence living Waters flow,

Let

Let not our thirſty erring Souls
To broken Ciſterns go.

4 Like Characters inſcrib'd in Duſt
Are Sinners borne away;
And all the Treaſures they can boaſt,
The Portion of a Day.

5 But, LORD, to Thee my Heart ſhall turn
To heal it, and to ſave;
The Joys, that from thy Favour flow,
Shall bloom beyond the Grave.

CXXXII. CHRIST, *the Lord our Righteouſneſs.* Jerem. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy Name,
And in that Name we truſt;
Thou art the LORD our Righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine *Iſrael*'s Boaſt.

2 Guilty we plead before thy Throne,
And low in Duſt we lie,
Till *Jeſus* ſtretch his gracious Arm
To bring the Guilty nigh.

3 The Sins of one moſt righteous Day
Might plunge us in Deſpair;
Yet all the Crimes of num'rous Years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That ſpotleſs Robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing Eye of GOD
One Blemiſh ſhall be found.

5 Pardon

5 Pardon and Peace and lively Hope
To Sinners now are giv'n;
Israel and *Judah* soon shall change
Their Wilderness for Heav'n.

6 With Joy we taste that Manna now,
Thy Mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble Vows to Thee,
And wait the promis'd Crown.

CXXXIII. *The Efficacy of GOD's Word.* Jerem. xxiii. 29.

1 WITH rev'rend Awe, tremendous LORD,
We hear the Thunders of thy Word;
The Pride of *Lebanon* it breaks:
Swift the celestial Fire descends,
The flinty Rock in Pieces rends,
And Earth to its deep Center shakes.

2 Array'd in Majesty divine,
Here Sanctity and Justice shine,
And Horror strikes the Rebel thro';
While loud this awful Voice makes known
The Wonders which thy Sword hath done,
And what thy Vengeance yet shall do.

3 So spread the Honours of thy Name;
The Terrors of a GOD proclaim;
Thick let the pointed Arrows fly;
Till Sinners, humbled in the Dust,
Shall own the Execution just,
And bless the Hand by which they die.

4 Then

4 Then clear the dark tempeſtuous Day,
And radiant Beams of Love diſplay;
Each proſtrate Soul let Mercy raiſe:
So ſhall the bleeding Captives feel,
Thy Word, which gave the Wound, can heal,
And change their Groans to Songs of Praiſe.

CXXXIV. *The Poſſibility of dying this Year.* Jerem. xxviii. -16-.

For New Year's-Day.

1 GOD of my Life, thy conſtant Care
With Bleſſings crowns each op'ning Year;
This guilty Life doſt Thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual Song.

2 How many precious Souls are fled
To the vaſt Regions of the Dead,
Since from this Day the changing Sun
Thro' his laſt yearly Period run!

3 We yet ſurvive; but who can ſay,
Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath;
"Thus far at leaſt in League with Death *?"

4 That Breath is Thine, Eternal GOD;
'Tis Thine to fix my Soul's Abode;
It holds its Life from Thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

5 To Thee our Spirits we reſign;
Make them and own them ſtill as Thine;

* *Iſaiah* xxviii. 15.

So

So shall they smile, secure from Fear,
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

6 Thy Children, eager to be gone,
Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming Shore,
Where Years and Death are known no more.

CXXXV. *GOD's Complacency in his Thoughts of Peace towards his People.* Jerem. xxix. 11.

1 VILER than Dust, O LORD, are we;
And doth thine Anger cease?
And doth thy gracious Heart o'erflow
With Purposes of Peace?

2 And dost Thou with Delight reflect
On what thy Grace shall do?
And with Complacency of Soul
Enjoy the distant View?

3 And can thy often-injur'd Love
So kind a Message send,
That Thou to all our lengthen'd Woes
Wilt give th' expected End?

4 Why droop our Hearts? Why flow our Eyes,
While such a Voice we hear?
Why rise our Sorrows and our Fears,
While such a Friend is near?

5 To all thy other Favours add
A Heart to trust thy Word,
And Death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the LORD.

CXXXVI. *The impudent Rebellion of the* Jewiſh *Refugees at* Pathros. Jer. xliv. 16, 17, 28.

1 WHoſe Words againſt the LORD are ſtout?
Or who preſume to ſay,
"That ſov'reign Law, which GOD proclaims,
"I dare to diſobey?"

2 Ten thouſand Actions ev'ry where
The impious Language ſpeak:
Yet Pow'r omnipotent ſtands by,
Nor do its Thunders break.

3 But O! the dreadful Day draws near,
When GOD's avenging Hand
Shall ſhew, if feeble Mortals Breath,
Or GOD's own Word ſhall ſtand.

4 My Soul, with proſtrate Rev'rence fall,
Before the Voice divine;
And all thine In'treſt, and thy Pow'rs
To its Command reſign.

5 Speak, mighty LORD; thy Servant waits
The Purport of thy Will:
My Heart with ſecret Ardour glows
Its Mandates * to fulfil.

6 Let the vain Sons of *Belial* boaſt
Their Tongues and Thoughts are free;
My nobleſt Liberty I own,
When ſubject moſt to Thee.

* Commands.

CXXXVII. *Asking the Way to* Zion, *in order to joining in Covenant with* GOD. Jer. l. 5.

1 ENQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way,
That leads to *Zion*'s Hill,
And thither set your steady Face
With a determin'd Will.

2 Invite the Strangers all around
Your pious March to join;
And spread the Sentiments you feel
Of Faith and Love divine.

3 Come, let us to his Temple haste,
And seek his Favour there,
Before his Footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent Pray'r.

4 Come, let us join our Souls to GOD
In everlasting Bands,
And seize the Blessings he bestows
With eager Hearts and Hands.

5 Come, let us seal without Delay
The Cov'nant of his Grace;
Nor shall the Years of distant Life
Its Memory efface *.

6 Thus may our rising Offspring haste
To seek their Fathers GOD,
Nor e'er forsake the happy Path
Their youthful Feet have trod.

* Blot out, destroy.

CXXXVIII. *Searching and trying our Ways.* Lament. iii. 40.

1 THY piercing Eye, O GOD, surveys
The various Windings of our Ways;
Teach us their Tendency to know,
And judge the Paths in which we go.

2 How wild, how crooked have they been!
A Maze of Foolishness and Sin!
With all the Light we vainly boast,
Leaving our Guide, our Souls are lost.

3 Had not thy Mercy been our Aid,
So fatally our Feet had stray'd,
Stern Justice had its Pris'ners led
Down to the Chambers of the Dead.

4 O turn us back to Thee again,
Or we shall search our Ways in vain;
Shine, and the Path of Life reveal,
And bear us on to *Zion*'s Hill.

5 Roll on, ye swift-revolving Years,
And end this Round of Sins and Cares;
No more a Wand'rer would I roam,
But near my Father fix at Home.

CXXXIX. *The Breath of our Nostrils ta'en in the Pits of the Enemy; applied to* CHRIST. Lament. iv. 20.

1 BLEST Saviour, to my Heart more dear
Than balmy Gales of vital Air;

Were thy Soul-chearing Preſence gone,
What Uſe of Breath, unleſs to groan?

2 Thy Father's royal Hand hath ſhed,
In rich Profuſion on thy Head,
Ten thouſand Graces; Thou alone
Canſt ſhare, and canſt adorn his Throne.

3 But ſee the Sov'reign captive led,
Snar'd in the Pit, which Traitors made,
Fetter'd with ignominious Bands,
And murder'd by rebellious Hands.

4 Ye Saints, to your expiring King
Your tributary Sorrows bring:
In loyal Crouds aſſemble round,
And bathe in Tears each precious Wound.

5 But from the Caverns of the Grave
He ſprings, omnipotent to ſave;
The Captive-King aſcends and reigns,
And drags his conquer'd Foes in Chains.

6 Beneath his Shade our Souls ſhall live,
In all the Rapture Heav'n can give;
Where *Zion* never ſhall deplore,
And Heathens vex his Church no more.

CXL. *Of lamenting national Sins.* Ezek. ix. 4—6.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 O Righteous God, Thou Judge ſupreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful Name,
And all our crying Guilt we own
In Duſt and Tears before thy Throne.

2 So manifold our Crimes have been,
Such Crimſon Tincture dyes our Sin,
That, could we all its Horrors know,
Our ſtreaming Eyes with Blood might flow.

3 *Britain*, the Land thine Arm hath ſav'd,
That Arm moſt impiouſly hath brav'd *;
Britain, the Iſle its GOD hath lov'd,
A Rebel to that Love hath prov'd.

4 Eſtrang'd from reverential Awe,
We trample on thy ſacred Law;
And, tho' ſuch Wonders Grace hath done,
Anew we crucify thy Son.

5 Juſtly might this polluted Land
Prove all the Vengeance of thy Hand;
And, bath'd in Heav'n †, thy Sword might come
To drink our Blood, and ſeal our Doom.

6 Yet haſt Thou not a Remnant here,
Whoſe Souls are fill'd with pious Fear?
O bring thy wonted Mercy nigh,
While proſtrate at thy Feet they lie.

7 Behold their Tears, attend their Moan,
Nor turn away their ſecret Groan:
With theſe we join our humble Pray'r;
Our Nation ſhield, our Country ſpare.

8 But if the Sentence be decreed,
And our dear native Land muſt bleed,
By thy ſure Mark may we be known,
And ſave in Life or Death Thy own.

* Defied. † *Iſaiah* xxxiv. 5.

CXLI. *The Iniquity of ſacrificing GOD's Children*; or, *The Evil of a bad or neglected Education.* Ezek. xvi. 20, 21 *.

1 BEHOLD, O *Iſrael*'s GOD,
From thine exalted Throne,
And view the deſolate Abode,
Thou once haſt call'd thy own.

2 The Children of thy Flock,
By early Cov'nant thine,
See how they pour their bleeding Souls
On ev'ry Idol's Shrine †!

3 To Indolence and Pride
What piteous Victims made!
Cruſh'd in their Parents fond Embrace,
And by their Care betray'd.

4 By Pleaſure's poliſh'd Dart
What Numbers here are ſlain!
What Numbers there for Slaughter bound
In *Mammon*'s golden Chain!

5 O let thine Arm awake,
And daſh the Idols down:
O call the Captives of their Pow'r
Their Treaſure, and thy Crown.

6 Thee let the Fathers own,
And Thee the Sons adore,

* Alluding to the cruel Cuſtom among ſome Heathens of ſacrificing their Children to their Gods, to which there are frequent References in Scripture.

† Altar.

Join'd

Join'd to the LORD by solemn Vows,
To be forgot no more.

CXLII. *The Humility and Submission of a Penitent.* Ezek. xvi. 63.

1 O Injur'd Majesty of Heav'n,
Look from thy holy Throne,
While prostrate Rebels own with Grief
What Treasons they have done.

2 Thy Grace, where Sin abounded most,
Reigns with superior Sway;
And Pardons, bought with *Jesus'* Blood,
To Rebels doth display.

3 While Love its grateful Anthems tunes,
Tears mingle with the Song;
My Heart with tender Anguish bleeds,
That I such Grace should wrong.

4 How shall I lift these guilty Eyes
To mine offended Lord?
Or how, beneath his heaviest Strokes,
Pronounce one murm'ring Word?

5 Remorse and Shame my Lips have seal'd;
But O! my Father, speak;
And all the Harmony of Heav'n
Shall thro' the Silence break.

CXLIII. *GOD bringing his People into the Covenant under the Rod.* Ezek. xx. 37.

1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising GOD!

And O! how rich the Bleſſings are,
Which bloſſom from his Rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With Pity in his Heart,
That ev'ry Stroke his Children feel
May Grace and Peace impart.

3 Inſtructed thus they bow,
And own his ſov'reign Sway;
They turn their erring Footſteps back
To his forſaken Way.

4 His Cov'nant-Love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy Bands,
That cloſer ſtill engage their Hearts
To honour his Commands.

5 Dear Father, we conſent
To Diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the Pains, that make our Souls
Still more compleatly Thine.

CXLIV. *GOD's Condeſcenſion in becoming the Shepherd of Men.* Ezek. xxxiv. 31.

1 AND will the Majeſty of Heav'n
Accept us for his Sheep?
And with a Shepherd's tender Care
Such worthleſs Creatures keep?

2 And will He ſpread his Guardian-Arms
Round our defenceleſs Head?
And cauſe us gently to lie down
In his refreſhing Shade?

3 And

3 And will He lead our weary Souls
To that delightful Scene,
Where Rivers of Salvation flow
Thro' Paſtures ever green?

4 What Thanks can mortal Men repay
For Favours great as Thine?
Or how can Tongues of feeble Clay
Proclaim ſuch Love divine?

5 Eternal GOD, how mean are we!
How richly gracious Thou!
Our Souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble Joy,
In ſilent Tranſports bow.

CXLV. *Seeking to GOD for the Communication of his Spirit.* Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy Throne,
And ſend thy various Bleſſings down:
While by thine *Iſrael* Thou art ſought,
Attend the Pray'r thy Word hath taught.

2 Come, ſacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldeſt Heart with Love;
Soften to Fleſh the rugged Stone,
And let thy godlike Pow'r be known.

3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtieſt Eyes
Shall Floods of pious Sorrow riſe;
While all their glowing Souls are borne
To ſeek that Grace, which now they ſcorn.

4 O let a holy Flock await
Num'rous around thy Temple-Gate,

Each preſſing on with Zeal to be
A living Sacrifice to Thee.

5 In Anſwer to our fervent Cries,
Give us to ſee thy Church ariſe;
Or, if that Bleſſing ſeem too great,
Give us to mourn its low Eſtate.

CXLVI. Ezekiel's *Viſion of the dry Bones.* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O LORD, with pitying Eye;
See *Adam*'s Race in Ruin lie;
Sin ſpreads its Trophies o'er the Ground,
And ſcatters ſlaughter'd Heaps around.

2 And can theſe mould'ring Corpſes live?
And can theſe periſh'd Bones revive?
That, Mighty GOD, to Thee is known;
That wond'rous Work is all thy own.

3 Thy Miniſters are ſent in vain
To propheſy upon the Slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty Aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life ſpreads thro' all the Realms of Death;
Dry Bones obey thy pow'rful Voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy Trumpet's awful Sound
Shall ſhake the Heav'ns, and rend the Ground,
Dead Saints ſhall from their Tombs ariſe,
And ſpring to Life beyond the Skies.

CXLVII. *The*

CXLVII. *The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the dead Sea* *. Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of Being and of Love,
Thou wat'reſt all the Worlds above,
And all the Joys we mortals know,
From thine exhauſtleſs Fountain flow.

2 A ſacred Spring, at thy Command,
From *Zion*'s Mount, in *Canaan*'s Land,
Beſide thy Temple, cleaves the Ground,
And pours its limpid Stream around.

3 The limpid Stream with ſudden Force
Swells to a River in its Courſe;
Thro' deſart Realms its Windings play,
And ſcatter Bleſſings all the Way.

4 Cloſe by its Banks in Order fair,
The blooming Trees of Life appear;
Their Bloſſoms fragrant Odours give,
And on their Fruit the Nations live.

5 To the dead Sea the Waters flow,
And carry Healing as they go;
Its pois'nous Dregs their Pow'r confeſs,
And all its Shores the Fountain bleſs.

6 Flow, wond'rous Stream, with Glory crown'd,
Flow on to Earth's remoteſt Bound;
And bear us on thy gentle Wave
To Him, who all thy Virtues gave.

* The Sea or Lake, where *Sodom, Gomorrah,* &c. had ſtood, which was putrid and poiſonous; and ancient Writers ſay, that no Fiſh could live in it.

CXLVIII. TEKEL; or *The Sinner weighed in GOD's Balances, and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtleſs Sinner, raiſe thine Eye;
Behold GOD's Balance lifted high;
There ſhall his Juſtice be diſplay'd,
And there thy Hope and Life be weigh'd.

2 See in one Scale his perfect Law;
Mark with what Force its Precepts draw:
Wouldſt thou the awful Teſt ſuſtain,
Thy Works how light! thy Thoughts how vain!

3 Behold the Hand of GOD appears
To trace theſe dreadful Characters;
"*Tekel*, thy Soul is wanting found,
"And Wrath ſhall ſmite thee to the Ground."

4 Let ſudden Fear thy Nerves unbrace;
Let Horror ſhake thy tott'ring Knees *;
Thro' all thy Thoughts let Anguiſh roll,
And deep Repentance melt thy Soul.

5 One only Hope may yet prevail;
Chriſt hath a Weight to turn the Scale;
Still doth the Goſpel publiſh Peace,
And ſhew a Saviour's Righteouſneſs.

6 Great GOD, exert thy Pow'r to ſave;
Deep on the Heart theſe Truths engrave;
The pond'rous Load of Guilt remove,
That trembling Lips may ſing thy Love.

* Compare Verſe 6.

CLXIX. *The*

CXLIX. *The Backſlider recollecting himſelf in his Afflictions.* Hoſea ii. 6, 7.

1 THE LORD, how kind are all his Ways,
When moſt they ſeem ſevere!
He frowns, and ſcourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his Fear.

2 With Thorns He fences up our Path,
And builds a Wall around,
To guard us from the Death, that lurks
In Sin's forbidden Ground.

3 When other Lovers, ſought in vain,
Our fond Addreſs deſpiſe,
He opens his indulgent Arms
With Pity in his Eyes.

4 Return, ye wand'ring Souls, return,
And ſeek his tender Breaſt;
Call back the Mem'ry of the Days,
When there you found your Reſt.

5 Behold, O LORD, we fly to Thee,
Tho' Bluſhes veil our Face,
Conſtrain'd our laſt Retreat to ſeek
In thy much-injur'd Grace.

CL. *The Advantages of ſeeking the Knowledge of GOD.* Hoſea vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source * of Light,
And make thy Glories known;

* Fountain or Original.

Fill

Fill our enlarg'd adoring Sight
With Luſtre all thy own.

2 Vain are the Charms, and faint the Rays
The brighteſt Creatures boaſt;
And all their Grandeur, and their Praiſe
Is in thy Preſence loſt.

3 To know the Author of our Frame
Is our ſublimeſt Skill:
True Science is to read thy Name,
True Life t' obey thy Will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on purſue,
Till Viſions of eternal Day
Fix and compleat the View.

CLI. *Inconſtancy in Religion.* Hoſea vi. 4.

1 PERPETUAL Source of Light and Grace,
We hail thy ſacred Name:
Thro' ev'ry Year's revolving Round
Thy Goodneſs is the ſame.

2 On us, all-worthleſs as we are,
Its wond'rous Mercy pours;
Sure as the Heav'ns eſtabliſh'd Courſe,
And plenteous as the Show'rs.

3 Inconſtant Service we repay,
And treach'rous Vows renew;
Falſe as the Morning's ſcatt'ring Cloud,
And tranſient as the Dew.

4 In flowing Tears our Guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy Grace

To

To bear our feeble Footſteps on
In all thy righteous Ways.

5 Arm'd with this Energy divine,
Our Souls ſhall ſtedfaſt move,
And with increaſing Tranſport preſs
On to thy Courts above.

6 So by thy Pow'r the Morning Sun
Purſues his radiant Way,
Brightens each Moment in his Race,
And ſhines to perfect Day.

CLII. *Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.* Hoſea xi. 4-.

1 MY God, what ſilken Cords are thine!
How ſoft, and yet how ſtrong!
While Pow'r, and Truth, and Love combine
To draw our Souls along.

2 Thou ſaw'ſt us cruſh'd beneath the Yoke
Of *Satan* and of Sin:
Thy Hand the Iron Bondage broke
Our worthleſs Hearts to win.

3 The Guilt of twice ten thouſand Sins
One Moment takes away;
And Grace, when firſt the War begins,
Secures the crowning Day.

4 Comfort thro' all this Vale of Tears
In rich Profuſion flows,
And Glory of unnumber'd Years
Eternity beſtows.

5 Drawn

5 Drawn by such Cords we onward move,
Till round thy Throne we meet;
And, Captives in the Chains of Love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's Feet.

CLIII. *The Relentings of GOD's Heart over his backsliding People.* Hosea xi. 7, 8, 9.

1 YE Sinners on backsliding bent,
GOD's gracious Call attend;
Shall not Compassion so divine
Each stubborn Spirit bend?

2 "How shall I give mine *Israel* up
"To Ruin and Despair?
"How pour down Show'rs of flaming Wrath,
"And make a *Sodom* there?

3 "My Bowels strong Relentings feel;
"My Heart is pain'd within:
"I will not all my Wrath exert,
"Nor visit all their Sin.

4 "The Mercy of a GOD restrains
"The Thunders of his Hand:
"Come, seek Protection from that Pow'r,
"Which you can ne'er withstand."

5 With trembling Haste, O GOD, to Thee
Let Sinners wing their Flight;
As Doves, when Birds of Prey pursue,
Down on their Windows light.

6 Father, we seek thy gracious Arm,
All melted at thy Voice:

O may

O may thy Heart, that feels our Woes,
In our Return rejoice.

CLIV. *GOD's Controverſy by Fire.* Amos iv. 11.

On Occaſion of a dreadful Fire.

1 ETERNAL God, our humbled Souls
Before thy Preſence bow:
With all thy Magazines of Wrath,
How terrible art Thou!

2 Fan'd by thy Breath, whole Sheets of Flame
Do like a Deluge pour;
And all our Confidence of Wealth
Lies moulder'd in an Hour.

3 Led on by Thee in horrid Pomp,
Deſtruction rears its Head;
And blacken'd Walls, and ſmoaking Heaps,
Thro' all the Street are ſpread.

4 Lord, in the Duſt we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous Ire *;
Yet bleſs the Hand of Guardian-Love,
That ſnatch'd us from the Fire.

5 O that the hateful Dregs of Sin
Like Droſs had periſh'd there,
That in fair Lines our purged Souls
Might thy bright Image bear.

6 So ſhall we view with dauntleſs Eyes
The laſt tremendous Day,
When Earth and Seas, and Stars and Skies,
In Flames ſhall melt away.

* Anger.

CLV. Britain

CLV. Britain *unreformed by remarkable Deliverances.* Amos iv. -11.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 YES, *Britain* ſeem'd to Ruin doom'd,
Juſt like a burning Brand;
Till ſnatch'd from fierce ſurrounding Flames
By GOD's indulgent Hand.

2 "Once more (he ſays) I will ſuppreſs
"The Wrath, that Sin would wake;
"Once more my Patience ſhall attend,
"And call my *Britain* back."

3 But who this Clemency reveres?
Or feels this melting Grace?
Who ſtirs his languid Spirit up
To ſeek thine awful Face?

4 On Days like theſe we pour our Cries,
And at thy Feet we mourn;
Then riſe to tempt thy Wrath again,
And to our Sins return.

5 Our Nation far from GOD remains,
Far, as in diſtant Years;
And the ſmall Remnant that is found,
A dying Aſpect wears.

6 Chaſten'd and reſcu'd thus in vain,
Thy righteous Hand ſevere
Into the Flames might hurl us back,
And quite conſume us there.

7 So,

7 So, by the Light our Burning gives,
Might neighb'ring Nations read,
How terrible thy Judgments are,
And learn our Guilt to dread.

8 Yet, 'midſt the Cry of Sins like ours,
Incline thy gracious Ear;
And thy own Children's feeble Cry
With ſoft Compaſſion hear.

9 O by thy ſacred Spirit's Breath
Kindle a holy Flame;
Refine the Land Thou might'ſt deſtroy,
And magnify thy Name.

CLVI. *Preparing to meet GOD.* Amos iv. 12, 13.

1 HE comes, thy GOD, O *Iſrael*, comes;
Prepare thy GOD to meet:
Meet him in Battle's Force array'd,
Or humbled at his Feet.

2 He form'd the Mountains by his Strength;
He makes the Winds to blow;
And all the ſecret Thoughts of Man
Muſt his Creator know.

3 He ſhades the Morning's op'ning Rays;
He ſhakes the ſolid World;
And Stars and Angels from their Seats
Are by his Thunder hurl'd.

4 Eternal Sov'reign of the Skies,
And ſhall thine *Iſrael* dare
In mad Rebellion to ariſe,
And tempt th' unequal War?

5 Lo,

5 Lo, Nations tremble at thy Frown,
And faint beneath thy Rod;
Cruſh'd by its gentleſt Movement down,
They fall, Tremendous GOD.

6 Avert the Terrors of thy Wrath,
And let thy Mercy ſhine;
While humble Penitence and Pray'r
Approve us truly Thine.

CLVII. Jonah's *Faith recommended.* Jonah ii. 4.

1 LORD, we have broke thy holy Laws,
And ſlighted all thy Grace;
And juſtly thy vindictive * Wrath
Might caſt us from thy Face.

2 Yet while ſuch Precedents appear
Mark'd in thy ſacred Book,
We from theſe Depths of Guilt and Fear
Will to thy Temple look.

3 To Thee, in our Redeemer's Name,
We raiſe our humble Cries;
May theſe our Pray'rs, perfum'd by him,
Like grateful Incenſe riſe.

4 O never may our hopeleſs Eyes
An abſent GOD deplore,
Where the dear Temples of thy Love
Shall ſtand reveal'd no more.

5 Far from thoſe Regions of Deſpair
Appoint our Souls a Place;
Where not a Frown thro' endleſs Years
Shall veil thy lovely Face.

* Avenging.

CLVIII. *GOD's*

CLVIII. *GOD's Controverſy with* Britain *ſtated and pleaded.* Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 LISTEN, ye Hills; ye Mountains, hear;
JEHOVAH vindicates his Laws:
Trembling in Silence at his Bar,
Thou Earth, attend thy Maker's Cauſe.

2 *Iſrael* appear; preſent thy Plea;
And charge th' Almighty to his Face;
Say, if his Rules oppreſſive be;
Say, if defective be his Grace.

3 Eternal Judge, the Action ceaſe;
Our Lips are ſeal'd in conſcious Shame;
'Tis ours, in Sackcloth to confeſs,
And thine, the Sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thouſand Witneſſes ariſe,
Thy Mercies, and our Crimes appear,
More than the Stars that deck the Skies,
And all our dreadful Guilt declare.

5 How ſhall we come before thy Face,
And in thine awful Preſence bow?
What Offers can ſecure thy Grace,
Or calm the Terrors of thy Brow?

6 Thouſands of Rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of Oil might blaze in vain;
Or the Firſt-born's devoted Head
With horrid Gore thine Altar ſtain.

7 But thy own Lamb, All-gracious GOD,
Whom impious Sinners dar'd to ſlay,

Hath

Hath sov'reign Virtue in his Blood
To purge the Nation's Guilt away.

8 With humble Faith to that we fly;
With that be *Britain* sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in Dust we lie,
And dread thy Hand and Bar no more.

CLIX. *Hearing the Voice of GOD's Rod.* Micah vi. 9.

1 ATTEND, my Soul, with rev'rend Awe,
The Dictates of thy GOD;
Silent and trembling hear the Voice
Of his appointed Rod.

2 Now let me search and try my Ways,
And prostrate seek his Face,
Conscious of Guilt before his Throne
In Dust my Soul abase.

3 Teach me, my GOD, what's yet unknown,
And all my Crimes forgive;
Those Crimes would I no more repeat,
But to thy Honour live.

4 My wither'd Joys too plainly shew,
That all on Earth is vain;
In GOD my wounded Heart confides
True Rest and Bliss to gain.

5 Father, I wait thy gracious Call,
To leave this mournful Land,
And bathe in Rivers of Delight,
That flow at thy right Hand.

CLX. *GOD's incomparable Mercy admired.* Mich vii. 18, 19, 20.

1 SUPREME in Mercy, who shall dare
With thy Compassion to compare?
For thy own Sake wilt Thou forgive,
And bid the trembling Sinner live.

2 Millions of our Transgressions past,
Cancell'd behind thy Back are cast;
Thy Grace, a Sea without a Shore,
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.

3 And lest new Legions should invade,
And make the pardon'd Soul afraid,
Our inbred Lusts Thou wilt subdue,
And form degen'rate Hearts anew.

4 Our Leader-GOD, our Songs proclaim;
We lift our Banners in his Name;
With Songs of Triumph forth we go,
And level the gigantic Foe.

5 His Truth to *Jacob* shall prevail;
His Oath to *Abram* cannot fail;
The Hope of Saints in ancient Days,
Which Ages yet unborn shall praise.

CLXI. *The impoverished Saint rejoicing in GOD.* Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

1 SO firm the Saint's Foundations stand,
Nor can his Hopes remove;
Sustain'd by GOD's almighty Hand,
And shelter'd in his Love.

2 Fig-

2 Fig-Trees and Olive-Plants may fail,
And Vines their Fruit deny,
Famine thro' all his Fields prevail,
And Flocks and Herds may die.

3 GOD is the Treasure of his Soul,
A Source of sacred Joy;
Which no Afflictions can controul,
Nor Death itself destroy.

4 LORD, may we feel thy chearing Beams,
And taste thy Saints Repose;
We will not mourn the perish'd Streams,
While such a Fountain flows.

CLXII. *GOD's afflicted Poor trusting in his Name.* Zephaniah iii. 12.

1 PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky,
Who from his lofty Throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such Souls his own.

2 The haughty Sinner He disdains,
Tho' Gems his Temples crown;
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride
His Vengeance hurls him down.

3 On his afflicted pious Poor
He makes his Face to shine;
He fills their Cottages of Clay
With Lustre all divine.

4 Among the meanest of thy Flock
There let my Dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded Roofs,
If absent, LORD, from Thee.

5 Poor

5 Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy ſtrong Name we truſt;
And bleſs the Hand of ſov'reign Love,
Which lifts us from the Duſt.

CLXIII. *GOD comforting and rejoicing over* Zion. Zeph. iii. 16, 17.

1 YES, 'tis the Voice of Love divine!
And O! how ſweet the Accents ſound!
Afflicted *Zion*, riſe and ſhine,
Fair Mourner, proſtrate on the Ground.

2 The mighty GOD, thy glorious King,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave,
Hath ſworn He will Salvation bring,
Tho' Sorrow preſs thee to the Grave.

3 He all a Father's Pleaſure knows
To fold thee in his dear Embrace;
His Heart with ſecret Joy o'erflows,
And chearful Smiles adorn his Face.

4 At length the inward Extacy
In heav'nly Muſic breaks its Way *;
JEHOVAH leads the Harmony,
And Angels teach their Harps the Lay †.

5 Fain would my Lips the Chorus ‖ join,
And tell the liſt'ning World my Joys,
But Condeſcenſion ſo divine
In Silence ſwallows up my Voice.

* See the Marginal Reading. † Song. ‖ Company of Singers.

CLXIV. *Practical Reflections on the State of our Fathers.* Zechariah i. 5-.

1 HOW swift the Torrent rolls,
That bears us to the Sea!
The Tide, that bears our thoughtless Souls
To vast Eternity!

2 Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their Joys and Griefs, and Hopes and Cares,
And Wealth and Honour gone.

3 But Joy or Grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal Thought,
While the poor Remnant of their Dust
Lies in the Grave forgot.

4 There, where the Fathers lie,
Must all the Children dwell;
Nor other Heritage possess,
But such a gloomy Cell.

5 GOD of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on Life's utmost Verge *,
Our Souls to Thee commend.

6 Of all the pious Dead
May we the Footsteps trace,
Till with them in the Land of Light
We dwell before thy Face.

* Edge or Border.

CLXV. Joſhua *the High-Prieſt's Change of Raiment, applied to Chriſtian Privileges.* Zech. iii. 4.

1 ETERNAL King, thy Robes are white
In ſpotleſs Rays of heav'nly Light;
Adoring Angels round are ſeen,
Yet in thy Preſence are not clean.

2 What then are we, the Sons of Earth,
That draw Pollution from our Birth?
Our fleſhly Garments, LORD, how mean!
O'erſpread with hateful Spots of Sin.

3 Hail to that condeſcending Grace,
Which ſhews a Saviour's Righteouſneſs!
Eternal Honours to that Name,
Which covers all our Guilt and Shame!

4 His Blood, an overflowing Sea,
Shall purge our deepeſt Stains away:
Our Souls, renew'd by Grace divine,
Shall in their LORD's Reſemblance ſhine.

5 Yet, while theſe Rags of Fleſh we wear,
Pollution will again appear:
Come, Death, and eate me of the Load;
Come, Death, and bear my Soul to GOD.

6 The King of Heav'n will there beſtow
A richer Robe, than Monarchs know;
Dreſs all his Saints in glit'ring White;
Not *Joſhua's* Mitre ſhone ſo bright.

7 The Grave its Trophies ſhall reſign;
Chriſt will the mould'ring Duſt refine;

And Death, the laſt of Foes, ſhall be
Swallow'd and loſt in Victory.

8 My Faith, on tow'ring Pinions borne,
Anticipates that glorious Morn;
And, with celeſtial Raptures ſtrong,
Gives mortal Lips th' immortal Song.

CLXVI. Joſhua *the High-Prieſt's Zeal and Fidelity rewarded with a Station among the Angels.* Zech. iii. 6, 7.

For the Ordination of a Miniſter.

1 GREAT LORD of Angels, we adore
The Grace, that builds thy Courts below;
And thro' ten thouſand Sons of Light
Stoops to regard what Mortals do.

2 Amidſt the Waſtes of Time and Death
Succeſſive Paſtors Thou doſt raiſe
Thy Charge to keep, thy Houſe to guide,
And form a People for thy Praiſe.

3 The heav'nly Natives with Delight
Hover around the ſacred Place;
Nor ſcorn to learn from mortal Tongues
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

4 At length, diſmiſs'd from feeble Clay,
Thy Servants join th' angelic Band;
With them thro' diſtant Worlds they fly,
With them before thy Preſence ſtand.

5 O glorious Hope! O bleſt Employ!
Sweet Lenitive * of Grief and Care!

* What eaſeth or aſſwageth.

When ſhall we reach thoſe radiant Courts,
And all their Joy and Honour ſhare?

6 Yet while theſe Labours we purſue,
Thus diſtant from thy heav'nly Throne,
Give us a Zeal and Love like theirs,
And half their Heav'n ſhall here be known.

CLXVII. *The compleating of the ſpiritual Temple.* Zech. iv. 7.

1 SING to the LORD above,
Who deigns on Earth to raiſe
A Temple to his Love,
A Monument of Praiſe.
Ye Saints around,
Thro' all its Frame,
The Builder's Name
Harmonious ſound.

2 He form'd the glorious Plan,
And its Foundation laid,
That GOD might dwell with Man,
And Mercy be diſplay'd;
His Son He ſent,
Who, great and good,
Made his own Blood
The ſweet Cement.

3 Beneath his Eye and Care
The Edifice ſhall riſe
Majeſtic ſtrong and fair,
And ſhine above the Skies.

There ſhall He place
The poliſh'd Stone,
Ordain'd to crown
This Work of Grace.

CLXVIII. *The Error of deſpiſing the Day of ſmall Things.* Zech. iv. 10-.

1 " WHat haughty Scorner," ſaith the LORD,
" Shall humble Things deſpiſe,
" When He beholds them with Delight,
" Who reigns beyond the Skies?

2 " I from a *Chaos* dark and wild *
" Made Heav'n's bright Hoſt appear:
" I from the ſmall unnotic'd Seeds
" The loftieſt Cedars rear.

3 " From *Eden*'s Duſt I *Adam* form'd,
" The nobleſt human Frame;
" And in his humble Sons diſplay
" The Honours of my Name.

4 " From Fiſhermen, in Number few,
" In human Arts untaught,
" All the wide Realms my Church can boaſt,
" My potent Hand hath brought.

5 " The pious Poor, by Men deſpis'd,
" In deareſt Bonds are mine;
" Once hardly dreſt in humble Weeds †,
" They now like Angels ſhine."

6 LORD, if ſuch Trophies rais'd from Duſt
Thy ſov'reign Glory be,

* *Geneſis* i. 2, 3. † Garments.

Here

Here in my Heart thy Pow'r may find
Materials fit for Thee.

CLXIX. *Priſoners delivered from the Pit by the Blood of the Covenant.* Zech. ix. 11.

1 YE Pris'ners, who in Bondage lie,
In Darkneſs and the Pit,
Behold the Grace that ſets us free,
And to that Grace ſubmit.

2 The Tidings of Deliv'rance hear,
Confeſs the Cov'nant good,
And bleſs the Ranſom GOD hath found
In our *Emanuel*'s Blood.

3 Juſtice no more aſſerts its Claim
Your forfeit Lives to take;
But ſmiling Mercy quick deſcends
Your heavy Chains to break.

4 We walk at large, and ſing the Hand,
To which we Freedom owe;
And drink thoſe Rivers with Delight,
Which thro' this Deſart flow.

5 He, that hath Liberty beſtow'd,
Will give a Kingdom too;
He, that hath loos'd the Bonds of Death,
The Path of Life will ſhow.

CLXX. *The Fountain of Life.* Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HAIL, Everlaſting Spring!
Celeſtial Fountain, hail!

Thy Streams Salvation bring,
The Waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And ſtill they flow
For all our Woe
A ſov'reign Cure.

2 Bleſt be his wounded Side,
And bleſt his bleeding Heart,
Who all in Anguiſh died
Such Favours to impart.
His ſacred Blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry Sin,
And fit for GOD.

3 To that dear Source of Love
Our Souls this Day would come;
And thither from above,
LORD, call the Nations home;
That *Jew* and *Greek*
With rapt'rous Songs
On all their Tongues
Thy Praiſe may ſpeak.

CLXXI. *GOD's Name profaned, when his Table is treated with Contempt.* Malachi i. 12.

Applied to the Lord's-Supper.

1 MY GOD, and is thy Table ſpread?
And does thy Cup with Love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy Children led,
And let them all its Sweetneſs know.

2 Hail

2 Hail ſacred Feaſt, which *Jeſus* makes!
Rich Banquet of his Fleſh and Blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred Stream, that heav'nly Food!

3 Why are its Dainties all in vain
Before unwilling Hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the Victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the Children's Bread?

4 O let thy Table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful Gueſts;
And may each Soul Salvation ſee,
That here its ſacred Pledges taſtes.

5 Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd;
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,
The Pleaſure, or the Profit end.

6 Revive thy dying Churches, LORD,
And bid our drooping Graces live;
And more that Energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

CLXXII. *GOD's gracious Regard to active Attempts to revive Religion.* Mal. iii. 16, 17.

1 THE LORD on mortal Worms looks down,
From his celeſtial Throne;
And, when the Wicked ſwarm around,
He well diſcerns his own.

2 He ſees the tender Hearts, that mourn
The Scandals of the Times;

And join their Efforts to oppoſe
The wide-prevailing Crimes.

3 Low to the ſocial Band He bows
His ſtill-attentive Ear;
And, while his Angels ſing around,
Delights their Voice to hear.

4 The Chronicles of Heav'n ſhall keep
Their Words in Tranſcript fair;
In the Redeemer's Book of Life
Their Names recorded are.

5 "Yes (ſaith the LORD) the World ſhall know
"Theſe humble Souls are mine:
"Theſe, when my Jewels I produce,
"Shall in full Luſtre ſhine.

6 "When Deluges of fiery Wrath
"My Foes away ſhall bear,
"That Hand, which ſtrikes the Wicked thro',
"Shall all my Children ſpare."

CLXXIII. CHRIST, *the Sun of Righteouſneſs.* Malachi iv. 2.

1 TO Thee, O GOD, we Homage pay,
Source of the Light that rules the Day;
Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,
Reflects thy Rays, and ſpeaks thy Name.

2 In louder Strains we ſing that Grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteouſneſs;
Whoſe nobler Light Salvation brings,
And ſcatters Healing from his Wings.

3 Still

3 Still on our Hearts may *Jesus* shine
With Beams of Light and Love divine;
Quicken'd by him our Souls shall live,
And chear'd by him shall grow and thrive.

4 O may his Glories stand confess'd
From North to South, from East to West:
Successful may his Gospel run
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun.

5 When shall that radiant Scene arise,
When, fix'd on high in purer Skies,
Christ all his Lustre shall display
On all his Saints thro' endless Day?

HYMNS

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

HYMN CLXXIV.

The Ax laid to the Root of unfruitful Trees.
Matthew iii. 10.

1 THE LORD into his Vineyard comes
Our various Fruit to see;
His Eye, more piercing than the Light,
Examines ev'ry Tree.

2 Tremble, ye Sinners, at his Frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding Ax,
Which arms his awful Hand.

3 Close to the Root behold it laid,
To make Destruction sure:
Who can resist the mighty Stroke?
Or who the Fire endure?

4 LORD,

4 LORD, we adore thy ſparing Love,
Thy long-expecting Grace:
Elſe had we low in Ruin fall'n,
And known no more our Place.

5 Succeeding Years thy Patience waits;
Nor let it wait in vain;
But form in us abundant Fruit,
And ſtill this Fruit maintain.

CLXXV. *The Light of good Examples, the moſt effectual Way to glorify GOD.* Matt. v. 16.

1 GREAT Teacher of thy Church, we own
Thy Precepts all divinely wiſe:
O may thy mighty Pow'r be ſhown
To fix them ſtill before our Eyes.

2 Deep on our Hearts thy Law engrave,
And fill our Breaſts with heav'nly Zeal,
That, while we truſt thy Pow'r to ſave,
We may that ſacred Law fulfil.

3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly Grace,
May our Examples brightly ſhine,
And the ſweet Luſtre of thy Face
Reflected beam from each of Thine.

4 Theſe Lineaments *, divinely fair,
Our heav'nly Father ſhall proclaim;
And Men, that view his Image there,
Shall join to glorify his Name.

* Features.

CLXXVI.

CLXXVI. *Providential Bounties ſurveyed and improved.* Matt. v. 45.

1 FATHER of Lights, we ſing thy Name,
Who kindledſt up the Lamp of Day *;
Wide as he ſpreads his golden Flame,
His Beams thy Pow'r and Love diſplay.

2 Fountain of Good, from Thee proceed
The copious Drops of genial † Rain;
Which thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads
Revive the Graſs and ſwell the Grain.

3 Thro' the wide World thy Bounties ſpread;
Yet Millions of our guilty Race,
Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,
Affront thy Law, and ſpurn thy Grace.

4 Not ſo may our forgetful Hearts
O'erlook the Tokens of thy Care;
But, what thy lib'ral Hand imparts,
Still own in Praiſe, ſtill aſk in Pray'r.

5 So ſhall our Suns more grateful ſhine,
And Show'rs in ſweeter Drops ſhall fall,
When all our Hearts and Lives are Thine,
And Thou, our GOD, enjoy'd in all.

6 *Jeſus*, our brighter Sun, ariſe;
In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit ſend;
Earth then ſhall grow a Paradiſe,
And in the heav'nly *Eden* end.

* The Sun. † Making fruitful.

CLXXVII.

CLXXVII. *Secret Prayer.* Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing Eye
Shoots thro' the darkeſt Night;
In deep Retirement Thou art nigh,
With Heart-diſcerning Sight.

2 There ſhall that piercing Eye ſurvey
My duteous Homage paid,
With ev'ry Morning's dawning Ray,
And ev'ry Ev'ning's Shade.

3 O may thy own celeſtial Fire
The Incenſe ſtill inflame;
While my warm Vows to Thee aſpire,
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

4 So ſhall the Viſits of thy Love
My Soul in ſecret bleſs;
So ſhalt Thou deign in Worlds above
Thy Suppliant to confeſs.

CLXXVIII. *Seeking firſt the Kingdom of GOD,* &c. Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true Ambition riſe,
And Ardour fire our Breaſt,
To reign in Worlds above the Skies,
In heav'nly Glories dreſt.

2 Behold JEHOVAH's royal Hand
A radiant Crown diſplay,
Whoſe Gems with vivid Luſtre ſhine,
While Stars and Suns decay.

3 Away,

3 Away, each grov'ling anxious Care,
Beneath a Chriſtian's Thought;
I ſpring to ſeize immortal Joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye Hearts with youthful Vigour warm,
The glorious Prize purſue;
Nor ſhall ye want the Goods of Earth,
While Heav'n is kept in View.

CLXXIX. *Pardon ſpoken by* CHRIST. Matt. ix. 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy Voice,
Pronounce theſe Words of Peace;
And all my warmeſt Pow'rs ſhall join
To celebrate the Grace.

2 With gentle Smiles call me thy Child,
And ſpeak my Sins forgiv'n;
The Accents mild ſhall charm mine Ear
All like the Harps of Heav'n.

3 Chearful, where'er thy Hand ſhall lead,
The darkeſt Path I'll tread;
Chearful I'll quit theſe mortal Shores,
And mingle with the Dead.

4 When dreadful Guilt is done away,
No other Fears we know;
That Hand, which ſcatters Pardons down,
Shall Crowns of Life beſtow.

CLXXX.

CLXXX. *The relapsing* Demoniac. Matt. xii. 43—45.

1 SOv'reign of Heav'n, thine Empire spreads
O'er all the Worlds on high:
And at thy Frown th' infernal Pow'rs
In wild Confusion fly.

2 Like Lightning from his glitt'ring Throne
The great Arch-Traitor fell,
Driv'n with enormous Ruin down
To Infamy and Hell.

3 Permitted now to range at large,
And traverse * Earth and Air,
O'er captive human Souls he reigns,
And boasts his Kingdom there.

4 Yet thence thy Grace can drive him out
With one almighty Word;
O send thy potent Scepter forth,
And reign victorious, LORD.

5 Let wretched Pris'ners be releas'd
The smiling Light to view;
Nor let the vanquish'd Foe return
Their Bondage to renew.

6 May Grace compleat that wond'rous Work,
Which thy own Pow'r begun,
And fill, from *Satan*'s gloomy Realms,
The Kingdom of thy Son.

* Wander thro'.

CLXXXI. *The Faith of the* Syrophœnician *Woman recommended.* Matt. xv. 26, 27.

1 ALL-conqu'ring Faith, how high it roſe,
When Heav'n itſelf might ſeem t' oppoſe!
All-gracious LORD, who didſt appear
Moſt merciful, when moſt ſevere!

2 Thus at thy Feet our Souls would fall,
And loudly thus for Mercy call;
"Thou Son of *David*, Pity ſhew,
"And ſave us from th' infernal Foe."

3 Tho' viler than the Brutes we be,
Our longing Eyes would wait on Thee,
Who doſt to Dogs this Grace afford
To taſte the Crumbs beneath thy Board.

4 But Thou the humble Soul wilt raiſe,
And all its Sorrows turn to Praiſe:
Each ſelf-abaſing broken Heart
Shall with thy Children ſhare a Part.

CLXXXII. *The Church built on a Rock, and ſecured againſt the Gates of Hell.* Matt. xvi. 18.

1 NOW let the Gates of *Zion* ſing,
And challenge all her ſpiteful Foes:
She triumphs in her Saviour-King,
In Him, who from the Dead aroſe.

2 He is the Rock, on whom we reſt,
And firm on that Foundation ſtand;

Divine

Divine Compaſſion fills his Breaſt,
His Word is ſure, and ſtrong his Hand.

3 Hell and its Hoſt may rage in vain;
Vain are their Counſels, and their Pow'r;
Grim Death may marſhal all his Train,
And boaſt the Conqueſt of an Hour.

4 Breathleſs and pale his Servants lie,
And know their former Place no more;
Their Children raiſe his Praiſes high,
And o'er their Fathers Duſt adore.

5 Their Fathers Duſt the LORD ſhall raiſe,
And burſt the Barriers of the Grave;
Parents and Children join his Praiſe,
Who thro' Eternity can ſave.

CLXXXIII. CHRIST's *Transfiguration.* Matt. xvii. 4-.

1 WHEN at this Diſtance, LORD, we trace
The various Glories of thy Face,
What Tranſport pours o'er all our Breaſt,
And charms our Cares and Woes to Reſt!

2 With Thee in the obſcureſt Cell
On ſome bleak Mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous Courts behold,
And ſhare their Grandeur and their Gold.

3 Away, ye Dreams of mortal Joy!
Raptures divine my Thoughts employ:
I ſee the King of Glory ſhine;
I feel his Love, and call him Mine.

4 On

4 *On Tabor* * thus his Servants view'd
His Luſtre, when transform'd he ſtood;
And, bidding earthly Scenes farewel,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleaſant here to dwell."

5 Yet ſtill our elevated Eyes
To nobler Viſions long to riſe;
That grand Aſſembly would we join,
Where all thy Saints around Thee ſhine.

6 That Mount how bright! thoſe Forms how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:
Come, Death, dear Envoy † of my GOD,
And bear me to that bleſt Abode.

* The Mountain on which CHRIST was transfigured.
† Meſſenger or Ambaſſador.

CLXXXIV. *The Grace of* CHRIST *in miniſtring to Men, and dying for them.* Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOUR of Men, and Lord of Love,
How ſweet thy gracious Name!
With Joy that Errand we review,
On which thy Mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic Bands
Stood waiting on the Wing,
Charm'd with the Honour to obey
The Word of ſuch a King;

3 For us mean wretched ſinful Men
Thou laid'ſt that Glory by,
Firſt in our mortal Fleſh to ſerve,
Then in that Fleſh to die.

4 Bought

4 Bought with thy Service and thy Blood,
We doubly, LORD, are Thine;
To Thee our Lives we would devote,
To Thee our Death resign.

5 Blest Man, who in thy Cause consumes
His vig'rous Days with Zeal!
Then with the last slow Ebb of Blood
Is call'd thy Truth to seal!

CLXXXV. CHRIST's *compassionate Readiness to gather Souls.* Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.

1 SEE how the LORD of Mercy spreads
His gentle Hands abroad;
And warns us of the circling Foes,
That thirst to drink our Blood!

2 "Fly to the Shelter of mine Arms,
"And dwell secure from Fear;
"Nor Earth nor Hell shall pluck you thence,
"Or reach, and wound you there."

3 With anxious Heart the Parent-Bird
Thus calls her Offspring round,
When horrid Vultures beat the Air,
And Slaughter stains the Ground.

4 The trembling Brood, by Nature taught,
Fly to the known Retreat;
Beneath her downy Wings are safe,
And find the Shelter sweet.

5 But Men, alas! more thoughtless Men,
Refuse to lend an Ear;

Their

Their only Refuge madly fly,
And rather die, than hear.

6 They ſpurn the Saviour's offer'd Grace,
Till they his Wrath inflame;
Then Deſolation lays them low
In Agony and Shame.

CLXXXVI. *The Abounding of Iniquity, and Coldneſs of Chriſtian Love.* Matt. xxiv. 12.

For a Faſt-Day.

1 ALAS for *Britain*, and her Sons!
What hath ſhe not to fear?
The Sins, that ruin'd *Salem* once,
O how triumphant here!

2 Alas the ſtrong o'erflowing Tide!
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding Symptom joins
In terrible Preſage.

3 Yet who hath Eyes that can diſcern?
Or who an Ear to hear?
Whoſe Heart is trembling for the Ark?
Or for his Country dear?

4 Cold is the Love of Chriſtian Breaſts,
If Chriſtian Breaſts remain;
And dying the laſt Sparks of Zeal,
Or its laſt Efforts vain.

5 Of *Britain*, oft chaſtis'd and ſav'd,
What ſhall the End be found?

Shall

Shall not the Sword, that waves so long,
Inflict the deeper Wound?

6 O stay thine Arm, All-gracious God;
Thy Spirit largely pour;
He can the Streams of Guilt restrain,
And dying Love restore.

CLXXXVII. *The final Sentence, and Happiness of the Righteous.* Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND mine Ear; my Heart rejoice;
While *Jesus* from his Throne,
Begirt with all th' angelic Hosts,
Makes his last Sentence known.

2 When Sinners, cursed from his Face,
To raging Flames are driv'n,
His Voice, with Melody divine,
Thus calls his Saints to Heav'n.

3 "Blest of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the large Reward;
"And rise with Raptures to possess
"The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

4 "Ere Earth's Foundations first were laid,
"This sov'reign Purpose wrought,
"And rear'd those Palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,
"Protected by my Pow'r,
"While Sin and Hell, and Pains and Cares
"Shall vex your Souls no more."

6 Come,

5 Come, dear majeſtic Saviour, come,
This *Jubilee* proclaim,
And teach us Accents fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a Name.

CLXXXVIII. *Relieving* CHRIST *in His poor Saints.* Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy Grace!
Thy Bounties how compleat!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs Sum?
How pay the mighty Debt?

2 High on a Throne of radiant Light
Doſt Thou exalted ſhine;
What can my Poverty beſtow,
When all the Worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou haſt Brethren here below,
The Partners of thy Grace,
And wilt confeſs their humble Names
Before thy Father's Face.

4 In them Thou may'ſt be cloath'd, and fed,
And viſited, and chear'd;
And in their Accents of Diſtreſs
My Saviour's Voice is heard.

5 Thy Face with Rev'rence and with Love
I in thy Poor would ſee;
O rather let me beg my Bread,
Than hold it back from Thee.

CLXXXIX. *The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.* Matt. xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the Dead arise?
And not a single Soul escape
His all-discerning Eyes?

2 And from his righteous Lips
Shall such a Sentence sound?
And thro' the Millions of the Damn'd
Spread black Despair around?

3 "Depart from me, Accurs'd,
"To everlasting Flame,
"For Rebel-Angels first prepar'd,
"Where Mercy never came."

4 How will my Heart endure
The Terrors of that Day,
When Earth and Heav'n before his Face
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that Trumpet shakes
The Mansions of the Dead,
Hark from the Gospel's gentle Voice
What joyful Tidings spread!

6 Ye Sinners, seek his Grace,
Whose Wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the Shelter of his Cross,
And find Salvation there.

7 So shall that Curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,

And the laſt awful Day ſhall pour
His Bleſſings on your Head.

CXC. CHRIST's *Submiſſion to his Father's Will.* Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 "FATHER divine," (the Saviour cried,
While Horrors preſs'd on ev'ry Side,
And proſtrate on the Ground he lay)
"Remove this bitter Cup away.

2 "But if theſe Pangs muſt ſtill be borne,
"Or helpleſs Man be left forlorn,
"I bow my Soul before thy Throne,
"And ſay, *Thy Will, not mine be done.*"

3 Thus our ſubmiſſive Souls would bow,
And, taught by *Jeſus*, lie as low;
Our Hearts, and not our Lips alone,
Would ſay, *Thy Will, not ours be done.*

4 Then, tho' like him in Duſt we lie,
We'll view the bliſsful Moment nigh,
Which, from our Portion in his Pains,
Calls to the Joy in which He reigns.

CXCI. *Reflections on the Diſciples forſaking* CHRIST, *when he was betrayed.* Matt. xxvi. -56.

1 BEHOLD the Son of GOD's Delight;
His Smiles how ſweet! His Rays how bright!
A Friend of Tenderneſs unknown:
To the laſt Breath He lov'd his own.

2 But lo, his Friends, his Brethren dear
Fled, when they saw his Danger near;
And not one gen'rous Heart remains
To shield his Life, or share his Pains.

3 So frail is Man; so frail are we,
When unsupported, LORD, by Thee;
Thus shrinks our Faith; thus droops our Love,
And thus our Vows abortive prove.

4 Blest *Jesus*, thy own Pow'r impart,
And bind in Cords of Love my Heart:
The Fugitive no more shall flee,
But keep thro' Death its Hold on Thee.

CXCII. CHRIST's *Complaint of his Father's forsaking him on the Cross.* Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 WHAT doleful Accents do I hear?
What piercing Cry invades mine Ear?
Loaded with Shame, and bath'd in Blood,
Who calls to a forsaking GOD?

2 Amazing and Heart-rending Sight!
'Tis his own Darling and Delight,
Who once in his Embraces lay,
Dearer than all the Sons of Day!

3 Yet when this *Jesus* died for me,
Distended on the cursed Tree,
GOD stood afar, nor would afford
One pitying Look, one chearing Word,

4 What then, my Soul, must thou have felt,
If press'd with all thy Load of Guilt,

Beneath whose Weight the Saviour cries,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies?

5 But in that dark tremendous Hour
Unconquer'd Faith exerts its Pow'r;
My GOD, my Father, cried aloud,
And Heav'n th' endearing Name avow'd.

6 From Death, from Earth, He rais'd his Son,
And gave him for his Cross a Throne;
Triumphant there the Suff'rer reigns,
And reaps the Harvest of his Pains.

7 Eternal Raptures there are known;
Nor flows the Joy on Him alone,
But for his Sake the LORD hath swore,
To leave the meanest Saint no more.

CXCIII. *The same.* Matt. xxvii. 46.

1 MY Saviour, didst Thou die for me?
For me send forth that bitter Cry?
With bleeding Heart thy Wounds I see,
Prepar'd at thy Command to die.

2 By all thine Anguish on the Cross,
When GOD thy Father stood afar,
Rich in thy temporary Loss,
Thy Church is brought for ever near.

3 From far the Beamings of thy Throne
Reviv'd my sympathizing Heart;
Thy Love made Sinners Griefs thy own,
Mine in thy Joys must take its Part.

4 'Midst all the Splendors of thy Reign,
Think on the Sorrows Thou hast felt;

Nor let a Mourner weep in vain,
For whom thy precious Blood was ſpilt.

5 While thro' Earth's darkeſt Gloom I tread,
Dart to my Soul a chearing Ray;
And on the Confines of the Dead,
Thy Pow'r, as Lord of Life, diſplay.

CXCIV. *The Angel's Reply to the Women, that ſought* CHRIST. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble Souls, that ſeek the LORD,
Chaſe all your Fears away:
And bow with Pleaſure down to ſee
The Place where *Jeſus* lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such Wonders Love can do;
Thus cold in Death that Boſom lay,
Which throb'd, and bled for you.

3 A Moment give a Looſe to Grief;
Let grateful Sorrows riſe,
And waſh the bloody Stains away
With Torrents from your Eyes.

4 Then raiſe your Eyes, and tune your Songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the Bolts and Bars of Death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic Bands He rears
His once diſhonour'd Head;
And thro' unnumber'd Years He reigns,
Who dwelt among the Dead.

6 With Joy like his ſhall ev'ry Saint
His empty Tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe with his aſcending Lord
Thro' all his ſhining Way.

CXCV. CHRIST *ever preſent with his Miniſters and Churches.* Matt. xxviii. -20.

1 WIDE o'er all Worlds the Saviour reigns;
Unmov'd his Pow'r and Love remains;
And on his Arm his Church ſhall reſt.
Fair *Zion*, joyful in her King,
Thro' ev'ry changing Age ſhall ſing,
With his perpetual Preſence bleſt.

2 Tyrannic Death, in vain thy Rage,
Thy Triumphs new in ev'ry Age,
O'er the firſt Heroes of his Hoſt;
Conſcious of more than mortal Aid,
Our bleeding Hearts are not diſmay'd,
But an immortal Leader boaſt.

3 Tho' buried deep in Duſt they lie,
Whoſe tuneful Voices rais'd on high
Led the ſweet Anthems to his Name;
The Children learn the Fathers Song,
And unform'd Tongues ſhall ſtill prolong
The ever-preſent Saviour's Fame.

4 The preſent Saviour, He ſhall give
Millions of future Saints to live,
And croud the Temples of his Grace:

The

The preſent Saviour, lo, He comes
To call whole Legions from their Tombs,
And teach their Duſt ſublimer Praiſe.

CXCVI. *Departed Saints aſleep.* Mark v. 39.

1 "WHY flow theſe Torrents of Diſtreſs?"
(The gentle Saviour cries)
"Why are my ſleeping Saints ſurvey'd
"With unbelieving Eyes?

2 "Death's feeble Arm ſhall never boaſt,
"A Friend of *Chriſt* is ſlain;
"Nor o'er their meaner Part in Duſt
"A laſting Pow'r retain.

3 "I come, on Wings of Love I come,
"The Slumb'rers to awake;
"My Voice ſhall reach the deepeſt Tomb,
"And all its Bonds ſhall break.

4 "Touch'd by my Hand in Smiles they riſe;
"They riſe to ſleep no more;
"But rob'd with Light, and crown'd with Joy
"To endleſs Day they ſoar."

5 *Jeſus*, our Faith receives thy Word;
And, tho' fond Nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,
And emulate their Sleep.

6 Our willing Souls thy Summons wait
With them to reſt and praiſe;
So let thy much-lov'd Preſence chear
Theſe ſeparating Days.

CXCVII. *The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.* Mark ix. 24.

1 JESUS, our Souls delightful Choice,
In Thee believing we rejoice;
Yet ſtill our Joy is mix'd with Grief,
While Faith contends with Unbelief.

2 Thy Promiſes our Hearts revive,
And keep our fainting Hopes alive;
But Guilt, and Fears, and Sorrows riſe,
And hide the Promiſe from our Eyes.

3 O let not Sin and *Satan* boaſt,
While Saints lie mourning in the Duſt;
Nor ſee that Faith to Ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious Hand hath wrought.

4 Do Thou the dying Spark inflame;
Reveal the Glories of thy Name;
And put all anxious Doubts to Flight,
As Shades diſpers'd by op'ning Light.

CXCVIII. CHRIST'S *condeſcending Regard to little Children.* Mark x. 14.

1 SEE *Iſrael*'s gentle Shepherd ſtand
With all-engaging Charms;
Hark how he calls the tender Lambs,
And folds them in his Arms!

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)
"Nor ſcorn their humble Name;
"For 'twas to bleſs ſuch Souls as theſe,
"The Lord of Angels came."

3 We

3 We bring them, LORD, in thankful Hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful, that we ourſelves are Thine,
Thine let our Offspring be.

4 Ye little Flock, with Pleaſure hear:
Ye Children, ſeek his Face;
And fly with Tranſport to receive
The Bleſſings of his Grace.

5 If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy Guardian-Care we truſt:
That Care ſhall heal our bleeding Hearts,
If weeping o'er their Duſt.

CXCIX. *Chriſtian Watchfulneſs.* Mark xiii. 37

1 AWAKE, my drowſy Soul, awake,
And view the threat'ning Scene:
Legions of Foes encamp around,
And Treach'ry lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal Life alone
Theſe Enemies aſſail;
All thine eternal Hopes are loſt,
If their Attempts prevail.

3 Now to the Work of GOD awake;
Behold thy Maſter near;
The various arduous Taſk purſue
With Vigour and with Fear.

4 The awful Regiſter goes on,
Th' Account will ſurely come,
And op'ning Day, or cloſing Night
May bear me to my Doom.

5 Tremendous Thought! How deep it ſtrikes!
Yet like a Dream it flies,
Till GOD's own Voice the Slumbers chaſe
From theſe deluded Eyes.

CC. *The Nativity of* CHRIST. Luke ii. 10—12.

1 HAIL, Progeny * divine!
Hail, Virgin's wond'rous Son!
Who, for that humble Shrine,
Didſt quit th' Almighty's Throne:
The Infant-Lord
Our Voices ſing,
And be the King
Of Grace ador'd.

2 Ye Princes, diſappear,
And boaſt your Crowns no more;
Lay down your Scepters here,
And in the Duſt adore:
Where *Jeſus* dwells,
The Manger bare
In Luſtre far
Your Pomp excels.

3 With *Bethlem*'s Shepherds mild
The Angels bow their Head;
And round the ſacred Child
Their Guardian-Wings they ſpread;
They knew, that where
Their Sov'reign lies
In low Diſguiſe,
Heav'n's Court is there.

* Offspring.

4 Thither,

4 Thither, my Soul, repair,
And early Homage pay
To thy Redeemer fair,
As on his natal * Day:
I kiss thy Feet;
And, Lord, would be
A Child like Thee,
Whom thus I greet.

* Birth-Day.

CCI. *The Angels Song at* CHRIST's *Birth.* Luke ii. 13, 14.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful Notes,
And join th' angelic Throng;
For Angels no such Love have known
T' awake a chearful Song.

2 Good-Will to sinful Men is shewn,
And Peace on Earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With Messages from Heav'n.

3 Justice and Grace with sweet Accord
His rising Beams adorn;
Let Heav'n and Earth in Consort join,
Now such a Child is born.

4 Glory to GOD in highest Strains
In highest Worlds be paid;
His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,
And by our Lives display'd.

5 When shall we reach those blissful Realms,
Where *Christ* exalted reigns,

And learn of the celeſtial Choir
Their own immortal Strains?

CCII. Simeon's *Song and Declaration to the Virgin* Mary. Luke ii. 30—35.

1 OUR Eyes Salvation ſee,
Prepar'd by Grace divine:
How wide its Splendors are diffus'd!
How bright its Glories ſhine!

2 Thro' diſtant *Heathen* Lands
It darts a vivid * Ray,
And to the Realms, where *Satan* reign'd,
Imparts celeſtial Day.

3 The *Iſrael* of the LORD
In *Chriſt* their Glory boaſt,
And on the Honours of his Name
Their whole Salvation truſt.

4 By Him ſhall Millions riſe
To an immortal Crown,
And Millions, that his Grace deſpiſe,
Shall ſink in Ruin down.

5 Our Reck'ning is begun,
And on th' Account will go,
Till clos'd in everlaſting Joy,
Or never-ending Woe.

* Lively.

CCIII. CHRIST's *Meſſage*. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK the glad Sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!

Let

Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its ſacred Fire;
Wiſdom and Might, and Zeal and Love
His holy Breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the Pris'ners to releaſe,
In *Satan*'s Bondage held;
The Gates of Braſs before him burſt,
The Iron Fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickeſt Films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray,
And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind
To pour celeſtial Day.

5 He comes the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure,
And with the Treaſures of his Grace
T' inrich the humble Poor.

6 His Silver Trumpets publiſh loud
The *Jub'lee* of the LORD.*;
Our Debts are all remitted now,
Our Heritage reſtor'd.

7 Our glad *Hoſannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy Welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heav'n's eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

* The acceptable Year of the Lord, i. e. the Year of Jubilee. *Levit.* xxv.

CCIV. *The recovered* Dæmoniac, *an Emblem of a converted Sinner.* Luke viii. 35.

1 JESUS, we own thy saving Pow'r,
And thy victorious Hand;
Hell's Legions tremble at thy Feet,
And fly at thy Command.

2 O'er Souls, by Passions Uproar fill'd
With Anarchy * unknown,
The nobler Pow'rs, restor'd by Thee,
Ascend their peaceful Throne.

3 No more they rend their Cloathing off;
No more their Wounds repeat;
But gentle and compos'd they wait
Attentive at thy Feet.

4 O'er Thousands more, where *Satan* rules,
May we such Triumphs see;
And be their rescu'd Souls and ours
Devoted, LORD, to Thee.

* Confusion and Disorder.

CCV. *The good* Samaritan. Luke x. 30—37.

1 FATHER of Mercies, send thy Grace
All-pow'rful from above,
To form in our obedient Souls
The Image of thy Love.

2 O may our sympathizing Breasts
That gen'rous Pleasure know

Kindly

Kindly to ſhare in others Joy,
And weep for others Woe!

3 When the moſt helpleſs Sons of Grief
In low Diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our Hearts their Pains to feel,
And ſwift our Hands to aid.

4 So *Jeſus* look'd on dying Men,
When thron'd above the Skies,
And, 'midſt th' Embraces of his GOD,
He felt Compaſſion riſe.

5 On Wings of Love the Saviour flew
To raiſe us from the Ground,
And made the richeſt of his Blood
A Balm for ev'ry Wound.

CCVI. *The Care of the Soul, the one Thing needful.* Luke x. 42.

1 WHY will ye laviſh out your Years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling Cares?
While in this various Range of Thought
The one Thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chaſe the fleeting Wind,
And famiſh an immortal Mind;
While Angels with Regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn a heav'nly Crown?

3 Th' Eternal GOD calls from above,
And *Jeſus* pleads his bleeding Love;
Awaken'd Conſcience gives you Pain;
And ſhall they join their Pleas in vain?

4 Not

4 Not ſo your dying Eyes ſhall view
Thoſe Objects, which ye now purſue;
Not ſo ſhall Heav'n and Hell appear,
When the deciſive Hour is near.

5 Almighty GOD, thy Pow'r impart
To fix Convictions on the Heart;
Thy Pow'r unveils the blindeſt Eyes,
And makes the haughtieſt Scorner wiſe.

CCVII. Mary's *Choice of the better Part.* Luke x. 38-42.

1 BESET with Snares on ev'ry Hand,
In Life's uncertain Path I ſtand:
Saviour divine, diffuſe thy Light
To guide my doubtful Footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous Heart
To fix on *Mary*'s better Part;
To ſcorn the Trifles of a Day
For Joys, that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildeſt Storms ariſe:
Let Tempeſts mingle Earth and Skies;
No fatal Shipwreck ſhall I fear,
But all my Treaſures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my *Jeſus*, ſtill be nigh,
Chearful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand World in Thee.

CCVIII. CHRIST's *little Flock comforted with the Views of a Kingdom.* Luke xii. 32.

1 YE little Flock, whom *Jesus* feeds,
Dismiss your anxious Cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,
And smile away your Fears.

2 Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,
His Staff is your Defence:
'Midst Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice
Calls Streams and Pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a Kingdom give,
And give it with Delight;
His feebleſt Child his Love shall call
To triumph in his Sight.

4 Ten thousand Praises, LORD, we bring
For sure Supports like these:
And o'er the pious Dead we sing
Thy living Promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's Name;
Nor shall that Stroke disturb the Song,
Which breaks this mortal Frame.

CCIX. *Providing Bags that wax not old,* &c. Luke xii. 33.

1 THESE mortal Joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying Flow'r reclines its Head,
The Beauty of a Day!

2 The

2 The Bags are rent, the Treaſures loſt,
We fondly call'd our own:
Scarce could we the Poſſeſſion boaſt,
And ſtrait we found it gone.

3 But there are Joys that cannot die,
Which GOD laid up in Store;
Treaſure beyond the changing Sky,
Brighter than golden Ore.

4 To that my riſing Heart aſpires,
Secure to find its Reſt,
And glories in ſuch wide Deſires
Of all their Wiſh poſſeſs'd.

5 The Seeds, which Piety and Love
Have ſcatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile Fields above
To ample Harveſts grow.

6 The Mite my willing Hands can give
At *Jeſus'* Feet I lay;
Grace ſhall the humble Gift receive,
And Heav'n at large repay.

CCX. *The active Chriſtian.* Luke xii. 35—38.

1 YE Servants of the LORD,
Each in his Office wait,
Obſervant of his heav'nly Word,
And watchful at his Gate.

2 Let all your Lamps be bright,
And trim the golden Flame;
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,
For awful is his Name.

3 Watch,

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's Command;
And while we ſpeak, He's near:
Mark the firſt Signal of his Hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy Servant he
In ſuch a Poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with Rapture ſee,
And be with Honour crown'd.

5 *Chriſt* ſhall the Banquet ſpread
With his own royal Hand,
And raiſe that fav'rite Servant's Head
Amidſt th' angelic Band.

CCXI. *Room at the Goſpel-Feaſt.* Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of Heav'n his Table ſpreads,
And Dainties crown the Board;
Not Paradiſe with all its Joys
Could ſuch Delight afford.

2 Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
And endleſs Life are giv'n,
And the rich Blood, that *Jeſus* ſhed
To raiſe the Soul to Heav'n.

3 Ye hungry Poor, that long have ſtray'd
In Sin's dark Mazes, come:
Come from the Hedges and Highways,
And Grace ſhall find you Room.

4 Millions of Souls in Glory now
Were fed and feaſted here;
And Millions more, ſtill on the Way,
Around the Board appear.

5 Yet

5 Yet is his Houſe and Heart ſo large,
That Millions more may come;
Nor could the wide aſſembling World
O'er-fill the ſpacious Room.

6 All Things are ready; come away,
Nor weak Excuſes frame;
Croud to your Places at the Feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's Name.

CCXII. *The preſent and future State of the Saint and Sinner compared.* Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what Confuſion Earth appears!
GOD's deareſt Children bath'd in Tears;
While they, who Heav'n itſelf deride,
Riot in Luxury and Pride.

2 But patient let my Soul attend,
And, ere I cenſure, view the End:
That End, how diff'rent, who can tell?
The wide Extremes of Heav'n and Hell.

3 See the red Flames around him twine,
Who did in Gold and Purple ſhine!
Nor can his Tongue one Drop obtain
T' allay the Scorching of his Pain.

4 While round the Saint, ſo poor below,
Full Rivers of Salvation flow;
On *Abram*'s Breaſt he leans his Head,
And banquets on celeſtial Bread.

5 *Jeſus*, my Saviour, let me ſhare
The meaneſt of thy Servants Fare;

May

May I at last approach to taste
The Blessings of thy Marriage-Feast.

CCXIII. *Rebels against* CHRIST *executed.* Luke xix. 27.

1 HE comes; the royal Conqu'ror comes;
His Legions fill the Sky;
Angelic Trumpets rend the Tombs,
And loud proclaim him nigh.

2 Ye Rebel Hosts, how vain your Rage
Against this sov'reign Lord?
What Madness bears you on t' engage
The Terrors of his Sword?

3 "Bring forth (he cries) those Sons of Pride,
"That scorn'd my gentle Sway,
"To prove the Arm they once defy'd
"Omnipotent to slay."

4 Tremendous Scene of Wrath divine!
How wide the Vengeance spreads!
His pointed Darts of Light'ning shine
Round their defenceless Heads.

5 Now let the Rebels seek that Face,
From which they cannot flee?
And thou, my Soul, adore the Grace,
That sweetly conquer'd thee.

CCXIV. *The Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls.* Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 WHAT venerable Sight appears?
The Son of GOD dissolv'd in Tears!

Trace,

Trace, O my Soul, with ſad Surprize,
The Sorrows of a Saviour's Eyes.

2 For whom, bleſt *Jeſus*, we would know,
Doth ſuch a ſacred Torrent flow?
What Brother, or what Friend of Thine,
Is grac'd and mourn'd with Drops divine?

3 Nor Brother there, nor Friend I ſee,
But Sons of Pride and Cruelty;
Who like rapacious Tigers ſtood
Inſatiate panting for thy Blood.

4 Dear Lord, and did thy guſhing Eyes
Thus ſtream o'er dying Enemies?
And can thy Tenderneſs forget
The Sinner humbled at thy Feet?

5 With deep Remorſe our Bowels move,
That we have wrong'd ſuch matchleſs Love;
Thy gentle Pity, Lord, diſplay,
And ſmile theſe trembling Fears away.

6 Give us to ſhine before thy Face,
Eternal Trophies of thy Grace;
Where Songs of Praiſe thy Saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's Joy.

CCXV. *Departed Saints living to GOD.* Luke xx. 38.

1 THrice happy State, where Saints ſhall live
Around their Father's Throne,
In ev'ry Joy, that Heav'n can give,
And live to GOD alone!

2 Un-

2 Unnumber'd Bands of Kindred Minds,
That dwelt in feeble Clay,
Us and our Woes have left behind
To reign in endleſs Day.

3 Immortal Vigour now they breathe,
And all the Air is Peace;
They chide our Tears, that mourn the Death,
Which brought their Souls Releaſe.

4 Thus ſhall the Grace of *Chriſt* prevail,
Till all his Choſen meet;
And not the meaneſt Servant fail
His Houſhold to compleat.

5 To that bleſt Goal * with ardent Haſte
Our active Souls would tend;
Nor feel their Sorrows, as they paſs'd
To ſuch a bliſsful End.

* The End of a Race, where the Prize was hung.

CCXVI. CHRIST's *Admonition to, and Care of* Peter *under approaching Trials.* Luke xxii. 31, 32.

1 HOW keen the Tempter's Malice is!
How artful, and how great!
Tho' not one Grain ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Yet will he ſift the Wheat.

2 But GOD can all his Pow'r controul,
And gather in his Chain;
And, where he ſeems to triumph moſt,
The captive Soul regain.

3 There

3 There is a Shepherd kind and ſtrong,
Still watchful for his Sheep;
Nor ſhall th' infernal Lion rend,
Whom he vouchſafes to keep.

4 Bleſt *Jeſus*, intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
O raiſe us, when we proſtrate lie,
And Comfort loſt reſtore.

5 Thy ſecret Energy impart,
That Faith may never fail;
But, 'midſt whole Show'rs of fiery Darts,
That temper'd Shield prevail.

6 Secur'd ourſelves by Grace divine,
We'll guard our Brethren too;
And, taught their Frailty by our own,
Our Care of them renew.

CCXVII. CHRIST's *Prayer for his Enemies.* Luke xxiii. 34.

1 ALOUD I ſing the wond'rous Grace,
Chriſt to his Murd'rers bare;
Which made the tort'ring Croſs its Throne,
And hung its Trophies there.

2 *Father*, *forgive*, his Mercy cried
With his expiring Breath,
And drew eternal Bleſſings down
On thoſe, who wrought his Death.

3 Then may I hope for Pardon too,
Tho' I have pierc'd the Lord;

Bleſt

Bleſt *Jeſus*, in my Favour ſpeak
That all-prevailing Word.

4 I knew not what my Madneſs did,
While I remain'd thy Foe:
Soon as I ſaw the Wounds were Thine,
My Tears began to flow.

5 Melted by Goodneſs ſo divine,
I would its Footſteps trace;
And, while beneath thy Croſs I ſtand,
My fierceſt Foes embrace.

CCXVIII. *The Reſurrection of* CHRIST.
Luke xxiv. 34.

1 YES, the Redeemer roſe;
The Saviour left the Dead;
And o'er our helliſh Foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring Head:
In wild Diſmay
The Guards around
Fell to the Ground,
And ſunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic Bands
In full Aſſembly meet,
To wait his high Commands,
And worſhip at his Feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To ſuch a Tomb.

3 Then back to Heav'n they fly,
And the glad Tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What Music fills the Air!
Their Anthems say,
" *Jesus* who bled
" Hath left the Dead;
" He rose to-day."

4 Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,
Redeem'd by him from Hell;
And send the Echo round
The Globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry,
" *Jesus* who bled
" Hath left the Dead
" No more to die."

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy Blood!
Wide be thy Name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning GOD!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign,
And Empires gain
Beyond the Skies.

CCXIX. *The Gospel first preached at* Jerusalem. Luke xxiv. -47.

1 " GO (saith the Lord) proclaim my Grace
" To all the Sons of *Adam*'s Race,
" Pardon for ev'ry Crimson Sin,
" And at *Jerusalem* begin.

2 " There, where my Blood, not fully dry,
" Stands warm upon Mount *Calvary*;
" That Blood ſhall purge away their Guilt,
" By whom ſo lately it was ſpilt.

3 " Now let the daring Rebels turn,
" And o'er their bleeding Sov'reign mourn;
" Their bleeding Sov'reign ſhall forgive,
" And bid the Rebels look and live."

4 Is this thy Voice, All-gracious Lord?
And did the Rebels hear thy Word?
And did they fall beneath thy Feet,
And on their Knees Forgiveneſs meet?

5 Then may I hope for Mercy too;
Such Love can my hard Heart ſubdue,
And give this guilty Soul a Place
Among theſe Captives of thy Grace.

6 Here be it daily mine Employ
To bathe thy Wounds with Tears of Joy,
Till 'midſt the new *Jeruſalem*
In one full Choir we ſing thy Name.

CCXX. *GOD's Love to the World in ſending* CHRIST *for its Redemption.* John iii. 16.

1 SING to the LORD a new melodious Song:
Aſſiſt the Choir, ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue:
Wide as the World his ſov'reign Mercy reigns;
Wide as the World reſound the rapt'rous Strains.
Ye Angels, join the joyful Acclamation,
And ſing the Love, that brings to Men Salvation.

2 His gracious Eye beheld in full Survey
Where *Adam*'s Race in mingled Ruin lay:
No human Aid the Danger could avert:
No Angel's Hand could ſoothe the raging Smart:
In his own Breaſt divine Compaſſion riſes,
And the grand Scheme the Court of Heav'n ſurpriſes.

3 GOD's only Son with peerleſs * Glories bright,
His Father's faireſt Image and Delight,
Juſtice and Grace the Victim have decreed,
To wear our Fleſh, and in that Fleſh to bleed.
Proſtrate in Duſt, ye Sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your Hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wond'rous Work is done; the Cov'nant ſtood,
And *Jeſus* expiates human Guilt with Blood;
Nail'd to the Tree He bows his ſacred Head;
A mangled Corpſe He ſojourns with the Dead;
Riſing, the Goſpel ſends thro' ev'ry Nation;
Sinners believe, and gain compleat Salvation.

5 Father of Grace, accept our humble Praiſe;
O let it run thro' everlaſting Days!
And Thou, Bleſt Saviour, ſpotleſs Lamb of GOD,
Accept the Souls dear-ranſom'd with thy Blood;
And to thoſe Songs, form all our feeble Voices,
In which the Choir round thy bright Throne rejoices.

* Unequalled.

CCXXI. *The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.* John iv. 10.

1 BLEST *Jeſus*, Source of Grace divine,
What Soul-refreſhing Streams are Thine!

O bring these healing Waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No Traveller thro' desert Lands,
'Midst scorching Suns, and burning Sands,
More eager longs for cooling Rain,
Or pants the Current to obtain.

3 Our longing Souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring;
To a redundant River flow,
And chear this thirsty Land below.

4 May this blest Torrent near my Side
Thro' all the Desert gently glide;
Then in *Emanuel*'s Land above
Spread to a Sea of Joy and Love.

CCXXII. *The Christian's secret Feast.* John iv. 32.

1 WE praise the LORD for heav'nly Bread,
With which immortal Souls are fed:
We praise Thee for that heav'nly Feast,
Which *Jesus* with Delight could taste.

2 He, while He sojourn'd here below,
Had Meat, which Strangers could not know;
That Meat He to his People gives,
And he that tastes the Banquet lives.

3 So let me live, sustain'd by Grace,
Regal'd with Fruits of Righteousness:
Enter my Heart, All-gracious LORD,
And sup with me, and deck thy Board.

4 Devotion, Faith, and zealous Love,
And Hope, that bears the Soul above,
Be these my Dainties, till I rise,
And taste the Joys of Paradise.

CCXXIII. *The Paralytic at* Bethesda. John v. 6.

1 BEHOLD the great Physician stands,
Whose Skill is ever sure;
And loud He calls to dying Men,
And free He offers Cure.

2 And will ye hear his gracious Voice,
While sore-diseas'd ye lie?
Or will ye all his Grace despise,
And trifle till ye die?

3 Blest *Jesus*, speak the healing Word,
And inward Vigour give;
Then, rais'd by Energy divine,
Shall helpless Mortals live.

4 With chearful Pace our trembling Feet
In thy blest Paths shall run,
Till *Zion*'s healthful Hill they gain,
Where no Complaint is known.

CCXXIV. *GOD's Purposes effectual, and* CHRIST's *Invitations sincere.* John vi. 37.

1 IS there a Sight in Earth or Heav'n
Can such Delight impart,
As *Jesus*' wide-extended Arms
And softly-melting Heart?

2 "All

2 " All that my heav'nly Father gives
" Shall come (the Saviour cries)
" And ev'ry weakeſt Soul, that comes,
" Find Favour in mine Eyes.

3 " I'll not reject him with Diſdain,
" Nor hurl him down to Hell;
" But, folded in my kind Embrace,
" He ſafe and bleſt ſhall dwell."

4 Hearken, ye dying Sinners all;
All haſten, while ye hear;
For Crouds of wretched Souls at once
May find their Refuge there.

5 I hear thy Voice, and I obey;
Low at thy Feet I fall;
Nor ſhall the Tempter's Voice prevail
Againſt the Saviour's Call.

CCXXV. CHRIST's *Invitation to thirſty Souls.* John vii. 37.

1 THE Lord of Life exalted ſtands,
Aloud He cries, and ſpreads his Hands:
He calls ten thouſand Sinners round,
And ſends a Voice from ev'ry Wound.

2 " Attend, ye thirſty Souls, draw near,
" And ſatiate all your Wiſhes here:
" Behold the living Fountain flows
" In Streams as various as your Woes.

3 " An ample Pardon here I give,
" And bid the ſentenc'd Rebel live,

" Shew him my Father's ſmiling Face,
" And lodge him in his dear Embrace.

4 " I purge from Sin's deteſted Stain,
" And make the Crimſon white again,
" Lead to celeſtial Joys refin'd,
" And laſting as the deathleſs Mind.

5 " Muſt I anew my Pity prove?
" Witneſs the Words of melting Love,
" The guſhing Tear, the lab'ring Breath,
" And all theſe Scars of bleeding Death."

6 Bleſt Saviour, I can doubt no more;
I hear, and wonder, and adore:
Panting I ſeek that Fountain-Head,
Whence Waters ſo divine proceed.

7 Clear Spring of Life, flow on, and roll
With growing Swell from Pole to Pole,
Till Flow'rs and Fruits of Paradiſe
Round all the winding Current riſe.

8 Still near thy Stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly Ground;
Chear with thy Wave Death's gloomy Shade,
Then thro' the Fields of *Canaan* ſpread.

CCXXVI. *True Liberty given by* CHRIST. John viii. 36.

1 HARK! for 'tis GOD's own Son that calls
To Life and Liberty;
Tranſported fall before his Feet,
Who makes the Pris'ners free.

2 The

2 The curſed Bonds of Sin He breaks,
And breaks old *Satan*'s Chain:
Smiling He deals thoſe Pardons round,
Which free from endleſs Pain.

3 Into the captive Heart He pours
His Spirit from on high;
We loſe the Terrors of the Slave,
And *Abba*, Father, cry.

4 Shake off your Bonds, and ſing his Grace;
The Sinner's Friend proclaim;
And call on all around to ſeek
True Freedom by his Name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's Houſe above;
There ſhall you wear immortal Crowns,
And ſing redeeming Love.

CCXXVII. *The ſame.* John viii. 36.

1 AND ſhall we ſtill be Slaves,
And in our Fetters lie,
When ſummon'd by a Voice divine
T' aſſert our Liberty?

2 Did the great Saviour bleed
Our Freedom to obtain,
That we ſhould trample on his Blood,
And glory in our Chain?

3 Alas, the ſordid Mind!
How all its Pow'rs are broke!
Proud of a Tyrant's haughty Sway,
And practis'd to the Yoke!

4 Divine Redeemer, hear,
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r impart,
And let thy gen'rous Spirit wake
True Ardour in our Heart.

5 Then ſhall the Sons of Death,
That in the Dungeon lie,
Spring to the Throne of pard'ning Grace,
And *Abba*, Father, cry.

CCXXVIII. CHRIST *the Door.* John x. 9.

1 AWAKE, our Souls, and bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a Door of Hope
In *Achor*'s gloomy Vale *.

2 Behold the Portal wide diſplay'd,
The Buildings ſtrong and fair;
Within are Paſtures freſh and green,
And living Streams are there.

3 Enter, my Soul, with chearful Häſte,
For *Jeſus* is the Door;
Nor fear the Serpent's wily Arts,
Nor fear the Lion's Roar.

4 O may thy Grace the Nations lead,
And *Jews* and *Gentiles* come,
All trav'ling thro' one beauteous Gate
To one eternal Home.

* *Hoſea* ii, 15.

CCXXIX.

CCXXIX. *Abundant Life by* CHRIST *our Shepherd.* John x. -10.

1 PRAISE to our Shepherd's gracious Name,
Who on so kind an Errand came;
Came, that by him his Flock might live,
And more abundant Life receive.

2 Hail, great *Emanuel* from above,
High seated on thy Throne of Love!
O pour the vital Torrent down,
Thy People's Joy, their Lord's Renown.

3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry;
Scarce raise to Thee our languid Eye;
Kind Saviour, let our dying State
Compassion in thy Heart create.

4 The Shepherd's Blood the Sheep must heal;
O may we all its Influence feel;
Till inward deep Experience shew,
Christ can begin a Heav'n below.

CCXXX. CHRIST's *Sheep described.* John x. 27.

1 THY Flock, with what a tender Care,
Blest *Jesus*, dost Thou keep?
Fain would my weak, my wand'ring Soul
Be number'd with thy Sheep.

2 Gentle and tractable and plain
My Heart would ever be,
Averse to Harm, propense to help,
And faithful still to Thee.

3 The gentle Accents of thy Voice
My liſt'ning Soul would hear;
And, by the Signals of thy Will,
I all my Courſe would ſteer.

4 I follow where my Shepherd leads,
And mark the Path he drew;
My Shepherd's Feet Mount *Zion* tread,
And I ſhall reach it too.

CCXXXI. *The Happineſs and Security of* CHRIST's *Sheep.* John x. 28.

1 MY Soul, with Joy attend,
While *Jeſus* Silence breaks;
No Angel's Harp ſuch Muſic yields,
As what my Shepherd ſpeaks.

2 "I know my Sheep (He cries)
"My Soul approves them well:
"Vain is the treach'rous World's Diſguiſe,
"And vain the Rage of Hell.

3 "I freely feed them now
"With Tokens of my Love,
"But richer Paſtures I prepare,
"And ſweeter Streams above.

4 "Unnumber'd Years of Bliſs
"I to my Sheep will give;
"And, while my Throne unſhaken ſtands,
"Shall all my Choſen live.

5 "This tried almighty Hand
"Is rais'd for their Defence:

"Where

" Where is the Pow'r ſhall reach them there?
" Or what ſhall force them thence?"

6 Enough, my Gracious Lord,
Let Faith triumphant cry;
My Heart can on this Promiſe live,
Can on this Promiſe die.

CCXXXII. CHRIST's *Sheep given by the Father, and guarded by Omnipotence.* John x. 29, 30.

1 IN one harmonious chearful Song,
Ye happy Saints, combine;
Loud let it ſound from ev'ry Tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

2 The leaſt, the feebleſt of the Sheep
To Him the Father gave;
Kind is his Heart the Charge to keep,
And ſtrong his Arm to ſave.

3 In *Chriſt* th' Almighty Father dwells,
And *Chriſt* and He are One;
That Rebel Pow'r, which *Chriſt* aſſails,
Attacks th' eternal Throne.

4 That Hand, which Heav'n and Earth ſuſtains,
And bars the Gates of Hell,
And rivets *Satan* down in Chains,
Shall guard his Choſen well.

5 Now let th' infernal Lion roar,
How vain his Threats appear!
When he can match JEHOVAH's Pow'r,
I will begin to fear.

CCXXXIII.

CCXXXIII. *The attractive Influence of a crucified Saviour.* John xii. 32.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing Sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of GOD's Delight
Expire in Agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my Heart,
Were all these Sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing Smart,
And meet that various Scorn?

3 For Love of us He bled,
And all in Torture died:
'Twas Love, that bow'd his fainting Head,
And op'd his gushing Side.

4 I see, and I adore
In Sympathy of Love:
I feel the strong attractive Pow'r
To lift my Soul above.

5 Drawn by such Cords as these,
Let all the Earth combine
With chearful Ardour to confess
The Energy divine.

6 In Thee our Hearts unite,
Nor share thy Griefs alone,
But from thy Cross pursue their Flight
To thy triumphant Throne.

CCXXXIV. CHRIST's *mysterious Conduct to be unfolded hereafter.* John xiii. 7.

1 JESUS, we own thy sov'reign Hand,
Thy faithful Care we own; Wis-

Wisdom and Love are all thy Ways,
When most to us unknown.

2 By Thee the Springs of Life were form'd,
And by thy Breath are broke,
And good is ev'ry awful Word,
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

3 To Thee we yield our Comforts up,
To Thee our Lives resign;
In Straits and Dangers rich and safe,
If we and ours are Thine.

4 Thy Saints in earlier Life remov'd,
In sweeter Accents sing;
And bless the Swiftness of their Flight,
That bore them to their King.

5 The Burdens of a lengthen'd Day
With Patience we would bear;
Till Ev'ning's welcome Hour shall shew
We were our Master's Care.

CCXXXV. CHRIST's *Pity and Consolation for his troubled Disciples.* John xiv. 1—3.

1 PEACE, all ye Sorrows of the Heart,
And all my Tears be dry;
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
That views his *Jesus* nigh.

2 "Let not your Bosoms throb, (He says)
"Nor be your Souls afraid:
"Trust in your GOD's almighty Name,
"And trust your Saviour's Aid.

3 "Fair

3 " Fair Manſions in my Father's Houſe
" For all his Children wait;
" And I, your elder Brother, go
" To open wide the Gate.

4 " And if I thither go before,
" A Dwelling to prepare,
" I ſurely ſhall return again,
" That I may fix you there.

5 " United in eternal Love,
" My Choſen ſhall remain,
" And with rejoicing Hearts ſhall ſhare
" The Honours of my Reign."

6 Yes, Lord; thy gracious Words we hear,
And cordial Joys they bring:
Frail Nature may extort a Groan,
But Faith ſhall learn to ſing.

CCXXXVI. *The Chriſtian's Life connected with that of* CHRIST. John xxiv. 19.

1 THE Cov'nant of a Saviour's Love
Shall ſtand for ever good,
And thus his Life ſhall guard the Souls,
He purchas'd with his Blood.

2 " I live for ever, (ſaith the Lord)
" And you ſhall therefore live;
" Receive with Pleaſure ev'ry Pledge
" My Pow'r and Love can give."

3 We own the Promiſe, Prince of Grace,
Tho' earthly Helpers die;

And

And animate our fainting Hearts,
While *Christ* our Friend is nigh.

4 The King of Fears can do no more
Than ſtop our mortal Breath;
But *Jeſus* gives a nobler Life,
That cannot yield to Death.

CCXXXVII. *Abiding in* CHRIST *neceſſary to our Fruitfulneſs.* John xv. 4.

1 LORD of the Vineyard, we adore
That Pow'r and Grace divine,
Which plants our wild, our barren Souls
In *Chriſt* the living Vine.

2 For ever may they there abide,
And, from that vital Root,
Be Influence ſpread thro' ev'ry Branch,
To form and feed the Fruit.

3 Shine forth, my GOD, the Cluſters warm
With Rays of ſacred Love;
Till *Eden*'s Soil, and *Zion*'s Streams
The gen'rous Plant improve.

CCXXXVIII. *Our Prayers effectual, when we abide in* CHRIST, *and his Word abideth in us.* John xv. 8.

1 HAIL, Gracious Saviour, All-divine!
Myſterious, ever-living Vine!
To Thee united may we live,
And nouriſh'd by thine Influence thrive.

2 Still

2 Still may our Souls in Thee abide,
Torn by no Tempeſts from thy Side;
Nor from its Place within our Heart
Thy Promiſe, or thy Law depart.

3 Then ſhall our Pray'rs accepted riſe,
Thro' Thee a grateful Sacrifice;
And all our Sighs before thy Throne
Deſcend in ample Bleſſings down.

4 In ſilent Hope our Souls ſhall wait
Their Penſion from thy Mercy's Gate;
Nor can our Lips or Hearts expreſs
A Wiſh proportion'd to thy Grace.

CCXXXIX. *Continuing in* CHRIST'S *Love.* John xv. 9.

1 TO all his Flock, what wond'rous Love
Doth our kind Shepherd bear?
As He to his great Father's Heart,
So we to his are dear.

2 So ſure, ſo conſtant, and ſo ſtrong
Do his Endearments prove:
O may their Energy prevail
To fix us in his Love.

3 No more let my divided Heart
From this bleſt Center turn;
But, fir'd by ſuch all-potent Rays,
With Flames immortal burn.

4 Deſcend, and all thy Pow'r diſplay,
And all thy Love reveal;

That

That the warm Streams of *Jesus'* Blood
This frozen Heart may feel.

CCXL. *The Apostles and Christians chosen by* CHRIST *to bring forth permanent Fruit.* John xv. 16.

1 I Own, my GOD, thy sov'reign Grace,
And bring the Praise to Thee;
If Thou my chosen Portion art,
Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide
Will hear me when I pray;
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's Name,
Will frown my Soul away.

3 Blest *Jesus*, animate my Heart
With Beams of heav'nly Love,
And teach that cold unthankful Soil
The heav'nly Seed t' improve.

4 In copious Show'rs thy Spirit send
To water all the Ground;
So to the Honour of thy Name
Shall lasting Fruit be found.

CCXLI. *Peace in* CHRIST *amidst Tribulations.* John xvi. 33.

1 HEnceforth let each believing Heart
From anxious Sorrows cease:
Tho' Storms of Trouble rage around,
In *Jesus* we have Peace.

2 His

2 His Blood from Wrath to come redeems,
And his almighty Grace,
By bitt'reſt Draughts of deep Diſtreſs,
Its healing Pow'r diſplays.

3 *Jeſus*, our Captain, march'd before
To lead us to the Fight;
And now He reacheth out the Crown
With heav'nly Glories bright.

4 Lord, 'tis enough; thy Voice we hear;
That Crown by Faith we ſee:
No Sorrows ſhall o'erwhelm our Souls,
Since none divide from Thee.

CCXLII. CHRIST *ſanctifying himſelf, that his People may be ſanctified.* John xvii. 19.

1 BEHOLD the bleeding Lamb of GOD,
Our ſpotleſs Sacrifice!
By Hands of barb'rous Sinners ſeiz'd,
Nail'd to the Croſs He dies.

2 Bleſt *Jeſus*, whence this ſtreaming Blood?
And whence this foul Diſgrace?
Whence all theſe pointed Thorns, that rend
Thy venerable Face?

3 "I ſanctify Myſelf (He cries)
"That thou may'ſt holy be;
"Come, trace my Life; come, view my Death,
"And learn to copy Me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for Holineſs,
And inbred Sin we mourn:

To

To the bright Path of thy Commands
Our wand'ring Footſteps turn.

5 Not more ſincerely would we wiſh
To climb the heav'nly Hill,
Than here with all our utmoſt Pow'r
Thy Model to fulfil.

CCXLIII. *Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden.* John xix. 41.

1 THE Sepulchres, how thick they ſtand
Thro' all the Road on either Hand!
And burſt upon the ſtarting Sight
In ev'ry Garden of Delight!

2 Thither the winding Alleys tend;
There all the flow'ry Borders end;
And Forms, that charm'd the Eyes before,
Fragrance and Muſic are no more.

3 Deep in that damp and ſilent Cell
My Fathers, and my Brethren dwell;
Beneath its broad and gloomy Shade
My Kindred, and my Friends are laid.

4 But, while I tread the ſolemn Way,
My Faith that Saviour would ſurvey,
Who deign'd to ſojourn in the Tomb,
And left behind a rich Perfume.

5 My Thoughts with Extacy unknown,
While from his Grave they view his Throne,
Thro' my own Sepulchre can ſee
A Paradiſe reſerv'd for me.

CCXLIV. CHRIST *ascending to his Father and GOD, and ours.* John xx. 17.

1 IN Raptures let our Hearts ascend
Our heav'nly Seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining Path
Our rising Saviour drew.

2 "Up to my Father, and my GOD,
"I go; (the Conqu'ror cries)
"Up to your Father, and your GOD,
"My Brethren, lift your Eyes."

3 And doth the Lord of Glory call
Such Worms his Brethren dear?
And doth He point to Heav'n's high Throne,
And shew our Father there?

4 And doth He teach my sinful Lips
That tuneful Sound, *my GOD?*
And breathe his Spirit on my Heart
To shed his Grace abroad?

5 O World, produce a Good like this,
And thou shalt have my Love;
Till then, my Father claims it all,
And *Christ*, who dwells above.

6 Dear *Jesus*, call this willing Soul,
That struggles with its Clay;
And fain would leave this weary Load
To wing its airy Way.

CCXLV. *The Disciples Joy at* CHRIST's *Appearance to them after his Resurrection.* John xx. 19, 20.

1 COME, our indulgent Saviour, come,
Illustrious Conqu'ror o'er the Tomb:
Here thine assembled Servants bless,
And fill our Hearts with sacred Peace.

2 O come Thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the Joy thy Smiles afford;
Reveal the Lustre of thy Face,
And make us feel thy vital Grace.

3 With Rapture kneeling round we greet
Thy pierced Hands, thy wounded Feet;
And from the Scar, that marks thy Side,
We see our Life's warm Torrent glide.

4 Enter our Hearts, Redeemer blest;
Enter, Thou ever-honour'd Guest,
Not for one transient Hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting Throne.

5 Own this mean Dwelling as thy Home;
And, when our Life's last Hour is come,
Let us but die, as in thy Sight,
And Death shall vanish in Delight.

CCXLVI. *Appeal to* CHRIST *for the Sincerity of Love to him.* John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my Heart and see;

And

And turn each curſed Idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my Soul?
Then let me nothing love?
Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy,
When *Jeſus* cannot move.

3 Is not thy Name melodious ſtill
To mine attentive Ear?
Doth not each Pulſe with Pleaſure bound
My Saviour's Voice to hear?

4 Haſt Thou a Lamb in all thy Flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt Thou a Foe, before whoſe Face
I fear thy Cauſe to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent Spirit vie *
With Angels round the Throne,
To execute thy ſacred Will,
And make thy Glory known?

6 Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood
In Honour of thy Name?
And challenge the cold Hand of Death
To damp th' immortal Flame.

7 Thou know'ſt I love Thee, Deareſt Lord:
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

* Endeavour to equal.

CCXLVII. *Zeal for the Cause of* CHRIST; *or* Peter *and* John *following their Master.* John xxi. 18—20 *.

1 BLeſt Men, who ſtretch their willing Hands,
Submiſſive to their Lord's Commands,
And yield their Liberty and Breath
To Him, that lov'd their Souls in Death!

2 Lead me to ſuffer, and to die,
If Thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One Smile from Thee my Heart ſhall fire,
And teach me ſmiling to expire.

3 If Nature at the Trial ſhake,
And from the Croſs or Flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble Courage raiſe,
And turn its Tremblings into Praiſe.

4 While ſcarce I dare, with *Peter*, ſay,
"I'll boldly tread the bleeding Way;"
Yet in thy Steps, like *John*, I'd move
With humble Hope, and ſilent Love.

* See *Family Expoſitor* in Loc.

CCXLVIII. CHRIST *exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* Acts v. 31.

1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal Honours of thy Throne:
'Tis fix'd by GOD's Almighty Hand,
And *Seraphs* bow at thy Command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confeſs
The ſov'reign Triumphs of thy Grace;
Where Beams of gentle Radiance ſhine,
And temper Majeſty divine.

3 Wide thy reſiſtleſs Sceptre ſway,
Till all thine Enemies obey:
Wide may thy Croſs its Virtue prove,
And conquer Millions by its Love.

4 Mighty to vanquiſh, and forgive!
Thine *Iſrael* ſhall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing Breath,
Which works their Life, who wrought thy Death.

CCXLIX. *The Believer committing his departing Spirit to* JESUS. Acts vii. 59.

1 O Thou, that haſt Redemption wrought,
Patron of Souls, thy Blood hath bought,
To Thee our Spirits we commit,
Mighty to reſcue from the Pit.

2 Millions of bliſsful Souls above,
In Realms of Purity and Love,
With Songs of endleſs Praiſe proclaim
The Honours of thy faithful Name.

3 When all the Pow'rs of Nature fail'd,
Thy ever-conſtant Care prevail'd;
Courage and Joy thy Friendſhip ſpoke,
When ev'ry mortal Bond was broke.

4 We on that Friendſhip, Lord, repoſe,
The healing Balm of all our Woes;

And we, when ſinking in the Grave,
Truſt thine Omnipotence to ſave.

5 O may our Spirits by thy Hand
Be gather'd to that happy Band,
Who, 'midſt the Bleſſings of thy Reign,
Loſe all Remembrance of their Pain.

6 In Raptures there divinely ſweet
Give us our Kindred-Souls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter Day,
Which all thy Triumph ſhall diſplay.

CCL. Peter's *Admonition to* Simon Magus. Acts viii. 21—24.

1 SEARCHER of Hearts, before thy Face
I all my Soul diſplay;
And, conſcious of its innate * Arts,
Intreat thy ſtrict Survey.

2 If lurking in its inmoſt Folds
I any Sin conceal,
O let a Ray of Light divine
The ſecret Guile reveal.

3 If tinctur'd with that odious Gall
Unknowing I remain,
Let Grace, like a pure Silver Stream,
Waſh out th' accurſed Stain.

4 If in theſe fatal Fetters bound
A wretched Slave I lie,
Smite off my Chains, and wake my Soul
To Light and Liberty.

* Natural.

5 To humble Penitence and Pray'r
Be gentle Pity giv'n;
Speak ample Pardon to my Heart,
And ſeal its Claim to Heav'n.

CCLI. *The Deſcent of the Spirit*; or *his Influences deſired.* Acts x. 44.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect Gift,
Behold thy Servants wait;
With longing Eyes and lifted Hands,
We flock around thy Gate.

2 O ſhed abroad that royal Gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bleſs our Eyes with ſacred Light,
And fire our Hearts with Love.

3 With ſpeedy Flight may He deſcend,
And ſolid Comfort bring,
And o'er our languid Souls extend
His all-reviving Wing.

4 Bleſt Earneſt of eternal Joy,
Declare our Sins forgiv'n;
And bear with Energy divine
Our raptur'd Thoughts to Heav'n.

5 Diffuſe, O GOD, theſe copious Show'rs,
That Earth its Fruit may yield,
And change this barren Wilderneſs
To *Carmel*'s flow'ry Field *.

* *Iſaiah* xxxv. 1, 2.

CCLII. *The Word of Salvation ſent to us.* Acts xiii. 26.

1 AND why do our admiring Eyes
These Goſpel-Glories ſee?
And whence, doth ev'ry Heart reply,
Salvation ſent to me?

2 In fatal Shades of Midnight Gloom
Ten thouſand Wretches ſtray;
And *Satan* blinds ten thouſand more
Amidſt the Blaze of Day.

3 Millions of raging Souls beneath
In endleſs Anguiſh hear
Harmonious Sounds of Grace transform'd
To Echoes of Deſpair.

4 And doſt Thou, LORD, ſubdue my Heart,
And ſhew my Sins forgiv'n,
And bear thy Witneſs to my Part
Amongſt the Heirs of Heav'n?

5 As the Redeemed of the LORD,
We ſing the Saviour's Name;
And, while the long Salvation laſts,
Its ſov'reign Grace proclaim.

CCLIII. *The unknown GOD.* Acts xvii. 23.

1 THOU, mighty LORD, art GOD alone,
A King of Majeſty unknown;
And all thy dazling Glories riſe
Beyond the Reach of Angels Eyes.

2 Yet thro' this Earth thy Works proclaim
Some Notice of thy rev'rend Name;
And, where thy gracious Goſpel ſhines,
We read it in the faireſt Lines.

3 But O! how few of *Adam*'s Race
Have learn'd thy Nature and thy Ways!
While Thouſands, e'en in Lands of Light,
Are buried in *Egyptian* Night.

4 They tread thy Courts, thy Word they hear,
And to thy ſolemn Rites draw near;
Yet, tho' Salvation ſeems ſo nigh,
Becauſe they know not GOD, they die.

5 Send thy victorious Goſpel forth
Wide from theſe Regions of the North;
And thro' thy Churches Grace impart
To write thy Name on ev'ry Heart.

CCLIV. *GOD's Command to all Men to repent.* Acts xvii. 30.

1 *REPENT*, the Voice celeſtial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The Wretch that ſcorns the Mandate * dies,
And meets a fiery Day.

2 No more the ſov'reign Eye of GOD
O'erlooks the Crimes of Men;
His Heralds are diſpatch'd abroad
To warn the World of Sin.

3 The Summons reach thro' all the Earth;
Let Earth attend and fear:

* Command.

Liſten,

Liſten, ye Men of royal Birth,
And let their Vaſſals * hear.

4 Together in his Preſence bow,
And all your Guilt confeſs;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with the Grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful Trumpet ſound,
And call you to his Bar:
For Mercy knows th' appointed Bound,
And turns to Vengeance there.

6 Amazing Love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our Days!
Our Hearts ſubdu'd by Goodneſs fall,
And weep, and love, and praiſe.

* Subjects and Slaves.

CCLV. Paul's *Solicitude to finiſh his Courſe with Joy.* Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, LORD, thy Name to praiſe
For this rich Goſpel of thy Grace;
And, that our Hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital Pow'r.

2 With Joy may we our Courſe purſue,
And keep the Crown of Life in View;
That Crown, which in one Hour repays
The Labour of ten thouſand Days.

3 Should Bonds or Death obſtruct our Way,
Unmov'd their Terrors we'll ſurvey;
And the laſt Hour improve for Thee,
The laſt of Life, or Liberty.

4 Welcome thoſe Bonds, which may unite
Our Souls to their ſupreme Delight!
Welcome that Death, whoſe painful Strife
Bears us to *Chriſt* our better Life!

CCLVI. Paul *preaching and* Felix *trembling*. Acts xxiv. 25.

1 GREAT Sov'reign of the human Heart,
Thy mighty Energy impart,
Which darts at once thro' Breaſts of Steel,
And makes the nether Millſtone * feel.

2 Let Sinners tremble at thy Word,
Struck by the Terrors of the LORD;
And, while they tremble, let them flee,
And ſeek their Help, their Life from Thee.

3 O let them ſeize the preſent Day,
Nor riſk Salvation by Delay:
To-morrow, LORD, to Thee belongs;
This Night may vindicate thy Wrongs.

4 This Night may ſtop their fleeting Breath,
And ſeal them to eternal Death,
May veil Redemption from their Sight,
And give them Flames inſtead of Light.

5 Or ſhould ſucceeding Years remain,
Years, with their Sabbaths, all in vain
Before their darken'd Eyes may roll,
And more obdurate leave the Soul.

6 Great Saviour, let thy Pity riſe,
And make the wretched Triflers wiſe;

* The hardeſt Hearts. *Job* xli. 24.

Leſt

Leſt Pangs and Tremblings felt in vain
Haſten and feed immortal Pain.

CCLVII. *Help obtained of GOD.* Acts xxvi. 22.

For New-Year's-Day.

1 GREAT God, we ſing that mighty Hand,
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand:
The op'ning Year thy Mercy ſhews;
That Mercy crowns it, till it cloſe.

2 By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his inceſſant Bounty fed,
By his unerring Counſel led.

3 With grateful Hearts the Paſt we own;
The Future, all to us unknown,
We to thy Guardian-Care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

4 In Scenes exalted or depreſs'd
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Reſt:
Thy Goodneſs all our Hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.

5 When Death ſhall interrupt theſe Songs,
And ſeal in Silence mortal Tongues,
Our Helper-GOD, in whom we truſt,
In better Worlds our Souls ſhall boaſt.

CCLVIII. *Treaſuring up Wrath by deſpiſing Mercy.* Romans ii. 4, 5.

1 UNgrateful Sinners, whence this Scorn
Of long-extended Grace?

And whence this Madneſs, that inſults
Th' Almighty to his Face?

2 Is it becauſe his Patience waits,
And pitying Bowels move,
You multiply audacious Crimes,
And ſpurn his richeſt Love?

3 Is all the treaſur'd Wrath ſo ſmall,
You labour ſtill for more,
Tho' not eternal rolling Years
Can e'er exhauſt the Store?

4 Swift doth the Day of Vengeance come,
That muſt your Sentence ſeal;
And righteous Judgment now unknown
In all its Pomp reveal.

5 Alarm'd and melted at thy Voice,
Our conquer'd Hearts would bow;
And, to eſcape the Thund'rer then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

CCLIX. *The Love of GOD ſhed abroad in the Heart by the Spirit.* Rom. v. 5.

1 DESCEND, immortal Dove;
Spread thy kind Wings abroad,
And, wrapt in Flames of holy Love,
Bear all my Soul to GOD.

2 *Jeſus* my Lord reveal
In Charms of Grace divine,
And be thyſelf the ſacred Seal,
That Pearl of Price is mine.

3 Behold

3 Behold my Heart expands
To catch the heav'nly Fire;
It longs to feel the gentle Bands,
And groans with ſtrong Deſire.

4 Thy Love, my GOD, appears,
And brings Salvation down,
My Cordial thro' this Vale of Tears,
In Paradiſe my Crown.

CCLX. *Chriſtians quickened and raiſed by the Spirit.* Rom. viii. 11.

1 WHY ſhould our mourning Thoughts
To grovel in the Duſt? [delight
Or why ſhould Streams of Tears unite
Around th' expiring Juſt?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the Grave?
Did not our Lord aſcend on high,
And prove his Pow'r to ſave?

3 Doth not the ſacred Spirit come,
And dwell in all the Saints?
And ſhould the Temples of his Grace
Reſound with long Complaints?

4 Awake, my Soul, and like the Sun
Burſt thro' each ſable Cloud;
And thou, my Voice, tho' broke with Sighs,
Tune forth thy Songs aloud.

5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When He had bled for me;

And ſpite of Death and Hell ſhall raiſe
Thy pious Friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye Saints, that dwell in Duſt,
Your Hymns of Vict'ry ſing;
And let his dying Servants truſt
Their ever-living King.

CCLXI. *GOD's Readineſs to give all Things argued from the Gift of his Son.* Rom. viii. 32.

1 NOW let my Soul with Tranſport riſe,
And range thro' Earth, and mount the Skies,
And view each various Form of Good,
Where Angels hold their high Abode.

2 I give my Thoughts unbounded Scope;
On equal Pinions ſoars my Hope;
My Faith at nobleſt Objects aims,
And what ſhe ſees, ſhe humbly claims.

3 Hath not the bounteous King of Heav'n
From his Embrace already giv'n
That Son of his eternal Love,
Who fill'd the brighteſt Throne above?

4 Behold his Hand on *Jeſus* laid!
Behold that Lamb a Victim made!
And what ſhall Mercy hold too good
For Sinners, ranſom'd with his Blood?

5 My Soul, with heav'nly Faith embrace
The ſacred Cov'nant of his Grace;
Then in delightful Silence wait
The Iſſues of a Love ſo great.

CCLXII.

CCLXII. *Believing with the Heart, and confeſſing with the Mouth, neceſſary to Salvation.* Rom. x. 6—10.

1 AND is Salvation brought ſo near,
Where ſinful Men expiring lie?
Triumph, my Soul, the Sound to hear,
And ſhout it joyous to the Sky.

2 I aſk not, who to Heav'n ſhall ſcale,
That *Chriſt* the Saviour thence may come;
Or who Earth's inmoſt Depths aſſail,
To bring Him from the dreary Tomb.

3 From Heav'n on Wings of Love He flew,
And Conqu'ror from the Tomb He ſprung:
My Heart believes the Witneſs true,
And dictates to my faithful Tongue.

4 I ſing Salvation brought ſo near,
No more on Earth expiring lie;
I teach the World my Joys to hear,
And ſhout them to the echoing Sky.

CCLXIII. *The living Sacrifice.* Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will th' Eternal King
So mean a Gift regard?
That Off'ring, LORD, with Joy we bring,
Which thy own Hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various Claim,
And to thine Altar move,
The willing Victims of thy Grace,
And bound with Cords of Love.

3 Deſcend,

3 Descend, celestial Fire,
The Sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful Odour rise
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CCLXIV. *The near Approach of Salvation, an Engagement to Diligence and Love.* Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes,
And raise your Voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign Love,
That shews Salvation nigh.

2 On all the Wings of Time it flies:
Each Moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining Day!
Welcome each closing Year!

3 Not many Years their Round shall run,
Nor many Mornings rise,
Ere all its Glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring Eyes.

4 Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course;
Ye mortal Pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,
Ye bring eternal Day.

CCLXV. *The GOD of Peace bruising* Satan. Rom. xvi. 20.

1 YE Armies of the living God,
In his all-conqu'ring Name,

Lift

Lift up your Banners, and aloud
Your Leader's Grace proclaim.

2 What tho' the Prince of Hell invade
With Show'rs of fiery Darts,
And join, to the fierce Lion's Roar,
The Serpent's wily Arts?

3 *Jesus*, who leads his Hosts to War,
Shall tread the Monster down,
And ev'ry faithful Soldier share
The Triumph and the Crown.

4 So *Israel* on the haughty Necks
Of *Canann*'s Tyrants trod,
And sung their *Joshua*'s conqu'ring Sword,
And sung their faithful GOD *.

* *Joshua* x. 24.

CCLXVI. CHRIST *our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* 1 Corinth. i. 30, 31.

1 MY GOD, assist me, while I raise
An Anthem of harmonious Praise;
My Heart thy Wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its Banners in thy Name.

2 In *Christ* I view a Store divine:
My Father, all that Store is Thine;
By Thee prepar'd, by Thee bestow'd;
Hail to the Saviour, and the GOD!

3 When gloomy Shades my Soul o'erspread,
"Let there be Light," th' Almighty said;

And

And *Chriſt*, my Sun, his Beams diſplays,
And ſcatters round celeſtial Rays.

4 Condemn'd thy Criminal I ſtood,
And awful Juſtice aſk'd my Blood;
That welcome Saviour from thy Throne
Brought Righteouſneſs and Pardon down.

5 My Soul was all o'erſpread with Sin,
And lo, his Grace hath made me clean:
He reſcues from th' infernal Foe,
And full Redemption will beſtow.

6 Ye Saints, aſſiſt my grateful Tongue:
Ye Angels, warble back my Song:
For Love like this demands the Praiſe
Of heav'nly Harps, and endleſs Days.

CCLXVII. *Being joined to* CHRIST, *and one Spirit with him.* 1 Cor. vi. 17.

1 MY Saviour, I am Thine,
By everlaſting Bands;
My Name, my Heart, I would reſign,
My Soul is in thy Hands.

2 To Thee I ſtill would cleave
With ever-growing Zeal;
Let Millions tempt me *Chriſt* to leave,
They never ſhall prevail.

3 His Spirit ſhall unite
My Soul to Him, my Head;
Shall form me to his Image bright,
And teach his Path to tread.

4 Death

4 Death may my Soul divide
From this Abode of Clay;
But Love ſhall keep me near his Side
Thro' all the gloomy Way.

5 Since *Chriſt* and we are One,
What ſhould remain to fear?
If He in Heav'n hath fix'd his Throne,
He'll fix his Members there.

CCLXVII. *The tranſitory Nature of the World, an Argument for Chriſtian Moderation.* 1 Cor. vii. 29—31.

1 SPRING up, my Soul, with ardent Flight,
Nor let this Earth delude thy Sight
With glitt'ring Trifles gay and vain:
Wiſdom divine directs thy View
To Objects ever grand and new,
And Faith diſplays the ſhining Train.

2 Be dead, my Hopes, to all below;
Nor let unbounded Torrents flow,
When mourning o'er my wither'd Joys:
So this deceitful World is known;
Poſſeſs'd I call it not my own,
Nor glory in its painted Toys.

3 The empty Pageant rolls along;
The giddy unexperienc'd Throng
Purſue it with enchanted Eyes;

It passeth in swift March away,
Still more and more its Charms decay,
Till the last gaudy Colour dies *.

4 My GOD, to Thee my Soul shall turn;
For Thee my noblest Passions burn,
And drink in Bliss from Thee alone:
I fix on that unchanging Home,
Where never-fading Pleasures bloom,
Fresh springing round thy radiant Throne.

* Pageants, Images, or emblematical Figures in a Cavalcade or Procession, continually moving, and quickly gone out of Sight. See *Family Expositor* in Loc.

CCLXIX. *GOD's Fidelity in moderating Temptations.* 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the Feeble all be strong,
And make JEHOVAH's Arm their Song:
His Shield is spread o'er ev'ry Saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What tho' the Hosts of Hell engage
With mingled Cruelty and Rage?
A faithful GOD restrains their Hands,
And chains them down in Iron Bands.

3 Bound by his Word He will display,
A Strength proportion'd to our Day;
And, when united Trials meet,
Will shew a Path of safe Retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that Promise good,
Which *Jesus* ratified with Blood:

Still

Still is He gracious, wise, and just,
And still in Him let *Israel* trust.

CCLXX. *'Bearing the Image of the earthy and the heavenly* Adam. 1 Cor. xv. 49.

1 WITH flowing Eyes and bleeding Hearts
A blasted World survey!
See the wide Ruin Sin hath wrought
In one unhappy Day!

2 *Adam*, in GOD's own Image form'd,
From GOD and bliss estrang'd,
And all the Joys of Paradise
For Guilt and Horror chang'd!

3 Ages of Labour and of Grief
He mourn'd his Glory lost;
At length the goodliest Work of Heav'n
Sunk down to common Dust.

4 O fatal Heritage bequeath'd
To all his helpless Race!
Thro' the thick Maze of Sin and Woe
Thus to the Grave we pass.

5 But, O my Soul, with Rapture hear
The second *Adam*'s Name;
And the celestial Gifts, He brings
To all his Seed, proclaim.

6 In Holiness and Joy compleat
He reigns to endless Years,
And each adopted chosen Child
His splendid Image wears.

7 What

7 What tho' in mortal Life they mourn?
What tho' by Death they fall?
Jesus in one triumphant Day
Transforms and crowns them all.

8 Praise to his rich mysterious Grace!
E'en by our Fall we rise;
And gain, for earthly *Eden* lost,
A heav'nly Paradise.

CCLXXI. *Ministers comforted, that they may comfort others.* 2 Cor. i. 4.

1 FOUNTAIN of Comfort and of Love,
Thy Streams, how free they flow!
First water all the World above,
Then visit us below!

2 From *Christ*, the Head, what Grace descends
To cherish ev'ry Part!
He shares his Joys with all his Friends,
For all have shar'd his Heart.

3 What tho' the Sorrows here they feel
Are manifold and great?
He brings new Consolations still,
As various and as sweet.

4 He shews our num'rous Sins forgiv'n,
And shews our Cov'nant-GOD;
He witnesseth our Right to Heav'n,
The Purchase of his Blood.

5 Tho' Earth and Hell against us join,
In Him we are secure;

Our

Our Diadems ſhall brighter ſhine
For all we now endure.

6 On ev'ry faithful Shepherd's Breaſt,
LORD, ſend theſe Comforts down;
That they may lead thy Flock to Reſt,
Which their own Souls have known.

CCLXXII. *GOD's delivering Goodneſs acknowledged, and truſted.* 2 Cor. i. 10.

A Song for the 5th of November.

1 PRAISE to the LORD, whoſe mighty Hand
So oft reveal'd hath fav'd our Land;
And, when united Nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt Foes.

2 When mighty Navies from afar
To *Britain* waſted floating War,
His Breath diſpers'd them all with Eaſe,
And ſunk their Terrors in the Seas *.

3 While for our Princes they prepare
In Caverns deep a burning Snare;
He ſhot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,
And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day †.

4 Princes and Prieſts again combine
New Chains to forge, new Snares to twine;
Again our gracious GOD appears,
And breaks their Chains, and cuts their Snares.

* Referring to the Defeat of the *Spaniſh* Armada, 1588.
† Gunpowder Plot.

5 Obedient

5 Obedient Winds at his Command
Convey his *Hero* to our Land;
The Sons of *Rome* with Terror view,
And ſpeed their Flight, when none purſue *.

6 Such great Deliv'rance GOD hath wrought,
And down to us Salvation brought;
And ſtill the Care of Guardian-Heav'n
Secures the Bliſs itſelf hath giv'n.

7 In Thee we truſt, Almighty LORD,
Continu'd Reſcue to afford:
Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare,
For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

* Revolution by King *William*, 1688.

CCLXXIII. *Miniſters a ſweet Savour, whether of Life or Death.* 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

1 PRAISE to the LORD on high,
Who ſpreads his Triumphs wide!
While *Jeſus'* fragrant Name
Is breath'd on ev'ry Side:
Balmy and rich
The Odours riſe,
And fill the Earth
And reach the Skies.

2 Ten thouſand dying Souls
Its Influence feel and live;
Sweeter than vital Air
The Incenſe they receive:
They breathe anew,
And riſe and ſing
Jeſus the Lord,
Their conqu'ring King.

3 But

3 But Sinners ſcorn the Grace,
That brings Salvation nigh;
They turn their Face away,
And faint, and fall, and die.
So ſad a Doom,
Ye Saints, deplore,
For O! they fall
To riſe no more.

4 Yet, wiſe and mighty GOD,
Shall all thy Servants be,
In thoſe, who live or die,
A Savour ſweet to Thee:
Supremely bright
Thy Grace ſhall ſhine,
Guarded with Flames
Of Wrath divine.

CCLXXIV. *GOD ſhining into the Heart.* 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundleſs Might,
With uncreated Glories bright!
His Preſence gilds the Worlds above;
Th' unchanging Source of Light and Love.

2 Our riſing Earth his Eye beheld,
When in ſubſtantial Darkneſs veil'd;
The ſhapeleſs *Chaos*, Nature's Womb,
Lay buried in eternal Gloom *.

3 *Let there be Light*, JEHOVAH ſaid,
And Light o'er all its Face was ſpread;

* *Geneſis* i. 2, 3.

Nature,

Nature array'd in Charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born Luſtre ſhone.

4 He ſees the Mind, when loſt it lies
In Shades of Ignorance and Vice;
And darts from Heav'n a vivid * Ray,
And changes Midnight into Day.

5 Shine, mighty GOD, with Vigour ſhine
On this benighted Heart of mine;
And let thy Glories ſtand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's Face beheld.

6 My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,
Thy radiant Image ſhall diſplay,
While all my Faculties unite
To praiſe the LORD, who gives me Light.

* Lively, ſprightly.

CCLXXV. *The Goſpel Treaſure in earthen Veſſels.* 2 Cor. iv. 7.

1 HOW rich thy Bounty, King of Kings!
Thy Favours how divine!
The Bleſſings, which thy Goſpel brings,
How ſplendidly they ſhine!

2 Gold is but Droſs, and Gems but Toys,
Should Gold and Gems compare;
How mean, when ſet againſt thoſe Joys,
Thy pooreſt Servants ſhare!

3 Yet all theſe Treaſures of thy Grace
Are lodg'd in Urns † of Clay;

† Veſſels or Jars.

And

And the weak Sons of mortal Race
Th' immortal Gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy Glories forth;
Yet Grace the Vict'ry gives:
Quickly they moulder back to Earth;
Yet still thy Gospel lives.

5 Such Wonders Pow'r divine effects;
Such Trophies * GOD can raise;
His Hand from crumbling Dust erects
Long Monuments of Praise.

* Monuments or Tokens of Victory.

CCLXXVI. *Living to him, who died for us.* 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 MY Lord, didst Thou endure such Smart
My Life, when forfeited, to save?
And didst Thou bear upon thy Heart
My Name, when rising from the Grave?

2 Am I in thy Remembrance still,
'Midst all the Glories of thy Throne?
To form thy Servant to thy Will,
And fix my Dwelling near thy own?

3 What can a feeble Worm repay
For Love so infinite as Thine?
The Torrent bears my Soul away,
Th' impetuous Stream of Grace divine †.

† Referring to the Emphasis of the Original Word, *viz.* bears us away like a strong Torrent.

4 To Thee, my Lord, it bears me on;
Self ſhall be deify'd * no more;
By Self betray'd, by Self undone,
I live by thy recov'ring Pow'r.

5 Accept a Soul ſo dearly bought,
Bought by thy Life upon the Tree;
A Soul which, by thy Spirit taught,
Knows no Delight, but ſerving Thee.

* Made a God of.

CCLXXVII. *GOD the Author of Conſolation.* 2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 THE LORD, how rich his Comforts are!
How wide they ſpread! How high they riſe!
He pours in Balm to bleeding Hearts,
And wipes the Tears from flowing Eyes.

2 *I have no Hope*, my Spirit cry'd,
Juſt trembling on the Brink of Hell;
I am thy Hope, the LORD reply'd,
My Love ſecures its Fav'rites well.

3 My grateful Soul ſhall ſpeak its Praiſe,
Who turns its Tremblings into Songs;
And thoſe that mourn ſhall learn from me,
Salvation to our GOD belongs.

CCLXXVIII. Satan's *Strong-Holds caſt down by the Goſpel.* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

1 SHOUT, for the Battlements are fall'n,
Which Heav'n itſelf defy'd!

Th' aſpiring Tow'rs, diſmantled * all,
Now ſpread their Ruins wide!

2 Thy wond'rous Trumpets, Prince of Peace,
Sent forth their mighty Sound;
The Strength of *Jericho* was ſtruck,
And totter'd to the Ground †.

3 No more proud Reas'nings ſhall diſpute
What Truth divine declares;
No more Self-Righteouſneſs to plead
Its own Perfection dares.

4 No Strength our ruin'd Pow'rs can boaſt
Thy Precepts to fulfil;
No Liberty we aſk or wiſh
For our rebellious Will.

5 The Gates we open to admit
The Saviour's gentle Sway:
Bleſt *Jeſus*, 'tis thy Right to reign,
Our Pleaſure to obey.

6 Each Thought, in ſweet Subjection held,
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r ſhall own;
And ev'ry Traitor ſhall be ſlain,
That dares diſpute the Throne.

* Demoliſhed, broke down. † *Joſhua* vi. 20.

CCLXXIX. *The Chriſtian Farewel.* 2 Cor. xiii.
11.

1 THY Preſence, Everlaſting God,
Wide o'er all Nature ſpreads abroad;
Thy watchful Eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In ev'ry Place thy Children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our Lives and Souls ſuſtain;
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy Smiles, thy Counſels, and thy Care.

3 To Thee we all our Ways commit,
And ſeek our Comforts near thy Feet;
Still on our Souls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard and guide us ſtill as Thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved Houſe
Again to pay our grateful Vows;
Or, if that Joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy Throne.

CCLXXX. *Living while in the Fleſh by Faith in* CHRIST, *who loved us*, &c. Galat. ii. 20.

1 MY *Jeſus*, while in mortal Fleſh
I hold my frail Abode,
Still would my Spirit reſt on Thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly Faith in Thee I live
'Midſt all my Griefs and Snares;
And Death, encounter'd in thy Sight,
No Form of Horror wears.

3 Yes, Thou haſt lov'd this ſinful Worm,
Haſt giv'n Thyſelf for me;
Haſt bought me from eternal Death,
Nail'd to the bloody Tree.

4 On thy dear Croſs I fix mine Eyes,
Then raiſe them to thy Seat;
Till Love diſſolves my inmoſt Soul,
At its Redeemer's Feet.

5 Be dead, my Heart, to worldly Charms;
Be dead to ev'ry Sin;
And tell the boldeſt Foes without,
That *Jeſus* reigns within.

6 My Life with his connected ſtands,
Nor aſks a ſurer Ground;
He keeps me in his gracious Arms,
Where Heav'n itſelf is found.

CCLXXXI. *A filial Temper, the Work of the Spirit, and a Proof of Adoption.* Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the Worlds on high,
Allow my humble Claim;
Nor, while a Worm would raiſe its Head,
Diſdain a Father's Name.

2 *My Father-GOD!* How ſweet the Sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the Melody of Heav'n
Could ſo delight the Ear.

3 Come, ſacred Spirit, ſeal the Name
On mine expanding Heart;
And ſhew, that in JEHOVAH's Grace
I ſhare a filial Part.

4 Chear'd by a Signal ſo divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
Thou know'ſt I *Abba*, Father, cry,
Nor can the Sign deceive.

5 On Wings of everlaſting Love
The Comforter is come;

All Terrors at his Voice diſperſe,
And endleſs Pleaſures bloom.

CCLXXXII. *Chriſtian Sympathy.* Gal. vi. 2.

1 HAIL, everlaſting Prince of Peace!
Hail, Governor divine!
How gracious is thy Scepter's Sway!
What gentle Laws are thine!

2 His tender Heart with Love o'erflow'd,
Love ſpoke in ev'ry Breath;
Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all his Life,
And triumph'd in his Death.

3 All theſe united Charms He ſhews
Our frozen Souls to move;
This Proof of Love to Him demands,
That we each other love.

4 O be the ſacred Law fulfill'd
In ev'ry Act and Thought;
Each angry Paſſion far remov'd,
Each ſelfiſh View forgot.

5 Be thou, my Heart, dilated wide
By thy Redeemer's Grace;
And, in one Graſp of fervent Love,
All Earth and Heav'n embrace.

CCLXXXIII. *Bleſſing GOD for ſpiritual Bleſſings in* CHRIST. Epheſ. i. 3.

1 LOUD be thy Name ador'd,
Thy Titles ſpread abroad,

Of

Of *Christ*, our glorious Lord,
The Father and the GOD!
Thro' such a Son,
Thy Churches Head,
Thine Honours spread
O'er Worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand Gifts of Love
From Thee thro' Him descend;
And bear our Souls above
To Joys that never end:
To Heav'n they soar,
Sustain'd by GOD,
And thro' the Road
His Arm adore.

3 Ten thousand Songs of Praise
Shall by the Saviour rise,
And thro' eternal Days
Shall echo round the Skies.
New Shouts we'll give,
And loud proclaim
The honour'd Name,
By which we live.

CCLXXXIV. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.* Ephes. i. 9, 10, 11.

1 WE sing the deep mysterious Plan,
Which GOD devis'd ere Time began;
At length disclos'd in all its Light.
We bless the wond'rous Birth of Love,
Which beams around us from above,
With Grace so free, and Hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise eternal Mind
In *Christ*, their common Head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and *Jews*, and Earth and Heav'n:
Thro' Him, from the great Father's Throne,
Rivers of Bliss come rolling down,
And endless Peace and Life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
The Tree of Life with flaming Sword,
To drive afar Man's trembling Race;
At *Salem*'s pearly Gates they stand,
And smiling wait (a friendly Band!)
To welcome Strangers to the Place.

4 While we expect that glorious Sight,
Love shall our Hearts with theirs unite,
And ardent Hope our Bosoms raise:
From Earth's dark Vale, and Tongues of Clay,
To those resplendent Realms of Day,
We'll try to send the sounding Praise.

CCLXXXV. *The heavenly Inheritance made known by the Spirit.* Ephes. i. 18.

1 COME, Thou celestial Spirit, come,
And call my roving Passions home;
To mine enlighten'd Eyes display
The Heritage of heav'nly Day.

2 My God, that Heritage is Thine:
How rich, how glorious, how divine!
How far above all mortal Things,
The little Pride of Courts and Kings!

3 Of endless Joy the unbounded Store,
Why is its Lustre known no more?

Away,

Away, ye Mists of envious Night,
That veil Salvation from my Sight!

4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine;
Shew the bright World, and shew it mine;
Then Paradise on Earth shall spring,
And mortal Worms like Angels sing.

CCLXXXVI. *Salvation by Grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming Sound,
Harmonious to my Ear;
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
And all the Earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a Way
To save rebellious Man,
And all the Steps that Grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road,
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While pressing on to GOD.

4 Grace all the Work shall crown
Thro' everlasting Days;
It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone,
And well deserves the Praise.

CCLXXXVII. *Christians risen and exalted with* CHRIST *to heavenly Places.* Eph. ii. 5, 6.

1 STUPENDOUS Grace! and can it be
Design'd for Rebels such as we?

O let our ardent Praiſes riſe,
High as our Hopes beyond the Skies!

2 This Fleſh, by righteous Vengeance ſlain,
Might ever in the Duſt remain;
Theſe guilty Spirits ſent to dwell
'Midſt all the Flames and Fiends * of Hell.

3 But lo, incarnate Love deſcends;
Down to the Sepulchre it bends;
Riſing, it tears the Bars away,
And ſprings to its own native Day.

4 Then was our Sepulchre unbar'd;
Then was our Path to Glory clear'd;
Then, if that Saviour be our own,
Did we aſcend a heav'nly Throne.

5 A Moment ſhall our Joy compleat,
And fix us in that ſhining Seat,
Bought by the Pangs our Lord endur'd,
And by unchanging Truth ſecur'd.

6 O may that Love, in Strains ſublime,
Be ſung to the laſt Hour of Time!
And let Eternity confeſs,
Thro' all its Rounds, the matchleſs Grace.

* Evil Spirits.

CCLXXXVIII. *Nearneſs to GOD through* CHRIST. Eph. ii. 13.

1 AND are we now brought near to GOD,
Who once at Diſtance ſtood?
And, to effect this glorious Change,
Did *Jeſus* ſhed his Blood?

2 O for a Song of ardent Praiſe
To bear our Souls above!
What ſhould allay our lively Hope,
Or damp our flaming Love!

3 Draw us, O LORD, with quick'ning Grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we ſee thy Glories ſhine,
And taſte thy Mercies here.

4 O may that Love, which ſpread thy Board,
Diſpoſe us for the Feaſt;
May Faith behold a ſmiling GOD
Thro' *Jeſus'* bleeding Breaſt.

5 Fir'd with the View, our Souls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a Scene as this,
And view the happy Moment near,
That ſhall compleat our Bliſs.

CCLXXXIX. *The Inſtitution of a Goſpel-Miniſtry from* CHRIST. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

For the Ordination or Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy Houſe
Smile on our Homage, and our Vows;
While with a grateful Heart we ſhare
Theſe Pledges of our Saviour's Care.

2 The Saviour, when to Heav'n He roſe
In ſplendid Triumph o'er his Foes,
Scatter'd his Gifts on Men below,
And wide his royal Bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprung th' *Apoſtles* honour'd Name,
Sacred beyond heroic Fame;
Hence dictates the *Prophetic* Sage;
And hence the *Evangelic* Page.

4 In lowlier Forms, to bleſs our Eyes,
Paſtors from hence, and *Teachers* riſe;
Who, tho' with feebler Rays they ſhine,
Still gild a long-extended Line.

5 From *Chriſt* their varied Gifts derive,
And fed by *Chriſt* their Graces live:
While, guarded by his potent Hand,
'Midſt all the Rage of Hell they ſtand.

6 So ſhall the bright Succeſſion run
Thro' the laſt Courſes of the Sun;
While unborn Churches by their Care
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

7 *Jeſus* our Lord their Hearts ſhall know,
The Spring, whence all theſe Bleſſings flow:
Paſtors and *People* ſhout his Praiſe
Thro' the long Round of endleſs Days.

CCXC. CHRIST, *the Head of the Church.* Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 *JESUS*, I ſing thy matchleſs Grace,
That calls a Worm thy own;
Gives me among thy Saints a Place
To make thy Glories known.

2 Allied to Thee our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:

From Thee divided, each is dead,
When moſt he ſeems alive.

3 Thy Saints on Earth, and thoſe above
Here join in ſweet Accord;
One Body all in mutual Love,
And Thou, our common Lord.

4 O may my Faith each Hour derive
Thy Spirit with Delight;
While Death and Hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
This Bond to diſunite.

5 Thou the whole Body wilt preſent
Before thy Father's Face;
Nor ſhall a Wrinkle or a Spot
Its beauteous Form diſgrace.

CCXCI. *Love to others urged from* CHRIST's *Love, in giving himſelf a Sacrifice.* Eph. v. 2.

1 NOW be that Sacrifice ſurvey'd,
That Ranſom which the Saviour paid;
That Sight familiar to my View,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.

2 The Lamb of GOD, that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying Head;
While Love to Sinners fir'd his Heart,
And conquer'd all the killing Smart.

3 Bleſt *Jeſus*, while thy Grace I ſing,
What grateful Tribute ſhall I bring,
That Earth and Heav'n and Thou may'ſt ſee
My Love to Him, who died for me?

4 That

4 That Off'ring, Lord, thy Word hath taught,
Nor be thy new Command forgot,
That, if their Maſter's Death can move,
Thy Servants ſhould each other love.

5 When to thy ſacred Croſs we fly,
There let each ſavage Paſſion die;
While the warm Streams of Blood divine
Melt our cold Hearts to Love like thine.

CCXCII. *The Wiſdom of redeeming Time.* Eph. v. 15, 16.

1 GOD of Eternity, from Thee
Did Infant-Time his Being draw;
Moments and Days, and Months and Years,
Revolve by thine unvaried Law.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the Current flows,
Loſt in Eternity's wild Sea,
The boundleſs Gulf, from whence it roſe.

3 With it the thoughtleſs Sons of Men
Before the rapid Streams are borne
On to that everlaſting Home,
Where not one Soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the Shore on either Side
Preſents a gaudy flatt'ring Shew,
We gaze, in fond Amuſement loſt,
Nor think to what a World we go.

5 Great Source of Wiſdom, teach my Heart
To know the Price of ev'ry Hour;

That

That Time may bear me on to Joys
Beyond its Measure, and its Pow'r.

CCXCIII. CHRIST's *Love to the Church in giving himself for it*, &c. Eph. v. 25—27.

1 BRidegroom of Souls, how rich thy Love!
How gen'rous, how divine!
Our inmost Hearts it well may move,
While thus our Voices join.

2 Deform'd and wretched once we lay,
Worthy thy Hate and Scorn;
Yet Love like thine could find a Way
To rescue and adorn.

3 Thou art our Ransom; from thy Veins
A wond'rous Fountain flows,
To wash thy Bride from all her Stains,
And heal our deepest Woes.

4 Transform'd by Thee, e'en here below
Thy Church is bright and fair:
But O! how glorious shall she shew,
When *Jesus* shall appear!

5 Thine Eye shall all her Form survey
With infinite Delight,
Confess'd, in that illustrious Day,
Unblemish'd in thy Sight.

CCXCIV. CHRIST's *Service, the Fruit of our Labours on Earth.* Phil. i. 22.

1 MY Gracious Lord, I own thy Right
To ev'ry Service I can pay;

And

And call it my ſupreme Delight
To hear thy Dictates and obey.

2 What is my Being, but for Thee,
Its ſure Support, its nobleſt End?
Thy ever-ſmiling Face to ſee,
And ſerve the Cauſe of ſuch a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly Joy,
Or to increaſe my worldly Good;
Nor future Days or Pow'rs employ
To ſpread a ſounding Name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him, who for my Ranſom died,
Nor could untainted *Eden* give
Such Bliſs, as bloſſoms at his Side.

5 His Work my hoary Age ſhall bleſs,
When youthful Vigour is no more;
And my laſt Hour of Life confeſs
His Love hath animating Pow'r.

CCXCV. *The Happineſs of departing, and being with* CHRIST. Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the Verge of Life I ſtand,
And view the Scene on either Hand,
My Spirit ſtruggles with its Clay,
And longs to wing its Flight away.

2 Where *Jeſus* dwells my Soul would be;
It faints my much-lov'd Lord to ſee:
Earth, twine no more about my Heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come,

3 Come, ye angelic Envoys *, come,
And lead the willing Pilgrim home:
Ye know the Way to *Jesus'* Throne,
Source of my Joys, and of your own.

4 That bleſſed Interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his Feet!
Rais'd in his Arms to view his Face,
Thro' the full Beamings of his Grace!

5 To ſee Heav'n's ſhining Courtiers round,
Each with immortal Glories crown'd!
And, while his Form in each I trace,
Belov'd, and loving, all t' embrace!

6 As with a *Seraph*'s Voice to ſing!
To fly as on a *Cherub*'s Wing!
Performing with unwearied Hands
A preſent Saviour's high Commands!

7 Yet, with theſe Proſpects full in Sight,
I'll wait thy Signal for my Flight;
For, while thy Service I purſue,
I find my Heav'n begun below.

* Meſſengers, Embaſſadors.

CCXCVI. *Preſſing on to the Chriſtian Race.* Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 AWAKE, my Soul, ſtretch ev'ry Nerve,
And preſs with Vigour on:
A heav'nly Race demands thy Zeal,
And an immortal Crown.

2 A Cloud of Witneſſes around
Hold thee in full Survey:
Forget the Steps already trod,
And onward urge thy Way.

3 'Tis GOD's all-animating Voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own Hand preſents the Prize
To thine aſpiring Eye.

4 That Prize with peerleſs Glories bright,
Which ſhall new Luſtre boaſt,
When Victors Wreaths * and Monarchs Gems
Shall blend in common Duſt.

5 Bleſt Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,
Have I my Race begun;
And crown'd with Vict'ry at thy Feet
I'll lay my Honours down.

* Crowns or Garlands given to Conquerors.

CCXCVII. *GOD ſupplying the Neceſſities of his People.* Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 MY GOD, how chearful is the Sound!
How pleaſant to repeat!
Well may that Heart with Pleaſure bound,
Where GOD hath fix'd his Seat.

2 What Want ſhall not our GOD ſupply
From his redundant Stores?
What Streams of Mercy from on high
An Arm almighty pours?

3 From *Chriſt*, the ever-living Spring,
Theſe ample Bleſſings flow:

Prepare,

Prepare, my Lips, his Name to ſing,
Whoſe Heart hath lov'd us ſo.

4 Now to our Father and our GOD
Be endleſs Glory giv'n,
Thro' all the Realms of Man's Abode,
And thro' the higheſt Heav'n.

CCXCVIII. *Thankfulneſs for being made meet for the heavenly Inheritance.* Coloſſ. i. 12.

1 ALL-Glorious GOD, what Hymns of Praiſe
Shall our tranſported Voices raiſe?
What flaming Love and Zeal is due,
While Heav'n ſtands open to our View?

2 Once we were fall'n, and O! how low!
Juſt on the Brink of endleſs Woe;
Doom'd to a Heritage in Hell,
Where Sinners all in Darkneſs dwell.

3 But lo, a Ray of chearful Light
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night!
Lo, what triumphant Grace is ſhewn
To Souls impov'riſh'd and undone!

4 Far, far beyond theſe mortal Shores
A bright Inheritance is ours;
Where Saints in Light our Coming wait,
To ſhare their holy bliſsful State.

5 If ready dreſt for Heav'n we ſhine,
Thine are the Robes, the Crown is Thine:
May endleſs Years their Courſe prolong,
While "Thine the Praiſe," is all our Song.

CCXCIX.

CCXCIX. *Angels and Chriſtians united in* CHRIST, *as their common Head.* Coloſſ. ii. 10.

1 HAIL to *Emanuel*'s ever-honour'd Name!
Spread it, ye Angel's, thro' Heav'n's ſacred Flame.
Ye ſcepter'd *Cherubim*, before his Throne,
And flaming *Seraphim*, bow humbly down.
He is your Head; with proſtrate Awe adore him,
And lay with Joy your radiant Crowns before him.

2 Array'd in his refulgent Beams ye ſhine,
And draw Exiſtence * from his Source divine;
Grateful ye wait the Signal of his Hand,
Honour'd too highly by his leaſt Command:
In Him th' indwelling Deity admiring,
And to his brighter Image ſtill aſpiring.

3 Mortals with you in chearful Homage join,
And bring their Anthems to *Emanuel*' Shrine;
Mean as we are, with Sins and Griefs beſet,
We glory, that in Him we are compleat.
He is our Head, and we with you adore him,
And pour our Wants, our Joys, our Hearts before him.

4 We ſing the Blood, that ranſom'd us from Hell;
We ſing the Graces, that in *Jeſus* dwell;
Led by his Spirit, guarded by his Hand,
Our Hopes anticipate your goodly Land;
Still his incarnate Deity admiring,
And with Heav'n's Hierarchy † in Praiſe conſpiring.

* Being, or Life. † The ſeveral Orders of Angels.

CCC. *Christians, as risen with* CHRIST, *exhorted to seek Things above.* Coloss. iii. 1.

1 HEARKEN, ye Children of your GOD;
Ye Heirs of Glory, hear;
For Accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest Ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's Death,
Your Souls to Sin must die;
With *Christ* our Lord ye live anew,
With *Christ* ascend on high.

3 There at his Father's Hand He sits
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns Himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly Trifles, rise,
On Wings of Faith and Love;
Jesus your choicest Treasure lies,
And be your Hearts, above.

5 But Earth and Sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
LORD, send thy strong attractive Force
To raise and fix us high.

CCCI. *The Prosperity of the Church, the Life of a faithful Minister.* 1 Thess. iii. 8.

1 BLEST *Jesus*, bow thine Ear,
While we intreat thy Love;
O come, and all our Hearts possess,
And our best Passions move.

2 May we ſtand faſt in Thee,
Tho' Storms and Tempeſts beat;
And in thy Guardian-Arms obtain
A calm and ſafe Retreat.

3 Still be thy Truth maintain'd,
And ſtill thy Word obey'd,
And to the Merits of thy Blood
A conſtant Homage paid.

4 So ſhall thy Shepherds live,
And raiſe their chearful Head,
And, in ſuch Bleſſings on their Flock,
Confeſs their Toils repaid.

CCCII. *Comfort on the Death of pious Friends.* 1 Theſſ. iv. 17, 18.

1 TRanſporting Tidings which we hear!
What Muſic to the pious Ear!
Chriſt loves each humble Saint ſo well,
He with his Lord ſhall ever dwell.

2 Bleſt *Jeſus*, Source of ev'ry Grace,
From far to view thy ſmiling Face,
While abſent thus by Faith we live,
Exceeds all Joys, that Earth can give.

3 But O! what Extacy unknown
Fills the wide Circle round thy Throne,
Where ev'ry rapt'rous Hour appears
Nobler than Millions of our Years!

4 Millions by Millions multiplied
Shall ne'er thy Saints from Thee divide;

But

But the bright Legions live and praiſe
Thro' all thy own immortal Days.

5 O happy Dead, in Thee that ſleep,
While o'er their mould'ring Duſt we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who ſhalt come
That Duſt to ranſom from the Tomb!

6 While thine unerring Word imparts
So rich a Cordial to our Hearts,
Thro' Tears our Triumphs ſhall be ſhown,
Tho' round their Graves, and near our own.

CCCIII. CHRIST *glorified and admired in his Saints at the great Day.* 2 Theſſ. i. 10.

1 YE Heav'ns, with Sounds of Triumph ring;
Ye Angels, burſt into a Song;
Jeſus deſcends, victorious King,
And leads his ſhining Train along.

2 Ye Saints that ſleep in Duſt, ariſe;
Let Joy reanimate your Clay;
Spring to your Saviour thro' the Skies,
And round his Throne your Homage pay.

3 Then let the Sons of Heav'n draw nigh,
While to th' aſtoniſh'd Hoſts you tell,
How feeble Mortals roſe ſo high
From Graves and Worms, from Sin and Hell.

4 Tell them, in Accents like their own,
What an incarnate God could do;
Then point to *Jeſus* on the Throne,
And boaſt, that *Jeſus* died for you.

5 Tranſ-

5 Tranſported, they no more can hear;
Their Voices catch the ſacred Name;
Harmonious to his Father's Ear,
Jeſus the God, their Harps proclaim.

6 Sin hath its dire * Incurſions made,
That Thou might'ſt prove thy Pow'r to ſave;
And Death its Enſigns wide diſplay'd,
That Thou might'ſt triumph o'er the Grave.

* Dreadful.

CCCIV. CHRIST *ſeen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O Ye immortal Throng
Of Angels round the Throne,
Join with our feeble Song
To make the Saviour known:
On Earth ye knew
His wond'rous Grace,
His beauteous Face
In Heav'n ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the Heav'n-born Child
In human Fleſh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the Manger laid:
And Praiſe to GOD,
And Peace on Earth,
For ſuch a Birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the Wilderneſs
Beheld the Tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry Dreſs,
In ev'ry Combat foil'd;

And joy'd to crown
The Victor's Head,
When *Satan* fled
Before his Frown.

4 Around the bloody Tree
Ye preſs'd with ſtrong Deſire,
That wond'rous Sight to ſee,
The Lord of Life expire;
And, could your Eyes
Have known a Tear,
Had drop'd it there
In ſad Surprize.

5 Around his ſacred Tomb
A willing Watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt Moment come
To rouze Him from his Sleep:
Then roll'd the Stone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing Lord
With Joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in Light
The ſhining Conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous Flight
Up to the Throne of GOD;
And wav'd around
Your golden Wings,
And ſtruck your Strings
Of ſweeteſt Sound.

7 The warbling Notes purſue,
And louder Anthems raiſe;
While Mortals ſing with you
Their own Redeemer's Praiſe:

And thou, my Heart,
With equal Flame,
And Joy the same,
Perform thy Part.

CCCV. *The Stability of the divine Foundation, and its double Inscription.* 2 Tim. ii. 19.

1 TO Thee, great Architect on high,
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who, to support thy sinking Saints,
This firm Foundation laid.

2 Fix'd on a Rock thy Gospel stands,
And braves * the Rage of Hell;
And, while the Saviour's Hand protects,
His Blood cements it well.

3 Here will I build my final Hope;
Here rest my weary Soul;
Majestic shall the Fabric † rise,
Till Glory crown the whole.

4 Deep on my Heart, All-gracious LORD,
Engrave its double Seal;
Which, while it speaks thy honour'd Name,
Its sacred Use may tell.

5 Dear by a thousand tender Bonds,
Thy Saints to Thee are known;
And, conscious what a Name they bear,
Iniquity they shun.

* Defies. † Building.

CCCVI. *Perſecution to be expected by every true Chriſtian.* 2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 GREAT Leader of thine *Iſrael*'s Hoſt,
We ſhout thy conqu'ring Name;
Legions of Foes beſet Thee round,
And Legions fled with Shame.

2 A Vict'ry glorious and compleat
Thou by thy Death didſt gain;
So in thy Cauſe may we contend,
And Death itſelf ſuſtain.

3 By our illuſtrious Gen'ral fir'd,
We no Extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to ſtruggle and to bleed,
If Thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the Footſteps Thou haſt drawn
To Triumph and Renown;
Nor ſhun thy Combat and thy Croſs,
May we but ſhare thy Crown.

CCCVII. *The Chriſtian Scheme of Salvation worthy of GOD.* Hebrews ii. 10.

1 IMMORTAL GOD, on Thee we call,
The great Original of all;
Thro' Thee we are, to Thee we tend,
Our ſure Support, our glorious End.

2 We praiſe that wiſe myſterious Grace,
That pitied our revolted Race,
And *Jeſus*, our victorious Head,
The Captain of Salvation made.

3 He, thine eternal Love decreed,
Should many Sons to Glory lead;
And ſinful Worms to him are giv'n,
A Colony to people Heav'n.

4 *Jeſus* for us, (O gracious Name!)
Encounter'd Agony and Shame:
Jeſus, the Glorious and the Great,
Was by dire * Suff'rings made compleat.

5 A Scene of Wonders here we ſee,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee:
And, while this Theme employs our Tongues,
All Heav'n unites its ſweeteſt Songs.

CCCVIII. Satan *and Death conquered by the Death of* CHRIST. Heb. ii. 14, 15.

1 *SATAN*, the dire * Invader came
Our new-made World t' annoy:
And Death march'd dreadful in his Rear,
His Captives to deſtroy.

2 Caught in his Snares our Father ſunk;
With him his Children fell;
And Death his fatal Shaft † prepar'd
To ſmite them down to Hell.

3 *Jeſus* with pitying Eye beheld,
And left his ſtarry Crown;
Turn'd his own Weapons on the Foe,
And mow'd his Legions down.

* Dreadful. † Arrow.

By Death the Saviour Death disarm'd,
That we in Light may shine;
And fix'd this great mysterious Law,
That Dust should Dust refine.

No more the pointed Shaft we fear,
Nor dread the Monster's Boast;
No more the pious Dead we mourn,
As Friends for ever lost.

Their Tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join
With our recover'd Breath,
And all th' immortal Hosts, t' ascribe
Our Vict'ry to thy Death.

CCCIX. *An immediate Attention to GOD's Voice required.* Heb. iii. 15.

THE LORD JEHOVAH calls,
Be ev'ry Ear inclin'd;
May such a Voice awake each Heart,
And captivate the Mind.

If He in Thunder speaks,
Earth trembles at his Nod;
But gentle Accents here proclaim
The condescending GOD.

O harden not your Hearts,
But hear his Voice To-day;
Lest, ere To-morrow's earliest Dawn,
He call your Souls away.

Almighty GOD, pronounce
The Word of conqu'ring Grace;

So ſhall the Flint diſſolve to Tears,
And Scorners ſeek thy Face.

CCCX. *The eternal Sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our Vows
On this thy Day, in this thy Houſe:
And own, as grateful Sacrifice,
The Songs, which from the Deſart riſe.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler Reſt above;
To that our lab'ring Souls aſpire
With ardent Pangs of ſtrong Deſire.

3 No more Fatigue, no more Diſtreſs;
Nor Sin nor Hell ſhall reach the Place;
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which warble from immortal Tongues.

4 No rude Alarms of raging Foes;
No Cares to break the long Repoſe;
No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But ſacred, high, eternal Noon.

5 O long-expected Day, begin;
Dawn on theſe Realms of Woe and Sin:
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And ſleep in Death to reſt with GOD.

CCCXI. CHRIST *our Forerunner, and the Foundation of our Hope.* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 *JESUS* the Lord our Souls adore,
A painful Suff'rer now no more;

High

High on his Father's Throne He reigns
O'er Earth, and Heav'n's extenſive Plains.

2 His Race for ever is compleat;
For ever undiſturb'd his Seat;
Myriads of Angels round Him fly,
And ſing his well-gain'd Victory.

3 Yet, 'midſt the Honours of his Throne,
He joys not for Himſelf alone;
His meaneſt Servants ſhare their Part,
Share in that royal tender Heart.

4 Raiſe, raiſe my Soul, thy raptur'd Sight
With ſacred Wonder and Delight;
Jeſus thy own Forerunner ſee
Enter'd beyond the Veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling Tempeſt yell,
And foaming Waves to Mountains ſwell,
No Shipwreck can my Veſſel fear,
Since Hope hath fix'd its Anchor here.

CCCXII. *The evil Conſcience purified by the Blood of* JESUS. Heb. ix. 13, 14.

1 BLEST be the Lamb, whoſe Blood was ſpilt
To ſprinkle Conſcience from its Guilt;
To eaſe its Pains, to calm its Fears,
And purchaſe Grace for future Years.

2 Cleans'd by this all-atoning Blood,
We joy in free Acceſs to GOD,
The living GOD, before whoſe Face
Sinners in vain ſhall ſeek a Place.

3 Rouſe thee, my Soul, to ſerve him ſtill
With cordial Love, with active Zeal:
Serve him, like his own Son divine,
Who made his Life the Price of thine.

4 Bleſt *Jeſus*, introduc'd by Thee,
The Father's ſmiling Face I ſee;
And, ſtrengthen'd by thy Grace alone,
Theſe grateful Services are done.

5 Then muſt my Debt from Day to Day
Grow with each Service that I pay;
So grows my Joy, Dear Lord, to be
Thus more and more in Debt to Thee.

CCCXIII. *Death and Judgment appointed to all.* Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great Decree,
That *Adam*'s Race muſt die:
One gen'ral Ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in Duſt they lie.

2 Ye living Men, the Tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful Summons ſounds
In ev'ry Fun'ral Knell!

3 Once you muſt die, and once for all;
The ſolemn Purport weigh;
For know, that Heav'n and Hell are hung
On that important Day.

4 Thoſe Eyes, ſo long in Darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake the Judge to ſee,

And

And ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought
Muſt paſs his Scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And far beyond the Reach of Death
With all his Saints aſcend.

CCCXIV. CHRIST's *ſecond Appearance*, &c. Heb. ix. 28.

1 BEHOLD the Son of GOD appears,
And in his Fleſh our Sins He bears;
The Victim at GOD's Altar ſtood
To expiate Guilt by Groans and Blood.

2 But lo, a ſecond Time He comes
To ſhake the Earth, and rend the Tombs;
Theſe Heav'ns before Him melt away,
And Sun and Stars in Smoke decay.

3 Yet 'midſt this gen'ral Wreck and Dread,
Ye Saints, with Triumph lift the Head;
With glad Surprize your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your Bliſs compleat.

4 My Soul, an Happineſs ſo great
With pleaſing Expectation wait;
And, while I dwell upon the Thought,
Be Earth and all its Toys forgot.

5 My Saviour-GOD, what Grace is thine,
Which gives a Proſpect ſo divine!
Come bleſſed Day, and teach our Tongues
How Angels warble out their Songs.

CCCXV. *Liberty to enter through the Veil by the Blood of* CHRIST. Heb. x. 19—22.

1 APPROACH, ye Children of your GOD;
Fav'rites of Heav'n draw near;
Enter the Holieſt with Delight,
Tho' his own Ark be there.

2 Paſs thro' the Veil, the Saviour's Fleſh,
That new and living Way;
And Majeſty enſhrin'd * in Love
Shall gentle Beams diſplay.

3 *Jeſus* with Sin-atoning Blood
The Throne hath ſprinkled o'er;
His fragrant Incenſe ſpreads its Cloud,
And Juſtice flames no more.

4 Approach with Boldneſs and with Joy,
But ſpotleſs all draw near;
Pure be your Lives from ev'ry Stain,
And ev'ry Conſcience clear.

5 So ſhall the Bleſſings of his Grace
On all your Souls diſtil,
Till each a royal Prieſt appears
On his celeſtial Hill.

* Surrounded with and ſoftened by.

CCCXVI. *GOD's Fidelity to his Promiſes.* Heb. x. 23.

1 THE Promiſes I ſing,
Which ſov'reign Love hath ſpoke;

Nor

Nor will th' eternal King
His Words of Grace revoke;
They ſtand ſecure,
And ſtedfaſt ſtill;
Not *Zion*'s Hill
Abides ſo ſure.

2 The Mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And Sun and Moon decay,
That meaſure Mortals Years;
But ſtill the ſame
In radiant Lines
The Promiſe ſhines
Thro' all the Flame.

3 Their Harmony ſhall ſound
Thro' mine attentive Ears,
When Thunders cleave the Ground,
And diſſipate the Spheres;
'Midſt all the Shock
Of that dread Scene,
I ſtand ſerene,
Thy Word my Rock.

CCCXVII. *The Day approaching, a Motive to Love and Worſhip.* Heb. x. 24, 25.

1 THE Day approacheth, O my Soul,
The great deciſive Day,
Which from the Verge of mortal Life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another Day more awful dawns;
And lo, the Judge appears;

Ye Heav'ns, retire before his Face,
And ſink, ye darken'd Stars.

3 Yet does one ſhort preparing Hour,
One precious Hour remain;
Rouze thee, my Soul, with all thy Pow'r,
Nor let it paſs in vain.

4 With me my Brethren ſoon muſt die,
And at that Bar appear;
Now be our Intercourſe improv'd
To mutual Comfort here.

5 For this, thy Temple, LORD, we throng;
For this, thy Board ſurround;
Here may our Service be approv'd,
And in thy Preſence crown'd.

CCCXVIII. Abraham's *Faith in leaving his Country at the divine Command.* Heb. xi. 8.

1 NOW let our Songs proclaim abroad
Th' unchanging Name of *Abram*'s GOD;
In Him let *Abram*'s Children boaſt,
Their Father's ever-living LORD,
His Shield, his Friend, his great Reward,
Who never can deceive their Truſt.

2 Call'd by thy Voice, with joyful Speed
He went, where Thou waſt pleas'd to lead,
Unknowing in the Path he trod;
His Land, his Kindred, ſtrove in vain
The pious Pilgrim to detain,
Propt on the Promiſe of his GOD.

3 So

So at thy Word the Saint foregoes *
Each tender Tie, which Nature knows,
And hears no other Voice but Thine;
Marches, where Thou ſhalt point the Way,
Where Thou ſhalt pitch his Tent, will ſtay,
And learns his *Iſaac* to reſign.

At length, ſtill faithful to thy own,
Thou call'ſt him to a World unknown,
Thro' Paths untrod by mortal Feet;
Smiling he owns thy Voice in Death,
Gives to the Air his fleeting Breath,
And finds the Road to *Abram*'s Seat.

* Breaks thro'.

CCCXIX. *The GOD of the* Patriarchs *preparing them a City.* Heb. xi. 16.

1 *I Am thy GOD*, JEHOVAH ſaid,
To *Abram*, and his choſen Seed;
And ſtill the ſame Relation owns
To each of *Abram*'s faithful Sons.

2 Sov'reign of Heav'n, what Works of Love
So grand a Title ſhall approve?
What ſplendid Gifts will GOD beſtow,
That all its high Import may know?

3 Not the rich Flocks and Herds that feed
Round *Abram*'s Tents in *Mamre*'s Mead;
Not *Joſeph*'s Chariot, nor the Throne,
Iv'ry and Gold of *Solomon*.

4 Not *Canaan*'s Plains a Lot can prove
Proportion'd to JEHOVAH's Love;

Not

Not *Zion*'s ſacred Mountain, where
His Temple glitter'd like a Star.

5 O'er *Zion*'s Mount, o'er *Canaan*'s Plains,
Oppreſſion now, and Horror reigns;
And, where the Throne of *David* ſtood,
His ruin'd Sepulchre is view'd.

6 'Tis in the Heav'n of Heav'ns alone
Thou mak'ſt thy wond'rous Friendſhip known;
A City there thy Hand prepares,
Fix'd as thy own eternal Years.

7 Long as they reign before thy Face,
The bliſsful Nations ſhall confeſs,
Thy ſov'reign Love has there beſtow'd
Salvation worthy of a GOD.

CCCXX. Moſes's *wiſe Choice.* Heb. xi. 26.

1 MY Soul, with all thy waken'd Pow'rs
Survey the heav'nly Prize;
Nor let theſe glitt'ring Toys of Earth
Allure thy wand'ring Eyes.

2 The ſplendid Crown, which *Moſes* ſought,
Still beams around his Brow;
Tho' ſoon great *Pharoah*'s ſcepter'd Pride
Was taught by Death to bow.

3 The Joys and Treaſures of a Day
I chearfully reſign;
Rich in that large immortal Store,
Secur'd by Grace divine.

4 Let

Let Fools my wiſer Choice deride,
Angels and GOD approve;
Nor Scorn of Men, nor Rage of Hell
My ſtedfaſt Soul ſhall move.

With ardent Eye that bright Reward
I daily will ſurvey;
And in the blooming Proſpect loſe
The Sorrows of the Way.

CCCXXI. *Acting, as ſeeing him, who is inviſible.*
Heb. xi. -27.

ETERNAL and Immortal King,
Thy peerleſs * Splendors none can bear,
But Darkneſs veils *Seraphic* Eyes,
When GOD with all his Luſtre's there.

Yet Faith can pierce the awful Gloom,
The great *Inviſible* can ſee;
And with its Tremblings mingle Joy
In fix'd Regards, Great GOD, to Thee.

Then ev'ry tempting Form of Sin,
Sham'd in thy Preſence, diſappears;
And all the glowing raptur'd Soul
The Likeneſs it contemplates wears.

O Ever-conſcious to my Heart,
Witneſs to its ſupreme Deſire,
Behold it preſſeth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly Fire.

This one Petition would it urge,
To bear Thee ever in its Sight;

* Unequalled.

In

In Life, in Death, in Worlds unknown,
Its only Portion and Delight.

CCCXXII. *Subjection to GOD, the Father of our Spirits.* Heb. xii. -9.

1 ETERNAL Source of Life and Thought,
Be all beneath Thyself forgot;
Whilst Thee, great Parent-Mind, we own
In prostrate Homage round thy Throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our Souls survey
Of Thee some faint reflected Ray,
They wond'ring to their Father rise;
His Pow'r how vast! His Thoughts how wise!

3 Behold us as thine Offspring, LORD,
And do not cast us off abhorr'd;
Nor let thy Hand, so long our Joy,
Be rais'd in Vengeance to destroy.

4 O may we live before thy Face,
The willing Subjects of thy Grace;
And thro' each Path of Duty move
With filial Awe, and filial Love.

CCCXXIII. *The Immutability of* CHRIST. Heb. xiii. 8.

1 WITH Transport, Lord, our Souls proclaim
Th' immortal Honours of thy Name:
Assembled round our Saviour's Throne,
We make his ceaseless Glories known.

2 High

2 High on his Father's royal Seat
Our *Jesus* shone divinely great,
Ere *Adam*'s Clay with Life was warm'd,
Or *Gabriel*'s nobler Spirit form'd.

3 Thro' all succeeding Ages He
The same hath been, the same shall be:
Immortal Radiance gilds his Head,
While Stars and Suns wax old and fade.

4 The same his Pow'r his Flock to guard;
The same his Bounty to reward;
The same his Faithfulness and Love
To Saints on Earth, and Saints above.

5 Let Nature change and sink and die;
Jesus shall raise his Chosen high,
And fix them near his stable Throne,
In Glory changeless as his own.

CCCXXIV. *Watching for Souls in the View of the great Account.* Heb. xiii. 17.

For the Ordination of a Minister.

1 LET *Zion*'s Watchmen all awake,
And take th' Alarm they give;
Now let them from the Mouth of GOD
Their solemn Charge receive.

2 'Tis not a Cause of small Import
The *Pastor*'s Care demands;
But what might fill an Angel's Heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's Hands.

3 They

3 They watch for Souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly Bliſs forego *;
For Souls, which muſt for ever live
In Raptures, or in Woe.

4 All to the great Tribunal haſte,
Th' Account to render there;
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our Faults,
LORD, how ſhould we appear?

5 May they that *Jeſus*, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer ſee;
And watch thou daily o'er their Souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

* Forſake, lay aſide.

CCCXXV. *The Chriſtian perfected by divine Grace through* CHRIST. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of Peace, and God of Love,
We own thy Pow'r to ſave;
That Pow'r, by which our Shepherd roſe
Victorious o'er the Grave.

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,
Still watchful for our Good;
Who brought th' eternal Cov'nant down,
And ſeal'd it with his Blood.

3 So may thy Spirit ſeal my Soul,
And mould it to thy Will;
That my fond Heart no more may ſtray,
But keep thy Cov'nant ſtill.

4 Still

4 Still may we gain ſuperior Strength,
And preſs with Vigour on,
Till full Perfection crown our Hopes,
And fix us near thy Throne.

CCCXXVI. *Chriſtians begotten to GOD as the Firſt-Fruits of his Creatures.* James i. 18.

1 NOW to that ſov'reign Grace,
Whence all our Comforts ſpring,
Let the whole new-begotten Race
Their chearful Praiſes bring.

2 His Will firſt made the Choice;
His Word the Change hath wrought;
In Him our Father we rejoice,
Nor be the Name forgot.

3 LORD, may this matchleſs Love,
Which thy own Children ſee,
Make us from all thy Creatures prove
As the Firſt-Fruits to Thee.

4 Sacred to Thee alone
Be all theſe Pow'rs of mine,
Then in the nobleſt Senſe my own,
When moſt entirely Thine.

CCCXXVII. *Looking into the perfect Law of Liberty, and continuing in it.* James i. 25.

1 BEHOLD the Glaſs the Goſpel lends,
That Men themſelves may view:

How

How free from Stain its Surface is!
How poliſh'd, and how true!

2 Behold that wiſe, that perfect Law,
Which nobleſt Freedom gives;
O may it all our Souls refine,
And ſanctify our Lives!

3 Not with a tranſient Glance ſurvey'd,
And in an Hour forgot,
But deep inſcrib'd on ev'ry Heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry Thought.

4 Great Author of each perfect Gift,
Thy ſov'reign Grace diſplay,
That theſe rebellious roving Pow'rs
May hearken and obey.

5 Inſpie'd by Thee, our feeble Souls
Shall paſs victorious on;
As the faint dawning Light improves
To all the Blaze of Noon.

CCCXXVIII. James's *Advice to Sinners.* James iv. 7, 8.

1 YE Sinners, bend your ſtubborn Necks
Beneath the Yoke divine;
In low Submiſſion bow ye down
Before his ſacred Shrine.

2 In pious Streams your Follies mourn,
And ſeek his injur'd Grace;
And wait with broken bleeding Hearts
The Op'nings of his Face.

3 Reſiſt

3 Reſiſt the Tempter's fierce Attacks,
And he ſhall ſpeed his Flight:
Draw near to GOD, and his Embrace
Shall fold you with Delight.

4 Ye Sinners, cleanſe your ſpotted Hands,
And purge your Hearts from Sin;
Here fix your long-divided Views,
And Peace ſhall reign within.

5 Bleſt Saviour, draw us by thy Love,
And fix us by thy Pow'r;
When we have felt theſe ſweet Conſtraints,
Our Souls ſhall rove no more.

CCCXXIX. *The Vanity of worldly Schemes inferred from the Uncertainty of Life.* James iv. 13, 14, 15.

1 TO-MORROW, LORD, is Thine,
Lodg'd in thy ſov'reign Hand;
And, if its Sun ariſe and ſhine,
It ſhines by thy Command.

2 The preſent Moment flies,
And bears our Life away;
O make thy Servants truly wiſe,
That they may live To-day.

3 Since on this winged Hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine Almighty Pow'r
The Aged and the Young.

4 One Thing demands our Care;
O be it ſtill purſu'd!

Leſt,

Left, slighted once, the Season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To *Jesus* may we fly
Swift as the Morning Light,
Left Life's young golden Beams should die
In sudden endless Night.

CCCXXX. *Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour.* 1 Peter i. 8.

1 MINE inward Joys, suppress'd too long,
Extatic burst into a Song;
From *Christ*, tho' now unseen, they rise
And reach his Throne beyond the Skies.

2 His Glories strike the wond'ring Sight
Of all the first-born Sons of Light;
Beyond the *Seraphim* they shine,
Unrivall'd all, and all divine.

3 Yet mortal Worms his Friendship boast,
And make his saving Name their Trust:
Jesus, my Lord, I know Him well;
He rescu'd me from Death and Hell.

4 This sinful Heart from God estrang'd
His new-creating Pow'r hath chang'd;
And, mingling with each secret Thought,
Maintains the Work, which first it wrought.

5 He gives to see his Father's Face;
He gives my Soul to thrive in Grace;
And brings the Views of Glory down,
The Beamings of my heav'nly Crown.

6 Thus

5 Thus entertain'd, while here below
Unſpeakable my Tranſports grow;
New Joys in ſwift Succeſſion roll,
And Glory fills my ſilent Soul.

CCCXXXI. *The Heart purified to Love unfeigned by the Spirit.* 1 Peter i. 22.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal Love,
Vouchſafe our frozen Hearts to move;
With Ardour ſtrong theſe Breaſts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's Name.

2 Still let the heav'nly Fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure:
Let ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Hand
Join in the dear fraternal Band *.

3 Celeſtial Dove, deſcend, and bring
The ſmiling Bleſſings on thy Wing;
And make us taſte thoſe Sweets below,
Which in the bliſsful Manſions grow.

* Brotherly Union.

CCCXXXII. *Taſting that the Lord is gracious.* 1 Peter ii. 3.

1 YES, it is ſweet to taſte his Grace,
Who bought us with his Blood;
My Soul prefers the Reliſh ſtill
To all created Good.

2 O how I love that vital Word,
Which taught me firſt to live!

Thirſt

Thirſt for that uncorrupted Milk,
That I may grow and thrive!

3 All-gracious LORD, inſtruct us more
Thy ſaving Gifts to know:
And let our inmoſt Hearts rejoice,
That Thou haſt lov'd us ſo.

4 Open thy Stores with lib'ral Hand,
That we may daily feaſt;
And let each dying Soul around
The ſweet Salvation taſte.

CCCXXXIII. *Coming to* CHRIST *as a living Stone.* 1 Pet. ii. 4, 5.

1 WITH Extacy of Joy
Extol his glorious Name,
Who rais'd the ſpacious Earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd Frame:
He built the Church
Who built the Sky,
Shout and exalt
His Honours high.

2 See the Foundation laid
By Pow'r and Love divine;
Jeſus, his firſt-born Son,
How bright his Glories ſhine!
Low He deſcends,
In Duſt He lies,
That from his Tomb
A Church might riſe.

3 But

3 But He for ever lives,
Nor for Himself alone;
Each Saint new Life derives
From this mysterious Stone;
His Influence darts
Thro' ev'ry Soul,
And in one House
Unites the whole.

4 To Him with Joy we move;
In Him cemented stand;
The living Temple grows,
And owns the Founder's Hand:
That Structure, LORD,
Still higher raise,
Louder to sound
Its Builder's Praise.

5 Descend, and shed abroad
The Tokens of thy Grace,
And with more radiant Beams
Let Glory fill the Place;
Our joyful Souls
Shall prostrate fall,
And own, our GOD
Is All in All.

CCCXXXIV. CHRIST *the Corner-Stone.* 1 Pet. ii. 6. *compared with* Isaiah xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LORD, dost Thou shew a Corner-Stone
For us to build our Hopes upon,
That the fair Edifice may rise
Sublime in Light beyond the Skies?

2 We own the Work of ſov'reign Love:
Nor Death nor Hell thoſe Hopes ſhall move,
Which fix'd on this Foundation ſtand,
Laid by thy own Almighty Hand.

3 Thy People long this Stone have tried,
And all the Pow'rs of Hell defy'd;
Floods of Temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this Rock the Houſe ſuſtain.

4 When Storms of Wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and Thunder, Fire and Hail,
'Tis here our trembling Souls ſhall hide,
And here ſecurely they abide.

5 While they that ſcorn this precious Stone,
Fond of ſome Quickſand of their own,
Borne down by weighty Vengeance die,
And buried deep in Ruin lie.

CCCXXXV. CHRIST *precious to the Believer.*
1 Peter ii. 7-.

1 *JESUS*, I love thy charming Name;
'Tis Muſic to mine Ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That Earth and Heav'n ſhould hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my Soul,
My Tranſport, and my Truſt:
Jewels to Thee are gaudy Toys,
And Gold is ſordid Duſt.

3 All my capacious Pow'rs can wiſh
In Thee doth richly meet:

Nor

Nor to mine Eyes is Light so dear,
Nor Friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy Grace still dwells upon my Heart,
And sheds its Fragrance there;
The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,
The Cordial of its Care.

5 I'll speak the Honours of thy Name
With my last lab'ring Breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine Arms,
The Antidote of Death.

CCCXXXVI. Noah *preserved in the Ark, and the Believer in* CHRIST. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,
In what impetuous Streams it fell!
Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage,
And swept a guilty World to Hell.

2 In vain the tallest Sons of Pride
Fled from the close-pursuing Wave;
Nor could their mightiest Tow'rs defend,
Nor Swiftness 'scape, nor Courage save.

3 How dire the Wreck! How loud the Roar!
How shrill the universal Cry
Of Millions in the last Despair,
Re-echo'd from the low'ring Sky!

4 Yet *Noah*, humble happy Saint,
Surrounded with the chosen Few,
Sat in his Ark, secure from Fear,
And sang the Grace that steer'd him thro'.

5 So I may sing, in *Jesus* safe,
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,
Conscious how high my Hopes are fix'd,
Beyond what shakes this earthly Ball.

6 Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure Retreat:
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.

7 Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is seen;
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne *
Seals endless Life to all their Souls.

* Rev. iv. 3.

CCCXXXVII. *The Ungodly warned of their final Appearance.* 1 Peter iv. 18.

1 BEHOLD God's great incarnate Son
In Majesty comes flying down:
Hark! for his Trumpet's awful Sound
Awakes the Dead, and cleaves the Ground.

2 So solemn shall the Judgment be,
And so severe the Scrutiny †,
That, by his Merit tried alone,
The Saint himself would be undone.

3 Where then, ye Sons of *Belial* ‡, where
Will your astonish'd Souls appear?
How will ye shun his piercing Sight?
Or how resist his matchless Might?

† Examination. ‡ Rebellious Men.

4 Up to the pointed Mountains fly,
And gain the Confines * of the Sky;
There ſhall ye meet celeſtial Fire,
While Mountains melt before his Ire †.

5 Call on the rending Earth to ſave,
And in its Center ſearch a Grave;
The Judge ſhall well diſcern thee there,
And drag thee trembling to his Bar.

6 Deck thee around with Fraud and Lies,
And put on ev'ry fair Diſguiſe;
Soon ſhall thy painted Form be known
Amidſt ten thouſand of his own.

7 Gird thee in Arms his Wrath t' oppoſe,
And league with Millions of his Foes;
Soon would the Rebel-Band expire,
Like crackling Thorns amidſt the Fire.

8 One only Way may yet be found;
Submiſſive bow ye to the Ground;
His Croſs a Refuge will afford
From all the Terrors of his Sword.

* Borders. † Anger.

CCCXXXVIII. *Humbling ourſelves under GOD's mighty Hand.* 1 Peter v. 6.

1 BENEATH thy mighty Hand, O God,
Our Souls we proſtrate low;
Shine forth with gentle radiant Beams,
That we thy Name may know.

2 Thy Hand this various Frame produc'd,
And ſtill ſupports it well;

That Hand with Juſtice and with Eaſe
Might ſmite our Souls to Hell.

3 Conſcious of Meanneſs and of Guilt,
We in the Duſt would lie;
Stretch forth thy condeſcending Arm,
And lift the Humble high.

4 So in the Temples of thy Grace
We'll ſov'reign Mercy own,
And, when we ſhine above the Stars,
Extol thy Grace alone.

5 The more Thou raiſe ſuch ſinful Duſt,
The lower would it fall;
For leſs than nothing, LORD, are we,
And Thou art All in All.

CCCXXXIX. *The ſame. For a Faſt-Day.*

1 OUR Souls with Rev'rence, LORD, bow down
Struck by the Splendors of thy Throne;
Humbled, while in thy Houſe we ſtand,
Beneath thy great tremendous Hand.

2 That Hand, which bears the ſteady Pole,
While Nature's Wheels unwearied roll;
That Hand, which gives each Creature Food,
And fills the World with various Good.

3 That Hand, which pierc'd thy darling Son
To expiate Crimes, that we had done:
That Hand, which ſcatters Grace abroad
To turn thy Foes to Sons of GOD.

4 But O! with what diſtracted Rage
Have we preſum'd that Hand t' engage!

And,

And, while long Patience hath been ſhewn,
Struggled to force thy Vengeance down!

5 Here might thy Wrath begin to flame,
And vindicate thine injur'd Name:
Till the red Thunders of thy Hand
Had dealt Deſtruction round our Land.

6 With humble Hearts our GOD we meet:
O raiſe the Suppliants at thy Feet!
And let that glorious Arm this Day
Embrace the Rebels it might ſlay.

CCCXL. *GOD's Care a Remedy for ours.*
1 Peter v. 7.

1 HOW gentle GOD's Commands!
How kind his Precepts are!
"Come, caſt your Burdens on the LORD,
"And truſt his conſtant Care."

2 While Providence ſupports,
Let Saints ſecurely dwell;
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his Children well.

3 Why ſhould this anxious Load
Preſs down your weary Mind?
Haſte to your heav'nly Father's Throne,
And ſweet Refreſhment find.

4 His Goodneſs ſtands approv'd
Down to the preſent Day;
I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,
And bear a Song away.

CCCXLI. *Eſtabliſhment in Religion from the GOD of all Grace.* 1 Peter v. 10, 11.

1 HOW rich thy Favours, GOD of Grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as Heav'n they ſhine.

2 He to eternal Glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous Way
To his own Palace, where He reigns
In uncreated Day.

3 *Jeſus*, the Herald of his Love,
Diſplays the radiant Prize,
And ſhews the Purchaſe of his Blood
To our admiring Eyes.

4 He perfects what his Hand begins,
And Stone on Stone He lays;
Till firm and fair the Building riſe,
A Temple to his Praiſe.

5 The Songs of everlaſting Years
That Mercy ſhall attend,
Which leads, thro' Suff'rings of an Hour,
To Joys, that never end.

CCCXLII. *The Circumſtances of* CHRIST'S *ſecond Appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

1 MY waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings
Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;
See this vain World in Smoke decay,
And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

2 Behold

2 Behold the fiery Deluge roll
Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch from Pole to Pole:
Pale Sun, no more thy Luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry Hoſt.

3 This Wreck of Nature all around,
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound
Loud the deſcending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous Name.

4 Children of *Adam*, all appear
With Rev'rence round his awful Bar;
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs Bliſs, or endleſs Woe.

5 LORD, to mine Eyes this Scene diſplay
Frequent thro' each revolving Day,
And let thy Grace my Soul prepare
To meet its full Redemption there.

CCCXLIII. *The Importance of being prepared for* CHRIST's *ſecond Appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 14.

1 "BEHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)
" With winged Speed I come;
" My Voice ſhall call your Souls away
" To their eternal Home.

2 " Awake, ye Sons of Sloth, awake;
" Your vain Amuſements ceaſe,
" And ſtrive with your united Pow'rs,
" That ye be found in Peace.

3 " Seize the bleſt Hour with ardent Haſte,
" Nor ſlight this peaceful Word,

" Left your affrighted Souls in vain
" Fly from my flaming Sword.

4 " Happy the Man, whose ready Heart
" Obeys the sacred Call;
" And shelters in my Cov'nant Grace
" His everlasting All."

5 Blest *Jesus*, whose All-searching Eye
My inmost Pow'rs can see,
Dost Thou not know my willing Soul
Hath lodg'd that All with Thee?

6 These eager Eyes thy Signal wait;
My dear Redeemer, come:
I rove a weary Pilgrim here,
And long to be at Home.

CCCXLIV. *Growing in Grace*, &c. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

1 PRAISE to thy Name, Eternal God,
For all the Grace Thou shed'st abroad;
For all thine Influence from above
To warm our Souls with sacred Love.

2 Blest be thy Hand, which from the Skies
Brought down this Plant of Paradise,
And gave its heav'nly Glories Birth,
To deck this Wilderness of Earth.

3 But why does that celestial Flow'r
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy Odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous Head?

4 Too plain alas! the Languor shews
Th' unkindly Soil in which it grows;

Where

Where the black Frosts and beating Storm
Wither and rend its tender Form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy Beams display
To drive the Frosts and Storms away;
Make all thy potent Virtues known
To chear a Plant so much thy own.

6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh Gales of Heav'n on Shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A Fragrance grateful to our GOD.

CCCXLV. *Experimental Knowledge communicated.* 1 John i. 1—3.

1 *JESUS,* mine Advocate above,
Let me not hear of Thee alone,
But make the Wonders of thy Love
By deep Experience sweetly known.

2 On Thee my Soul would fix its Eye;
My Lips would taste thy heav'nly Grace;
Then would I raise thine Honours high,
And teach a thousand Tongues thy Praise.

3 The sacred Flame from Heart to Heart
Should with a rapid Progress run;
Till each in GOD could boast his Part,
Thro' sweet Communion with his Son.

4 Thus may the Servants of the LORD
Feel the Salvation they proclaim;
And thus may Crouds receive the Word,
And echo back the Saviour's Name.

CCCXLVI. *Communion with GOD and* CHRIST. 1 John i. -3.

1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And *Chriſt* invites us near;
With both our Friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our Communion dear.

2 GOD pities all my Griefs;
He pardons ev'ry Day;
Almighty to protect my Soul,
And wiſe to guide my Way.

3 How large his Bounties are!
What various Stores of Good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,
And purchas'd with his Blood!

4 *Jeſus*, my living Head,
I bleſs thy faithful Care;
Mine Advocate before the Throne,
And my Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving Heart;
Here wait, my warmeſt Love,
Till the Communion be compleat
In nobler Scenes above.

CCCXLVII. *The Privileges of Saints by the Blood of* JESUS. 1 John i. 7.

1 MY various Pow'rs, awake
To ſound redeeming Grace;
To Him, that waſh'd us in his Blood,
Aſcribe eternal Praiſe.

2 What

2 What tho' our Guilt appears
Dy'd in a Crimſon-Grain?
The Stream, that flows from *Jeſus'* Side,
Shall purge away the Stain.

3 'Midſt all our various Forms
We in this Center meet;
Our Hearts, cemented by his Blood,
Shall taſte Communion ſweet.

4 Then let us walk in Light,
Like *Chriſt*, whoſe Name we wear;
And, as the Pledge of endleſs Bliſs,
Our Father's Image bear.

CCCXLVIII. *The Blood of* CHRIST *cleanſing from all Sin.* 1 John i. 7.

1 MY Sins, alas! how foul the Stains!
How deep, and O! how wide!
O'er my polluted Soul they ſpread,
In double Crimſon dy'd.

2 How ſhall I ſtand before that GOD,
In whoſe All-piercing Sight
Some Shades of Darkneſs ſeem to veil
The pureſt Sons of Light?

3 Where ſhall I waſh theſe Spots away,
And make my Nature clean,
Since Drops of penitential Grief
Are tinctur'd ſtill with Sin?

4 Behold a Torrent all divine
Flows from the Saviour's Side,

And

And ſtrangely bears a cryſtal Stream
Amidſt the purple Tide *.

5 Here will I bathe my ſpotted Soul,
And make it pure and fair;
Till not the Eye of GOD diſcern
One foul Pollution there.

6 Then, dreſt in Robes of ſnowy White,
I'll join the ſhining Band,
And learn new Anthems to the Lamb,
While round his Throne we ſtand.

* Referring to the Blood and Water, that came out of *Chriſt*'s wounded Side. *John* xix. 34.

CCCXLIX. *Having the Son, and having Life in him.* 1 John v. 12.

1 O Happy Chriſtian, who can boaſt,
"The Son of GOD is mine!"
Happy, tho' humbled in the Duſt;
Rich in this Gift divine.

2 He lives the Life of Heav'n below,
And ſhall for ever live;
Eternal Streams from *Chriſt* ſhall flow,
And endleſs Vigour give.

3 That Life we aſk with bended Knee,
Nor will the LORD deny;
Nor will celeſtial Mercy ſee
Its humble Suppliants die.

4 That Life obtain'd, for Praiſe alone
We wiſh continu'd Breath;
And taught by bleſt Experience own,
That Praiſe can live in Death.

CCCL. CHRIST *the First and the Last, humbled to Death, and exalted to an eternal Triumph over it.* Revelation i. 17, 18.

1 WHAT My'ſtries, Lord, in Thee combine!
Jeſus, once mortal, yet divine;
The Firſt, the Laſt; the End, the Head;
The Source of Life among the Dead.

2 O Love, beyond the Stretch of Thought!
What matchleſs Wonders hath it wrought!
My Faith, while ſhe the Grace declares,
Trembles beneath the Load ſhe bears.

3 Hail, royal Conqu'ror o'er the Grave,
Tender to pity, ſtrong to ſave!
For ever live, for ever reign,
And proſp'rous may thy Throne remain!

4 Thy Saints, obedient to thy Word,
With humble Joy ſurround thy Board;
And, long as Time purſues its Race,
Proclaim thy Death, and ſhout thy Grace.

5 In the full Choir, where Angels join
Their Harps of Melody divine,
Thy Death inſpires a Song of Praiſe,
New thro' thy Life's eternal Days.

CCCLI. *The Keys of Death and the unſeen World in* CHRIST'S *Hand.* Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the Keys of Death and Hell!

The

The ſpacious World unſeen is His,
And ſov'reign Pow'r becomes Him well.

2 In Shame and Torment once He died;
But now He lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye Saints, around his Seat,
And, all ye Angel-Bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, Glorious Lord,
To cruſh thy Foes, and guard thy Friends;
While all thy choſen Tribes rejoice,
That thy Dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy Hand to hold the Keys,
Guided by Wiſdom, and by Love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,
O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

5 When Death thy Servants ſhall invade,
When Pow'rs of Hell thy Church annoy,
Controul'd by Thee, their Rage ſhall help
The Cauſe, they labour'd to deſtroy.

6 For ever reign, Victorious King:
Wide thro' the Earth thy Name be known;
And call my longing Soul to ſing
Sublimer Anthems near thy Throne.

CCCLII. CHRIST'S *Care of Miniſters and Churches.* Rev. ii. 1.

1 WE bleſs th' eternal Source of Light,
Who makes the Stars to ſhine;
And, thro' this dark beclouded World,
Diffuſeth Rays divine.

2 We

2 We bleſs the Churches ſov'reign King,
Whoſe golden Lamps we are;
Fix'd in the Temples of his Love
To ſhine with Radiance fair.

3 Still be our Purity preſerv'd;
Still fed with Oil the Flame;
And in deep Characters inſcrib'd
Our heav'nly Maſter's Name.

4 Then, while between our Ranks He walks,
And all our State ſurveys,
His Smiles ſhall with new Luſtre deck
The People of his Praiſe.

CCCLIII. *The Chriſtian Warrior animated and crowned.* Rev. ii. -10.

1 HARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's Voice
From his triumphant Seat:
'Midſt all the War's tumultuous Noiſe,
How pow'rful and how ſweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful Band, (He cries)
"Nor fear the mortal Blow:
"Who firſt in ſuch a Warfare dies
"Shall ſpeedieſt Vict'ry know.

3 "I have my Days of Combat known,
"And in the Duſt was laid;
"But thence I mounted to my Throne,
"And Glory crowns my Head.

4 "That Throne, that Glory, you ſhall ſhare;
"My Hands the Crown ſhall give;

"And

" And you the ſparkling Honours wear,
" While GOD himſelf ſhall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our Boſoms glow
With Courage, and with Love:
Thy Hand ſhall bear thy Soldiers thro',
And raiſe their Heads above.

6 My Soul, while Deaths beſet me round,
Erects her ardent Eyes,
And longs, thro' ſome illuſtrious Wound,
To ruſh and ſeize the Prize.

CCCLIV. *The Pillar in GOD's heavenly Temple, with its Inſcription.* Rev. iii. 12.

1 ALL-HAIL, Victorious Saviour, hail!
I bow to thy Command;
And own, that *David*'s royal Key
Well fits thy ſov'reign Hand.

2 Open the Treaſures of thy Love,
And ſhed thy Gifts abroad;
Unveil to my rejoicing Eyes
The Temple of my GOD.

3 There as a Pillar let me ſtand
On an eternal Baſe *;
Up-rear'd by thine almighty Hand,
And poliſh'd by thy Grace.

4 There deep engraven let me bear
The Title of thy GOD;
And mark the new *Jeruſalem*,
As my ſecure Abode.

* Foundation.

5 In

5 In lasting Characters inscribe
Thy own beloved Name,
That endless Ages there may read
The great *Emanuel*'s Claim.

6 Lead on, my Gen'ral; I defy
What Earth or Hell can do;
Thy Conduct, and this glorious Hope
Shall bear thy Soldier thro'.

CCCLV. *GOD's Covenant unchangeable*; or, *The Rainbow round about the Throne.* Rev. iv. -3. *compared with* Gen. ix. 13—17.

1 SUPREME of Beings, with Delight
Our Eyes survey this heav'nly Sight;
And trace with Admiration sweet
The beaming Splendors of thy Feet.

2 Jasper and Sapphire strive in vain
To paint the Glories of thy Train;
Thy Robes all stream eternal Light,
Too pow'rful for a *Cherub*'s Sight.

3 Yet round thy Throne the Rainbow shines,
Fair Emblem of thy kind Designs;
Bright Pledge, that speaks thy Cov'nant sure
Long as thy Kingdom shall endure.

4 No more shall Deluges of Woe
Thy new-created World o'erflow;
Jesus, our Sun, his Beams displays,
And gilds the Clouds with beauteous Rays.

5 No Gems so bright, no Forms so fair;
Mercy and Truth still triumph there:

Thy

Thy Saints ſhall bleſs the peaceful Sign,
When Stars and Suns forget to ſhine.

6 E'en here, while Storms and gloomy Shade,
And Horrors all the Scene o'erſpread,
Faith views the Throne with piercing Eye,
And boaſts the Rainbow ſtill is nigh.

CCCLVI. *Victory over* Satan *by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of the Teſtimony of his Servants.* Rev. xii. 11.

1 SEE the old Dragon from his Throne
Sink with enormous Ruin down!
Baniſh'd from Heav'n, and doom'd to dwell
Deep in the fiery Gloom of Hell!

2 Ye Heav'ns with all your Hoſts, rejoice:
Ye Saints, in Conſort lend your Voice:
Approach your Lord's victorious Seat,
And tread the Foe beneath your Feet.

3 But whence a Conqueſt ſo divine
Gain'd by ſuch feeble Hands as mine?
Or whence can ſinful Mortals boaſt
O'er *Satan* and his Rebel-Hoſt?

4 'Twas from thy Blood, Thou ſlaughter'd Lamb,
That all our Palms and Triumphs came;
Thy Croſs, thy Spear, inflicts the Stroke,
By which the Monſter's Head is broke.

5 Thy faithful Word our Hope maintains
Thro' all our Combat and our Pains;
The Accents of thy heav'nly Breath
Thy Soldiers bear thro' Wounds and Death.

6 Tri-

6 Triumphant Lamb, in Worlds unknown,
With Tranſport round thy radiant Throne,
Thy happy Legions, all compleat,
Shall lay their Laurels at thy Feet.

CCCLVII. *The Song of* Moſes *and the Lamb.* Rev. xv. 3.

1 *ISRAEL*, thy Tribute bring
To GOD's victorious Name;
The Song of *Moſes* ſing,
Of *Moſes* and the Lamb:
Improve his Lays *;
The Theme exceeds,
And nobler Deeds
Demand our Praiſe.

2 The Prince of Hell aroſe
With impious Rage and Pride,
And 'midſt our num'rous Foes
Our feeble Pow'r defy'd;
" I will o'ertake,
" And I deſtroy,
" My Hand with Joy
" Shall force thee back."

3 Thy Hand, Almighty LORD,
Thy trembling *Iſrael* ſaves;
Thine unreſiſted Word
Divides the threat'ning Waves:
Thy Hoſts paſs o'er;
The Foe o'erthrown
Sinks like a Stone
To riſe no more.

* Songs of Praiſe.

4 Our

4 Our Triumphs we prepare,
And chearful Anthems raiſe;
JEHOVAH's Arm made bare
Demands immortal Praiſe;
And while we ſing,
Ye Shores, proclaim
His wondrous Name,
Ye Deſarts, ring.

5 Thro' all the Wilderneſs
Thy Preſence, LORD, ſhall lead;
And bring us to the Place,
Thy ſov'reign Love decreed;
Thoſe bliſsful Plains,
Where all around
Hoſannas ſound,
And Tranſport reigns.

CCCLVIII. *The Conqueſt of Death and Grief by Views of the heavenly State.* Rev. xxi. 4.

1 LIFT up, ye Saints, your weeping Eyes,
Suſpend your Sorrows and your Sighs;
Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs,
Which *Jeſus* dictates to your Tongues.

2 Thus ſaith the Saviour from his Throne,
" Behold all former Things are gone,
" Paſt like an anxious Dream away,
" Chas'd by the golden Beams of Day.

3 " See in celeſtial Pomp array'd
" A new-created World diſplay'd;
" Mark with what Light its Proſpects ſhine!
" How grand, how various, how divine!

4 " There

4 " There my own gentle Hand ſhall dry
" Each Tear from each o'erflowing Eye,
" And open wide my friendly Breaſt
" To lull the weary Soul to Reſt.

5 " No more ſhall Grief aſſail your Heart,
" No boding Fear, no piercing Smart;
" For ever there my People dwell
" Beyond the Range of Death and Hell."

6 Vain King of Terrors, boaſt no more
Thine ancient wide-extended Pow'r;
Each Saint in Life with *Chriſt* his Head
Shall reign, when thou thyſelf art dead.

CCCLIX. CHRIST, *the Root and Offſpring of David, and the Morning-Star.* Rev. xxii. -16.

1 ALL-HAIL, myſterious King!
Hail, *David*'s ancient Root!
Thou righteous Branch, which thence didſt ſpring
To give the Nations Fruit.

2 Our weary Souls ſhall reſt
Beneath thy grateful Shade;
Our thirſting Lips Salvation taſte;
Our fainting Hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning-Star, ariſe,
With living Glories bright,
And pour on theſe awak'ning Eyes
A Flood of ſacred Light.

4 The horrid Gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy beauteous Ray;

Shine,

Shine, and our wand'ring Footsteps lead
To everlasting Day.

CCCLX. CHRIST's *Invitations echoed back*, &c. Rev. xxii. 17.

1 HOW free the Fountain flows
Of endless Life and Joy!
That Spring, which no Confinement knows,
Whose Waters never cloy!

2 How sweet the Accents sound
From the Redeemer's Tongue!
"Assemble, all ye Nations round,
"In one obedient Throng.

3 "The Spirit bears the Call
"To all the distant Lands;
"The Church, the Bride, reflects it back,
"While *Jesus* waiting stands.

4 "Ho, ev'ry thirsty Soul,
"Approach the sacred Spring;
"Drink, and your fainting Spirits chear;
"Renew the Draught, and sing.

5 "Let all, that will, approach;
"The Water freely take;
"Free from my op'ning Heart it flows
"Your raging Thirst to slake."

6 With thankful Hearts we come
To taste the offer'd Grace;
And call on all that hear to join
The Trial, and the Praise.

CCCLXI.

CCCLXI. *The Christian rejoicing in the Views of Death and Judgment.* Rev. xxii. 20.

1 "BEHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)
"On Wings of Love I fly:"
So come, Dear Lord, (my Soul replies)
And bring Salvation nigh.

2 Come, loose these Bonds of Flesh and Sin:
Come, end my Pains and Cares;
Bear me to thy serene Abode
Beyond the Clouds and Stars.

3 I greet the Messengers of Death,
By which Thou call'st me Home;
But doubly greet that joyful Hour,
When Thou thyself shalt come.

4 Come, plead thy Father's injur'd Cause,
And make thy Glory shine;
Come, rouse thy Servants mould'ring Dust,
And their whole Frame refine.

5 O come amidst th' Angelic Hosts
Their humble Name to own;
And bear the full Assembly back
To dwell around thy Throne.

6 With winged Speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on th' illustrious Day:
Come, lest our Spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long Delay.

HYMNS

ON

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS,

AND IN

UNCOMMON MEASURES.

HYMN CCCLXII.

A Morning-HYMN, to be used at awaking and rising.

1 AWAKE, my Soul, to meet the Day;
Unfold thy drowsy Eyes,
And burst the pond'rous Chain that loads
Thine active Faculties.

2 GOD's Guardian-Shield was round me spread
In my defenceless Sleep:
Let Him have all my waking Hours,
Who doth my Slumbers keep.

3 [The Work of each immortal Soul
Attentive Care demands;

Think then what painful Labours wait
The faithful Paſtor's Hands.]

4 My Moments fly with winged Pace,
And ſwift my Hours are hurl'd;
And Death with rapid March comes on
T' unveil th' eternal World.

5 I for this Hour muſt give Account
Before GOD's awful Throne;
Let not this Hour neglected paſs,
As Thouſands more have done.

6 Pardon, O GOD, my former Sloth,
And arm my Soul with Grace;
As, riſing now, I ſeal my Vows
To proſecute thy Ways.

7 Bright Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe;
Thy radiant Beams diſplay,
And guide my dark bewilder'd Soul
To everlaſting Day.

CCCLXIII. *An Evening-HYMN, to be uſed when compoſing one's ſelf to ſleep.*

I.

INTERVAL of grateful Shade,
Welcome to my weary Head!
Welcome Slumbers to mine Eyes,
Tir'd with glaring Vanities!
My great Maſter ſtill allows
Needful Periods of Repoſe:
By my heav'nly Father bleſt,
Thus I give my Pow'rs to Reſt;

Heav'nly Father! gracious Name!
Night and Day his Love the ſame:
Far be each ſuſpicious Thought,
Ev'ry anxious Care forgot:
Thou, my ever-bounteous GOD,
Crown'ſt my Days with various Good:
Thy kind Eye, that cannot ſleep,
Theſe defenceleſs Hours ſhall keep:
Bleſt Viciſſitude to me!
Day and Night I'm ſtill with Thee.

II.

What tho' downy Slumbers flee,
Strangers to my Couch and me?
Sleepleſs well I know to reſt,
Lodg'd within my Father's Breaſt.
While the Empreſs of the Night
Scatters mild her Silver Light;
While the vivid Planets ſtray
Various thro' their myſtic Way;
While the Stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-conſtant Pole;
Far above theſe ſpangled Skies
All my Soul to GOD ſhall riſe;
'Midſt the Silence of the Night
Mingling with thoſe Angels bright,
Whoſe harmonious Voices raiſe
Ceaſeleſs Love and ceaſeleſs Praiſe:
Thro' the Throng his gentle Ear
Shall my tuneleſs Accents hear:
From on high doth He impart
Secret Comfort to my Heart.
He in theſe ſereneſt Hours
Guides my intellectual Pow'rs,

And his Spirit doth diffuſe,
Sweeter far than Midnight Dews;
Lifting all my Thoughts above
On the Wings of Faith and Love.
Bleſt Alternative to me,
Thus to ſleep, or wake, with Thee!

III.

What if Death my Sleep invade?
Should I be of Death afraid?
Whilſt encircled by thine Arm,
Death may ſtrike, but cannot harm.
What if Beams of op'ning Day
Shine around my breathleſs Clay?
Brighter Viſions from on high
Shall regale my mental Eye.
Tender Friends a while may mourn
Me from their Embraces torn;
Dearer better Friends I have
In the Realms beyond the Grave.
See the Guardian-Angels nigh
Wait to waft my Soul on high!
See the golden Gates diſplay'd!
See the Crown to grace my Head!
See a Flood of ſacred Light,
Which no more ſhall yield to Night!
Tranſitory World, farewel!
Jeſus calls with him to dwell.
With thy heav'nly Preſence bleſt,
Death is Life, and Labour Reſt.
Welcome Sleep, or Death to me,
Still ſecure, for ſtill with Thee.

CCCLXIV. *On Recovery from Sickneſs, during which, much of the divine Favour had been experienced.*

1 MY GOD, thy Service well demands
The Remnant of my Days;
Why was this fleeting Breath renew'd,
But to renew thy Praiſe?

2 Thine Arms of everlaſting Love
Did this weak Frame ſuſtain,
When Life was hov'ring o'er the Grave,
And Nature ſunk with Pain.

3 Thou, when the Pains of Death were felt,
Didſt chaſe the Fears of Hell;
And teach my pale and quiv'ring Lips
Thy matchleſs Grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting Head
On thy dear faithful Breaſt;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's Call
To his eternal Reſt.

5 Into thy Hands, my Saviour-GOD,
Did I my Soul reſign,
In firm Dependence on that Truth,
Which made Salvation mine.

6 Back from the Borders of the Grave
At thy Command I come:
Nor would I urge a ſpeedier Flight
To my celeſtial Home.

7 Where Thou determin'ſt mine Abode,
There would I chuſe to be;

For

For in thy Presence Death is Life,
And Earth is Heav'n with Thee.

CCCLXV. *The last Words of* David. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—8 *.

1 THUS hath the Son of *Jesse* said,
When *Israel*'s GOD had rais'd his Head
To high imperial Sway:
Struck with his last poetic Fire,
Zion's sweet Psalmist tun'd his Lyre
To this harmonious Lay.

2 Thus dictates *Israel*'s sacred Rock:
Thus hath the GOD of *Jacob* spoke
By my responsive Tongue:
Behold the JUST ONE over Men
Commencing his religious Reign,
Great Subject of my Song!

3 So gently shines with genial Ray
Th' unclouded Lamp of rising Day,
And cheers the tender Flow'rs,
When Midnight's soft diffusive Rain
Hath bless'd the Gardens and the Plain
With kind refreshing Show'rs.

6 Shall not my House this Honour boast?
My Soul th' eternal Cov'nant trust,
Well-order'd still and sure?
There all my Hopes and Wishes meet:
In Death I call its Blessings sweet,
And feel its Bond secure.

* Agreeable to the ingenious metrical Version of the learned Dr. *Richard Grey*.

5 The Sons of *Belial* ſhall not ſpring,
Who ſpurn at Heav'n's appointed King,
And ſcorn his high Command:
Tho' wide the Briars infeſt the Ground,
And the ſharp-pointed Thorns around
Defy a tender Hand;

6 A dreadful Warrior ſhall appear
With Iron Arms, and maſſy Spear,
And tear them from their Place:
Touch'd with the Lightning of his Ire,
At once they kindle into Fire,
And vaniſh in the Blaze.

CCCLXVI. A MILITARY ODE.

PSALM CXLIX.

Probably compoſed by David, *to be ſung when his Army was marching out to War againſt the Remnant of the devoted Nations of* Canaan, *and firſt went up in ſolemn Proceſſion to the Houſe of* GOD *at* Jeruſalem, *there, as it were, to conſecrate the Arms, which he put into their Hands.* The Beds *referred to* Ver. 5, *were probably the Couches, on which they lay at the Banquet attending their Sacrifices; which gives a noble Senſe to a Paſſage, on any other Interpretation hardly intelligible.*

1 O Praiſe ye the LORD, prepare a new Song,
And let all his Saints in full Conſort join:
Ye Tribes all aſſemble the Feaſt to prolong,
In ſolemn Proceſſion with Muſic divine.

2 O

2 O *Iſrael*, in Him that made thee rejoice;
Let all *Zion*'s Sons exult in their King;
While to martial Dances you join a glad Voice,
Your Lutes Harps and Timbrels in Harmony bring.

3 The LORD in his Saints ſtill finds his Delight;
Salvation from Him the Meek ſhall adorn;
They well may be joyful, ſuſtain'd by his Might,
And crown'd by his Favour may lift up their Horn.

4 Let Carpets be ſpread, and Banquets prepar'd
Thoſe Altars around, whence Incenſe aſcends;
Whilſt Anthems of Glory thro' *Salem* are heard,
And GOD, whom we worſhip, indulgent attends.

5 Then as your Hearts bound with Muſic & Wine,
Inſpir'd by the GOD, who reigns in the Place:
Unſheath all your Weapons, and bright let them ſhine,
And brandiſh your Faulchions, while chaunting his Praiſe.

6 Then march to the Field; the Heathen defy;
And ſcatter his Wrath on Nations around:
Like Angels of Vengeance your Swords lift on high,
And boaſt that *Jehovah* commiſſions the Wound.

7 Their Gen'rals ſubdu'd your Triumphs ſhall grace,
And loaded with Chains their Kings ſhall be brought;
On the Necks ſhall ye trample of *Canaan*'s proud Race,
And all their laſt Remnant for Slaughter be fought.

8 No Rage of your own ſuch Rigour demands;
A Sentence divine your Arms muſt fulfil:
Of old he this Vengeance conſign'd to your Hands,
And in ſacred Volumes recorded his Will.

9 This Honour, ye Saints, appointed for you,
All-grateful receive, and faithful obey;
And, while his dread Pleaſure reſiſtleſs ye do,
Still make his high Praiſes the Song of the Day.

CCCLXVII. *For the Thankſgiving-Day for the Peace*, April 25, 1749.

1 NOW let our Songs addreſs the God of Peace,
Who bids the Tumult of the Battle ceaſe:
The pointed Spears to Pruning-hooks he bends,
And the broad Faulchion in the Plow-ſhare ends.
His pow'rful Word unites contending Nations
In kind Embrace, and friendly Salutations.

2 *Britain*, adore the Guardian of thy State;
Who, high on his celeſtial Throne elate,
Still watchful o'er thy Safety and Repoſe,
Frown'd on the Counſels of thy haughtieſt Foes;
Thy Coaſt ſecur'd from ev'ry diſe Invaſion
Of Fire and Sword and ſpreading Deſolation.

3 When Rebel-bands with deſp'rate Madneſs join'd,
He waſted o'er Deliv'rance with his Wind;
Drove back the Tide, that delug'd half our Land,
And curb'd their Fury with his mightier Hand:
Till dreadful Slaughter, and the laſt Confuſion
Taught thoſe audacious Sinners their Deluſion.

4 He

4 He gave our Fleets to triumph o'er the Main,
And ſcatter Terror 'croſs wide Ocean's Plain:
Oppoſing Leaders trembled at the Sight,
Nor found their Safety in th' attempted Flight;
Taught by their Bonds, how vainly they pretended
Thoſe to diſtreſs, whom *Iſrael*'s GOD defended.

5 Fierce Storms were ſummon'd up in *Britain*'s Aid,
And meagre Famine hoſtile Lands o'erſpread;
By Suff'rings bow'd their Conqueſts they releaſe,
Nor ſcorn the Overtures of equal Peace:
Contending Pow'rs congratulate the Bleſſing,
Joint Hymns of Gratitude to Heav'n addreſſing.

6 While we beneath our Vines and Fig-trees ſit,
Or thus within thy ſacred Temple meet,
Accept, Great GOD, the Tribute of our Song,
And all the Mercies of this Day prolong.
Then ſpread thy peaceful Word thro' ev'ry Nation,
That all the Earth may hail thy great Salvation.

CCCLXVIII. *The Bleſſing pronounced upon* Iſrael *by the Prieſts.* Numbers vi. 24—27.

For New-Year's-Day.

1 GUARDIAN of *Iſrael*, Source of Peace,
Who haſt ordain'd thy Prieſts to bleſs,
Shine forth as our propitious LORD,
And verify thy Servants Word.

2 Let thy own Pow'r defend us ſtill
Thro' all the Year from ev'ry Ill;
And let the Splendor of thy Face
Chear all its bright or gloomy Days.

3 Thy Countenance our Souls would ſee,
For all our Joys unite in Thee;
And Peace ſtill waits at thy Command
To calm our Hearts, and bleſs our Land.

4 Hear, while thy Prieſts addreſs their Vows,
And ſcatter Bleſſings thro' thy Houſe;
And, while they fall, may *Iſrael* raiſe
Its pious Songs of ardent Praiſe.

CCCLXIX. *A Hymn for a Faſt-Day in Time of War.* Deut. xxiii. 9.

1 GREAT GOD of Heav'n and Nature, riſe,
And hear our loud united Cries:
See *Britain* bow before thy Face
Thro' all her Coaſts, and ſeek thy Grace.

2 No Arm of Fleſh we make our Truſt;
Nor Sword, nor Horſe, nor Ships we boaſt:
Thine is the Land, and Thine the Main,
And human Force and Skill is vain.

3 Our Guilt might draw thy Vengeance down
On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry Town;
But view us, LORD, with pitying Eye,
And lay thy lifted Thunder by.

4 Forgive the Follies of our Times,
And purge our Land from all its Crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,
Let Princes Prieſts and People ſhine.

5 O may no GOD-provoking Sin
Thro' all our Camps and Navies reign;

No

No foul Reproach, to drive from thence
Our fureſt Glory and Defence.

6 So ſhall our GOD delight to bleſs,
And crown our Arms with wide Succeſs:
Our Foes ſhall dread JEHOVAH's Sword,
And conqu'ring *Britain* ſhout the LORD.

CCCLXX. Jabez's *Prayer recommended to Youth.* 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 THOU God of *Jabez*, hear,
While we intreat thy Grace,
And borrow that expreſſive Pray'r,
With which he ſought thy Face.

2 "O that the LORD indeed
"Would me his Servant bleſs,
"From ev'ry Evil ſhield my Head,
"And crown my Paths with Peace!

3 "Be his Almighty Hand
"My Helper and my Guide,
"Till, with his Saints in *Canaan*'s Land,
"My Portion He divide."

4 Thus pious *Jabez* pray'd,
While GOD inclin'd his Ear;
And all, by whom this Suit is made,
Shall find the Bleſſing near.

5 Ye Youths, your Vows combine,
With loud united Voice;
So ſhall your Heads with Honour ſhine,
And all your Hearts rejoice.

CCCLXXI. Manaſſeh's *Affliction, Penitence and Reſtoration.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10—12.

1 GOD of *Manaſſeh*, wilt Thou ſcorn
To own that humble Name,
While Sinners, ſo remote as we,
Thy Grace to him proclaim?

2 High rais'd on *Judah*'s Throne he ſeem'd,
That Hell in him might reign;
And taught thy ſacred Name to know
Its Honours to profane.

3 Yet Thou the royal Wretch didſt view
With Pity in thine Eyes:
How ſtrange a Cure thy Mercy wrought!
How wond'rous, yet how wiſe!

4 Caught in the Thorns by hoſtile Hands,
The Captive learn'd to reign;
And *Babel*'s Fetters ſet him free
From *Satan*'s heavier Chain.

5 From the deep Dungeon where he lay,
Thou heard'ſt his doleful Cry;
Didſt raiſe the Suppliant from the Duſt,
And bring Salvation nigh.

6 Our Souls, deprav'd and hard like his,
May Grace exert its Pow'r;
And they ſhall bleſs the wholeſome Smart,
That works the ſov'reign Cure.

CCCLXXII. *A Church seeking Direction from God in the Choice of a Pastor.* Ezra viii. 21.

1 SHEPHERD of *Israel*, bend thine Ear,
Thy Servants Groans indulgent hear?
Perplex'd, distress'd, to Thee we cry,
And seek the Guidance of thine Eye.

2 Thy comprehensive View surveys
Our wand'ring Paths, our trackless Ways;
Send forth, O LORD, thy Truth and Light,
To guide our doubtful Footsteps right.

3 With longing Eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant Crouds at Mercy's Gate:
Our drooping Hearts, O GOD, sustain:
Shall *Israel* seek thy Face in vain?

4 O LORD, in Ways of Peace return,
Nor let thy Flock neglected mourn;
May our blest Eyes a Shepherd see,
Dear to our Souls, and dear to Thee.

5 Fed by his Care, our Tongues shall raise
A chearful Tribute to thy Praise;
Our Children learn the grateful Song,
And theirs the chearful Notes prolong.

CCCLXXIII. *Divine Condemnation deprecated, and Instruction desired, by the Afflicted.* Job x. 2.

1 TRemendous Judge, before thy Bar,
What human Creature can be clear?

An

An Arm so strong, an Eye so pure,
Who can escape, or who endure?

2 "Do not condemn us, LORD," we cry,
As trembling in the Dust we lie;
But, while with Grief our Guilt we own,
Let smiling Mercy take the Throne.

3 If Thou wilt smite, offended GOD,
Sheath up thy Sword, and take thy Rod,
And, 'midst the Anguish and the Smart,
Open to Discipline our Heart.

4 By Chast'ning if our Souls be taught,
And cleans'd from ev'ry secret Fault,
The wise Severity we'll bless,
And mix our Groans with Songs of Praise.

CCCLXXIV. *Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement of it.* Luke i. 74, 75.

1 SALVATION doth to GOD belong;
His Pow'r and Grace shall be our Song;
His Hand hath dealt a secret Blow,
And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2 Praise to the LORD, who bows his Ear
Propitious to his People's Pray'r;
And, tho' Deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen Day.

3 O may thy Grace our Land engage,
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage,)
The Tribute of its Love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour, and our King!

4 Our

4 Our Temples, guarded from the Flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;
And ev'ry peaceful private Home
To Thee a Temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme Delight
To walk as in thy honour'd Sight:
Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear
To Life's last Hour to persevere.

CCCLXXV. *GOD's giving his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.* Luke xi. 13.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, we intreat,
And fill our Hearts with Love;
Almighty Father send Him forth,
Swift flying from above.

2 O send Him in a copious Stream,
To deluge ev'ry Breast,
To lead us to a Saviour's Cross,
The Sinner's only Rest.

3 Send Him to ev'ry stubborn Heart,
To take the Stone away;
And send Him to the straitned Soul,
To teach his Lips to pray.

4 Send Him to the dejected Saint,
That weeps his gloomy Days;
And form the Heirs of heav'nly Songs
On Earth to warble Praise.

5 O pour his mighty Influence down
On us, and all our Seed;
For, with this heav'nly Rain bedew'd,
Thy Church is blest indeed.

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FINIS.